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Poetry.

A MOCKING-BIRD.

Yon mocking-bird that whistling soars,
Borrows his little music scores,
And mimics every piping tone
By sylvan lovers lightly blown,
To make his morning gladness known,
Till down that molten silver pours,
Globule on globule, fast and faster;
Dare and blame the blithe tune-master,
Who counts the minstrelsy his own?

But daylight ended—then indeed,
As jet by jet a wound will bleed,
His very singing self breaks through!
Even so (lost Eden shut from view),
Some wildered soul, to sighing new,
When human lips first touched the reed—
Heart-pierced with rending love and sorrow,
Breathed notes too god-like sweet to borrow.
So, poet, shall it be with you.

—*The Century.*

HER LETTER.

"So here I am writing at home, dear,
And you so far away,
And when you read the letter,
I wonder what you will say.
The green leaves whisper around me,
The nightingales sing above,
Just as they did that day, dear,
When you told me all your love!"

"I can see her," he fondly whispered,
As he sat by the far camp-fire,
And read and read her letter
With heart that could never tire.
"I can see her true eyes shining
As she leans on her little hand,
And gazes and dreams about me
Here in this distant land!"

* * * * * * * * *

The bugle rang out at midnight,
The fight was lost ere morn.
He fell, with his old battalion,
Leading a hope forlorn.
While at home the sun is shining,
And the roses of June unfold,
But the maiden is quietly weeping
As she dreams her dream of old.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE GOOD TIME'S COMING.

Grandma Goff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle!" Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips in the proper way.
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle but girls must sing;"
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that then you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not;
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out,
Strayed off somewhere down the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So, if boys may whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I;
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing—ular thing.

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache,
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

—*Will Allen Dromgerle.*

Our Story Teller.

MR. PENNELL'S SUBSTITUTE.

The Rev. Mr. Pennell, pastor of the First Society, Brookville, entered his house one afternoon in July with an expression upon his countenance so unlike the look of weariness generally there visible that his wife, noticing it, inquired:

"What has occurred that has afforded you such evident gratification?"

"You know that I was wishing that I might have a temporary relief from my cares, but was unwilling to take a vacation because of my belief that no church should, even for one Sunday, be without preaching?"

"Yes, and I know that you owe it to your people, not less than to yourself, to rest from your labors; so doing you could accomplish much more. Have you decided to go away for a season?"

"Read that," he replied, passing a letter to his wife.

She unfolded the missive, whose contents were:

"C——, N. Y., July 12, 18—.

"DEAR BROTHER PENNELL: You will be surprised at hearing from your former classmate at Andover, between whom and yourself there has never been any correspondence; but a few words will render all comprehensible. From my remembrance of your views of the duties as a pastor, and from what I have heard of your faithfulness, I apprehend that you would not sacrifice what you, perhaps unwisely, regard the welfare of your people to your physical and of course mental health and strength.

"A young man whom I consider very gifted has been studying with me for nearly two years, and would like to preach a few Sundays experimentally. Provided you wish to be absent from your charge for a month or six weeks, my friend will gladly supply your pulpit during that time for no other compensation than his board. If, however, you shall choose to make him a trifling donation, it will be very acceptable, as he has to provide for himself entirely.

"I shall be absent from home until the middle of September, so if you think proper to accept my suggestion please write to Mr. Thomas Smith, Boston, whither he is going to visit friends, on receipt of this. With kindest wishes, Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

"You will avail yourself of this opportunity to recuperate your energies?" asked Mrs. Pennell, having finished the letter.

"I shall. It seems too much like a dispensation of Providence to be neglected."

"I am so glad."

Mr. Pennell went to his library and wrote to Mr. Smith, mentioning the letter from "Brother" Blake, and inviting him to substitute for him the coming six weeks.

Three days later Mr. Smith came to Brookville.

He was of medium height, pale-faced; had long, abundant whiskers, worn a l'Anglais; curly hair of the same hue; blue eyes, that were sharp, inquisitive, penetrating; regular features; was evidently not far from 25.

The following Sunday he occupied a seat in the pulpit with Mr. Pennell, but took no part in the exercises, except to offer the closing prayer.

At the conclusion of the morning service—the only one for the day—the pastor introduced him to the more prominent members, with the remark—it soon became stereotyped:

"Mr Smith will preach for me while I am having the vacation which it appears to be my duty to take, and I think you will have no reason to regret the temporary change."

Every one expressed his pleasure at hearing that Mr. Pennell had concluded to rest; no one doubted but that Mr. Smith would satisfactorily meet all requirements.

Indeed, the new comer had already done much toward securing the favor of those who were to constitute his congregation.

"What a fervent prayer! How earnest he seems! He is destined to become distinguished," and other like observations, might have been heard, sotto voce, from the elderly people.

The maidens whispered to one another, "Did you ever see such side whiskers? What magnificent eyes he has! Isn't he fine looking?" and so on.

The next Sabbath the subject of his discourse was: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." As a literary production it was masterly, and it was delivered in a manner that held the audience spell-bound.

When he descended from the pulpit, an old man, whose frame was bowed, whose hair was silvered with age, extended his hand, and said, tremulously:

"Brother Smith, in my more than eighty years I have never heard so excellent a sermon as yours."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Smith. "Your kind words are encouraging"—and a blush suffused his face.

From that time his praises were on every lip. People who were noted Sabbath breakers went to hear him; the prayer meeting had an attendance larger than it had ever before known, the "sewing circle," usually discontinued through the hot months, was reorganized, and of it he was the moving spirit.

The young men liked him; the young women—married as well as single—fairly adored him.

With reference to the gentler sex, he acted circumspectly, being courteous toward all, but manifesting no favoritism to any of them. In a fortnight he was as popular as a clergyman could desire to be.

"I should like to ask a great favor of you," he said to Mr. Campbell, cashier of the local bank, a "pillar" of the church, as they sat in conversation one evening.

"Do not hesitate to ask any favor which it is in my power to grant," was the reply.

"It is not exactly the thing for an humble servant of the Lord to wear this ring"—extending his shapely white hand, whereon sparkled a large diamond. "It indicates a taste for display that, commendable with the rich, is reprehensible where the wearer is poor and fitting for the vocation that is to be mine. I do not wear it as a matter of display, however, but because it is an heirloom, from which I have been unwilling to part in the season of my direst need. The people cannot know my motive in having it appear upon my person, and will probably misapprehend it. I would ask if you are willing to give it a place in your safe at the bank?"

"Most assuredly. Carry it there in the morning, and I will deposit it where it will be secure."

"Thank you. My mind is relieved of a great responsibility."

The next morning he went to the bank, and saw his ring placed where Mr. Campbell convinced him it would be "secure."

After an absence of five weeks Mr. Pennell returned to his charge, and Mr. Smith went from Brookville to a small village in Maine, where he was engaged to preach for a short time, he said.

There was a wide and deep regret at his departure, and not a few of the members—especially those who had joined under his administration—freely expressed their wish that the "lay preacher" might continue to substitute for the regular pastor, whom such remarks reached and deeply grieved.

Finally matters settled into their former channel, and moved on peacefully for the greater part, though not without an occasional disturbance, such as the parish had not known prior to the advent of Mr. Smith.

Toward the close of September a panic was created in the place by the rumor that the bank had been burglarized to the amount of nearly $60,000—a rumor that proved true.

The day that this announcement was made Mr. Smith again came to Brookville to obtain the ring, which he had thought best should remain in the safe while he was away.

Despite the gloom of those who had suffered by the burglary, they were glad to see him, and, learning his loss, were so sorry as almost to forget their own.

"Though the intrinsic value of the ring was considerable, I valued it chiefly because it had been in our family so many years—handed down from one to another generation," he said, "but my loss does not deserve mention with that some of you have experienced. It does make me feel a personal interest in the affair"—this to the directors and depositors—"and I would suggest that you at once telegraph to New York for Mr. ——, one of the most expert detectives in America. I regret my inability to remain and learn the result of your investigation. If you succeed in recovering the stolen property, I shall appreciate your kindness if you express the ring at once to me at Rochester, N. Y."

Mr. Campbell promised to do so. Mr. Smith thanked him and was gone.

The detective named was summoned by telegraph; and within twelve hours arrived in Brookville. To him the President stated all the facts in the case, of which the officer made memoranda. Then, as if in verification of these statements:

"The door of the bank was locked when you reached it?" he said, interrogatively.

"It was," returned Mr. Campbell.

"The safe was also locked?"

"Yes."

"The windows were fastened same as usual?"

"They were."

"Who knows the combination that you use on your safe?"

"No one but myself."

"Have you ever committed it to paper?"

"I have. And that paper is now in a sealed package, holden by my attorney, and to be opened only in case of illness that renders me unconscious, or my death."

"Do you know that the package has never been tampered with?"

"I suppose that it has not. Will learn shortly." And he wrote a note, which he sent to his attorney.

"No suspicious person has been in the village recently?"

"Not that I am aware of."

The officer began his examination of the premises, frequently referring to his memoranda. Meanwhile a sealed package was handed to Mr. Campbell, who, opening it, said:

"The paper is unmolested."

"Are you sure you have never accidentally disclosed the combination to any on—that no one has ever been near you when you have opened the safe?"

"The only person who has ever been near me when I have opened the safe, with the exception of the officials, is the gentleman who substituted for our pastor this summer."

"And how did he happen to be near you then?"

"He came to leave a valuable ring for safe keeping."

"You opened the safe in his presence, and he unsuccessfully tried to open it after you?"

"Yes," in astonishment.

"Describe his personal appearance." Mr. Campbell did so.

"That is all for the present," remarked the officer.

Four days elapsed, during which the detective seemed to give the case no consideration, devoting his time with this, that and the other one, on any subject except the burglary. Then he went to Mr. Campbell.

"Your description," he said, "of the gentleman who substituted for your pastor this summer tallied so nicely with a burglar who has operated in the West that I at once made up my mind that the two were identical."

Mr. Campbell gave a start.

"Leaving you, I called upon Mr. Pennell, and learned the name of the clergyman by whose recommendation Mr. Smith came here. To this minister I immediately wrote. The reply is"—reading a letter:

C——, N. C., Oct 2, 18—.

DEAR SIR:—In answer to yours just at hand would say: I know no one by the name of Thomas Smith: never had a student, never wrote to Brother Pennell. The evening before I left home, last July, a young man, in all respects like the one you describe, called on me and asked me innumerable questions concerning Brother Pennel—so many and so strange that I wondered at them. I intended to write Brother P. about this man, but neglected it so long that I deemed it best not to write at all. Wish now I that had, as it would have prevented the imposition which has been practiced upon an esteemed coworker and his people. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Mr. Campbell was too much astonished to speak.

"Probably this man Smith—or whatever his name may be—learning that your bank did an immense business, resolved to burglarize it long ago," continued the officer.

"Just how he chanced to adopt the clerical robe I cannot say, but, having determined upon it, he could easily find the name of some one who was your pastor's classmate at the theological seminary, by consulting the catalogues of the institution for various years. Fortune favored him in selecting Mr. Blake. He had never corresponded with Mr. Pennell, but was thoroughly versed in his ways. This circumstance enabled Smith to write to your pastor, with no fear of detection by reason of the penmanship. The time of writing was also opportune, as Mr. Blake was on the point of leaving home, and Pennell could not write to him concerning the would be substitute.

"The ring—it may or may not have been worth something—was the ruse by which he gained a knowledge of your combination. When you opened the safe he learned the number that you used, and his unsuccessful attempt to open it after you was a mere 'blind.' Of course, to obtain an entrance to the building was an easy matter to him. I shall this very day go in pursuit of him, and my advice is, say nothing of what I have told you to any one except the directors, more than that I have obtained a clew to the perpetrator of the deed, until you hear from me."

Early in December Mr. Campbell received a telegram from the detective in New York, which contained the single word, "Come."

He went to that city, where he found Thomas Smith, alias various other names, in custody, who made a full confession, quite substantiating the officer's supposition, and restored all he had taken from the bank save a few hundred dollars or so.

When Mr. Campbell returned to Brookville with the stolen property every one was astonished. They were more astonished on learning the true character of the "lay preacher."

"His first text should have been, 'I was a stranger and took ye in,'" facetiously observed one of the church members whom Mr. Smith had especially pleased.

Since that time no one of his flock has expressed any desire that another than the Rev. Mr. Pennell administer to his spiritual wants.—*Hartford Times.*

WHAT COST THE MOST.

A Few Articles for Which the Highest Prices Have Been Paid.

Cost is, of course, a very unsafe measure of value in many instances, says the *Decorator and Furnisher*, and yet there is unnatural curiosity on the part of the general public to know the mere money estimation in which more or less beautiful articles are held. Here are a few somewhat remarkables examples of lavish expenditure:

The highest priced piano in America is owned by H. G. Marquand, of this city. The case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost $46,000.

Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, is the owner of the costliest piano ever made in this country. It cost when landed in Montreal, $27,000.

The most expensive sideboard ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Harry E. Packer, of Mauch Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room and was built for $47,000. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful carving.

Mr. Marquand is the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was $25,000.

J. W. Mackay furnished about $75,000 in weight of silver, and paid $120,000 for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents $195,000.

The costliest string of pearls in this country belongs to a New York lady and costs $15,000.

Another New York lady has solitaire diamond ring for which she paid $48,000.

The late Mrs. Morgan paid $250,000 for her necklace. Mrs. Hicks-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost $250,000.

The famous picture by Meissonier called "1807," was painted for the late A. T. Stewart. At the sale of his gallery, Henry Hilton bought it for $66,500 and presented it to the Metropolitan museum, where it now hangs, the costliest painting in America.

Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the highest-priced painting in Canada, "The Communicants," by Jules Breton. Cost at the Seney sale $45,000.

W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, paid the highest recorded price for an American picture. It is Church's "Niagara," and the price was $13,000. It was reported that Legrand Lockwood paid $25,000 for Bierstad's "Domes of the Yosemite," but as at the distribution of his effects the picture brought less than $6,500 the first price was probably a fable.

In the Lenox library is a perfect copy of the Mazarin or Guttenberg bible, the first book printed with movable types. It is worth $25,000, and nothing better has ever been done since. Brayton Ives, of this city, has an imperfect copy, for which he paid $15,000.

J. F. Irwin, of Oswego, paid $10,000 for a bible. It was originally in three volumes, but by the insertion of woodcuts, manuscripts, engravings and etchings has been expanded to 60 imperial folio volumes.

Of the original edition of the sonnets of William Shakespeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are two perfect copies. One is in the British museum. For the other $5,000 was paid. It is a little book about 7 by 4 inches in size. A somewhat hardheaded clerk figures that at the price it cost $480 an ounce.

A sixteenth-century vellum manuscript, with six paintings by Giulio Clovis, cost the Lenox library $12,000.

MARRIED TO A QUEEN.

An American Defaulter Strikes it Rich in the South Seas.

In the divorce case just decided by Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme court, Mrs. Fanny A. Banks asks for her maidenly freedom on the ground that her husband, Charles W. Banks, had been unfaithful to her.

Not many years ago Mr. Banks, then a resident of Albany, wooed and won the plaintiff, going to San Francisco to live with his bride after the honeymoon had passed. Securing employment in the house of Wells, Fargo & Co., he started the Western metropolis by disappearing one day, a defaulter, it was said, in the sum of $100,000. All trace of him was lost, and it was believed for a time that he had drowned himself in the Pacific ocean.

In reality he had gone first to the island of Tahiti, and thence to Cook's Island, in the South Pacific, the king of whose people had but recently died, leaving a charming young widow, dusky in color but not disagreeable of form or feature. By accident the couple met, fell in love at first sight—at least the widow did—and three months after they were married. Dispatches say that his dusky bride delegated all her powers to him, and that he rules with justice o'er the realm. These facts, developed before the court, warranted the decree of divorce, which the defendant deplored in several affectionate letters to his first wife, but agreed not to hinder.—*N. Y. Letter.*

Dreams Go By Contraries.

He had been paying attention to her for a long time and he seemed to be slow in putting into practice any of the beautiful theories of love and domestic comfort and all that sort of thing with which he had beguiled the happy hours very often. She thought she might bring him to the scratch, but she did not want to make it altogether too plain. She thought that under a kind of allegory she might fetch him. So the next time he came up he found her in the garden reclining in a hammock. A book, open, was lying beside her, her hand carlesly resting upon it. The other hand was gracefully posed pressing her back hair. Her eyes were fixed dreamily on the cloudless blue seen through the interlaced foliage of the tree. He approached. Apparently she heard him not. He looked at the picture a moment while she was steeped in reverie. He spoke. She gave a little start and gently rubbed her eyes. "It is you, George, is it?" she said, softly. "I was dreaming." "Dreaming! And what were you dreaming of?" "It was silly—ridiculous. I won,t tell you." "Do tell me what it was." "Well, you wont laugh at me?" she said, coyly. "No, indeed I won't." "I dreamed that I was married, and I was living in a pretty little cottage all covered with honeysuckle, and woodbine, and roses, and my husband——" "What was he like?" "He was a nice-looking man. He had beautiful dark hair and eyes, and he was tall." George made no remark. George was a blonde and short. "But, you know, George," she said, after the pause had grown a little awkward, "dreams always go by contraries." George saw the point.

Posing in Washington's Clothes.

An interesting incident occurred at the Smithsonian institution to-day. This was the photographing of the costume worn by General Washington when he resigned his commission in the army to the continental congress at Philadelphia. Mr. John Noah, the son of a well-known newspaper correspondent of this city, who is clerk of the institution, was selected as the subject by whom the clothes should be worn. Mr. Noah is a young man, more than six feet in height, and of splendid physique. General Washington's uniform fitted him perfectly. A painting of Washington, now in the possession of the institution, shows him to have been not unlike Mr. Noah in appearance at the latter's age. The photograph to-day, after Mr. Noah had undergone a certain preliminary fixing, is said to be an excellent representation of Washington at the age of 24. When this operation had been successfully concluded, Mr. Noah was dressed in the uniform in which General Jackson appeared at the battle of New Orleans, and an equally good representation was secured. The object of photographing the uniforms is to preserve their appearance to future generations after the material shall have faded and rotted away.—*Washington Letter.*

THE AMERICAN HAND.

It Possesses Features Not Found Elsewhere in the World.

What shall I say of the distinctively American hand? For there is a distinctively American hand, just as distinctive as those of the Ethiopian, the Chinaman, the German, or the Hindu. In his curious work, "La Science de la Main," D'Arpentgny quotes the strange description of "Le Yankee," continued in Michel Chevalier's 'Lettres sur l'Amerique du Nord" (of which a translation was published in Boston in 1839) and concludes: "In a nation such as this there can not exist any but hands which are spatulate and fingers which are square." He was partly right and partly wrong.

When first I encountered the radically American hand I was almost alarmed. I thought I had found a new and unique specimen, overwhelming in its contradictions. The specimen belonged to Henry Ward Beecher, whose hands I overhauled on a sunny afternoon on the deck of the Etruria, as we made for the States together at the close of his lecture tour in Great Britain.

The hand, of which I have a drawing, was of medium size, inclining to large, the palm thick and heavy, the consistency firm—neither hard nor soft, the thumb rather long (i. e., reaching almost to the first phalanx of the forefinger) its two phalanges being of equal length, and the outer phalanx pointed. The fingers were large and very square, the joints not very prominent, the outer or nailed phalanges long, the nails round and inclining to shortness, the lower phalanx thick. Here was a surprising collection of anomalies for a chirosophist! So, presuming it to be a unique specimen, I made a very careful drawing thereof and notes thereon.

But hardly had I settled down to a steady swing of hand reading, when I made a quaint discovery, to-wit: that this was the distinctively American hand—seven out of ten hands that were presented to me, whether male or female, presented this, to me heretofore unknown, collection of contrasting formations. Their significance is interesting as a sketch of the American character.

The size of the hand indicates a capacity for synthesis, combined with analysis, a capacity to seize the meaning of an entire subject, and analyze its details with equal rapidity; the palm gives sensuality and love of pleasure, the consistency gives great mental activity and love of exercise—when other people are taking it; in a word, a love of the display of physical energy, which we do not ourselves practice. The thumb denotes an equal amount of will power and common sense, neither over-riding the other. The fingers, again, show a love of pleasure and luxury, combined with intense order, regularity and arrangement, and a spirit of impulsive calculation (if I may be allowed the paradox), a tendency to act promptly on an impulse and analyze the cause and effects of one's action, however hasty, inure to one's own good. Dominating the entire character is a keen intuition, and a good-natured spirit of criticism, shown by the long-pointed or cronic tips with the short, round nails.

It took me a month before I could contrast and combine these characteristics so as to arrive at a clear comprehension of the average American personality, and during that month I made some grand enemies, who have never forgiven me! Indeed, had it not been that I had had Henry Ward Beecher's hand to ponder over before I arrived, I should probably have been so "rattled" by the type as to despair of ever properly diagnosing it.

I have derived much pleasure—and some pain—from it, but to it I owe one of my sublimest American experiences. My thirty-second fool-girl stenographer entered on her duties one morning in Boston. A lady entered, seated herself, and tendered to me "the distinctively American hand." Motioning my stenographer to take her seat at my elbow as usual, I began. "You see, your hand is at the same time square and conic—a contradiction. * * *"

My gentle stenographer elaborately typed the following heading to my description:

"You see, heaven is sublime to stare at, and comic—what an affliction!"

She had provided me with a problem far handier to solve than the distinctively American hand.

DAINTY SHOES FOR LADIES.

Some of the Many Varieties They are Wearing Now Described.

The different varieties of shoes now run up into the hundreds. There are the new kid walking boots, both high and low, with a diamond-shaped tip of patent leather most popular of all, the natty little patent leather vamped boot with cloth tops, the house shoe of plain soft kid, the party shoe, as soft as a glove, with a sole so thin it can be rolled up like a shaving; the scarlet seaside shoe, the new half shoe of undressed kid in delicate gray or tan, with the heavy George Washington buckle of oxidized silver on the toe or fastened in a bow of soft ribbon on the strap which buckles about the instep. These slippers have high Louis XV heels, and are exquisite producers of pain. A natty little shoe of scarlet leather, cut down low at the sides like a man's slipper, is displayed, and slippers with nothing in the back but a sole are called mules, and made of scarlet leather for bed-room use.

Party slippers are of bronze, undressed kid, or black kid, with the large silver buckles or embroidery of beads, while brides' slippers and shoes are made of the material of their wedding gowns either with or without the embroidery of pearls and cost $15 or $18.

Perhaps the most bewitching piece of foot gear manufactured is a ladies' riding boot, with its patent leather vamp and top and soft kid legs. Sometimes a fringe of gold bullion finishes these boots at the top with tiny depending tassels of gilt.

It is a very touching scene when a pretty young woman trips into a shoe store and seats herself with heightened color to be fitted to boots. The slender silk-clad foot peeps shyly out from the lace-frilled skirt and hides itself swiftly in the boot, which she draws on with many a little flutter and exclamation, while waves of pink chase each other across her cheeks. It is a short operation and a very dainty one.—*New York Sun.*

The Biggest Person in the Universe.

In a country town not far from Boston there is a man who has been trying long and hard to get into some political office. His neighbors knew that what chiefly stood in his way was his opinionated and overbearing ignorance, but of course this point never dawned upon him.

At last, and chiefly through the intervention of a popular neighbor, he was made a justice of the peace. This was better than nothing, and it set him up accordingly. Still, the days went on, and nothing came in his way to afford him an opportunity to exercise his newly found power.

At last a rough-and-ready neighbor came in one day to testify in regard to something to which he had been a witness. He stalked in in his usual sullen manner, his hat on his head, and stood before the new justice.

"Do you know you're going to be sworn, sir?" thundred the new official.

The sullen visitor nodded.

"Then off with your hat, sir!" roared the justice. "Don't ye know any better than to come into the presence of me and God with your hat on?"

Found in a Boston Lawyer's Green Bag.

It is well known that those important looking green bags which are carried by lawyers often cover, if not a multitude of sins, at least a many miscellaneous and non-legal articles. Yesterday, having a convenient opportunity, I took a peep into one of these flexible handbags (it belongs to a suburban advocate) and made a mental but accurate summary of its contents, as follows:

1—One leg of mutton.
2—Four oranges.
3—Small wooden horse (for the baby).
4—A weekly religious paper.
5—A ditto sporting paper.
6—The *Post.*
7—The *Transcript.*
8—A thin, flat bundle (presumably two clean shirts, newly boiled).
9—A small package of blotted papers, which may have been *bona fide* legal documents, and therefore legitimate occupants of the bag.—*Boston Post.*

The Pleasure of Greatness.

First party (reflectively)—Say, Cholly, I'd like to be a great man, wouldn't you?

Second party—Why?

First party—'Cause when you're sick the whole country is worried about you and sends you all sorts of things.

Second party (enthusiastically)—Oh, yes; and when you die everybody mourns for you and all sorts of things. Wouldn't it be jolly?—*Judge.*

ENGLAND'S ROYAL PLATE.

Gold Plate Valued at $12,000,000—Silver-Gilt and Solid Gold Ware—A Gold Salver Made from Snuff Boxes—A Weighty Candelabrum.

In Windsor Castle there is one apartment called the "Gold Room." In that room the gold-plate is valued at $12,000,000. Much of this plate is only silver-gilt. A good part, however, is of solid gold, and $12,000,000 was the estimated value of the whole, whether the material was gold or silver. It is said to be an irksome thing to get out and lay the plate for a state dinner, so enormous is the weight. It is handled and placed by the royal pages, some of them having been over 50 years in service.

One salver in the "Gold Room" is of immense size (five feet in diameter), and was made from the gold snuff boxes alone of George IV., presented to him by various cities and towns, the lids and inscriptions curiously preserved on the surface in a kind of mosaic of gold, and this salver is valued at $50,000.

Among other curious articles there is a dinner service of silver, presented to Victoria's uncle William IV., when he was Duke of Clarence, the donors being the merchants of Liverpool, in reward for royal service rendered to them by his advocacy of the slave trade. Forty years later, when he was king, he signed the act of Parliament which abolished slavery in the British dominions on and from August 1, 1834.

A candelabrum of gold, to be used for lighting the dinner table, which is among the plate at Windsor, is so heavy that two strong men are required to lift it. Its value is $50,000. There are 140 dozen of gold table and teaspoons, of six different patterns, and golden plates of various sizes sufficient to dine 250 persons.

It will be noticed that with all the modern improvements and facilities for workmanship and manufacture it is easy to detect, even by the polish, a silver spoon made recently from one made 100 years ago. The old plate is heavier, owing to its having been well hammered in the making, which reduced the thickness but retained the weight.

In most parts of Europe what is called "plate" (from the Greek word *platus*, broad, because first applied to dishes and plates) cannot be sold after it is completed until it has received a particular and recognizable mark from the government that it contains no more than the legal quantity of alloy. In the United States where large quantity of silver and a very small amount of gold ware is made, the purchaser is not protected in this manner, and must take the vender's word for it that the metal is genuine. Respectable manufacturers indeed do stamp the word coin with their own name and initials on the plate, and, so far, this is a protection to the purchaser.

The processes of making gold and silver plate are numerous, and often delicate. By mechanical means (pressure between steel rollers), a thin layer of gold or silver may be made to adhere to a thicker plate of some cheaper metal; but true gold plate has no such inferior layer.

The process of rolling, casting, punching, chasing, hammering, stamping soldering, riveting, all come into requisition in the manufacture of a piece of gold plate, and also largely in that made of silver. Electrotyping, which has so largely taken the place of the real and valuable metal, is of recent origin. In 1837 Thomas Spencer, a picture-frame maker in England, and Prof. Jacobi, a great chemist in Russia, simultaneously discovered electrometallurgy, by means of which inferior metals may be coated, almost to any thickness, by deposits of gold, silver or copper chemically held in a solution.

A hundred years ago Horace Walpole mentioned in a letter from Derby that the greatest curiosity he had met on his provincial tour was a pair of candlesticks wrought under a new process. This was the "plaited ware" which for nearly a century was the peculiar and profitable manufacture of the towns of Sheffield and Birmingham. Electroplated ware of the highest artistic merit is manufactured in the United States, most largely in New England.

Very little silverware, we might add very little jewelry, was manufactured in this country before the beginning of the present century. In Providence, R. I., this industrial art was begun about 1794. About 100 persons were employed in it at Providence in 1810. The principal production in this line is still at Providence, where the making of silverware was and is carried on largely. All through the United States Electro-plated wares have largely superseded those of solid silver. To the eye, even of an expert, there is no difference between the real plate and its counterfeit.

The mania for old china and crockery ware, which dates pretty far back and reached an obvious state of extravagance, is certainly on the wane. Collectors have discovered a new subject for costly enthusiasm. Old silver is supplanting old china. Intrinsically it is more valuable. A handsome cup or an ornamented dish is nothing but clay at its best and is worth nothing when broken into pieces.

On the other hand, old silver is always valuable, however broken or battered, as a precious metal. Parodying a couplet in one of Moore's Irish melodys, we may say of it:

You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the worth of the metal remains with it still.

—*Thos. J. Bowditch, in Troy Times.*

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

Fancies and Fashions of the Day Among Well Bred People.

There are a number of things that the most fashionable and well bred people now eat at the dinner table with their fingers, and the Chicago *Herald* enumerates them as follows:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing, or in a little salt.

Celery, which may properly be placed on the tablecloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they usually are in the most elegant houses.

Bread, toast, and all tarts and small cakes.

Fruit of all kinds, except melons and preserves, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular people.

Even the leg or other small piece of a bird is taken in the fingers at fashionable dinners, and at most of the luncheons ladies pick small pieces of chicken without using a fork.

A Bad Boy.

Sir Richard Burton, the celebrated orientalist and traveler, must have been from his own account a pretty bad boy when he was young. There were three children in the Burton family, Richard, Edward, and a sister. They beat all their bonnes, generally by running at their petticoats and upsetting them. One servant a big Norman girl, insisting on stricter discipline was soon conquered. A jerk of the arm on her part brought on a general attack from the brood; the poor bonne measured her length upon the ground and they jumped upon her. One day their mother took them to the window of a pastry cook's, and, by way of lesson, pointing to some apple puffs, said: "Now, let us go; it is good for little children to restrain themselves." Upon this the three devilets turned flashing eyes and burning cheeks upon their moralizing mother, broke the windows with their fists, clawed out the tray of apple puffs and bolted, leaving poor Mrs. Burton a sadder and a wiser woman to pay the damage of her lawless brood's proceedings.

The Real Thing Limited.

"Of course," remarked Miss Breezy, of Chicago, "I can easily understand how it is that the best society of New York does not comprise more than 400 souls. Now, in Chicago, there are a great many cultured people who care very little for fashionable gayeties, and rarely go out. I don't suppose that we ourselves have more than 800 who live up to the necessary requirements and demands of fashionable life, and who really get into refined society with both feet."

A Careless Turkey.

A bright, broad Ripple, Indiana, girl of six years, whose evening's work was to gather the eggs, chanced to find a turkey egg. It not looking to her notion, she went hastily to her mother and said: "Ma, the turkey was in such a hurry when she laid to-day she forgot to speckle the egg."

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Brooks is a good fellow," he said, coldly. "If he is on the dock he won't stay there long. He will work his way out—to be boss stevedore," he said maliciously, for Miss Winter's benefit. If the coquette had any designs on Harry, he would not give her any exalted notions about his prospects.

"I don't care," said Miss Winter, a little delicate flame playing on her cheek, "I know I couldn't enjoy my ride, if one of the girls I knew was drudging at housework, and I could help her by taking some trouble."

"That's for you and me, too," laughed Hegeman, cheerily, to Lord. "That's a hint for us to find him a situation, 'now, right away, pretty soon,' as the China boys say."

"I don't know," Lord was saying, in his coldest fashion, "that Brooks would thank us for interfering in his concerns. He probably understands himself, and knows best what he wants to do. I'm sure I would be very happy to do anything for him if it came in my way; but I leave it for those who want to make a reputation by charity, to go out of the way for anybody. You and I, Hegeman, haven't time to take any interest in distressed seamstresses."

This, said in the softest, most deferential tones, Jervas thought might make her feel that he saw through her pretense of benevolence, and was a hit worthy of a finished gentleman, practiced in the polite thrusts of society.

But Marian did not hear half of it. She was thinking what a fund of friendliness men had for each other, and whether Harry Brooks would feel it meddling in his business if one of those gentlemen should go to-morrow and tell him there was a position for him, and he might leave the hides and the wharf. She would show this sarcastic gentleman just what his sneer was worth to her, and say a last word for Harry Brooks anyhow.

"Mr. Brooks' address is — Mission street, and if either of you think better of what you've said, as I've no doubt you will do, it would be a charity for you to go and see him there, if it comes directly in your way," she said in the sweetest manner, as they drove up to the Cliff House.

The irregular cottage was built on the face of the rock, so that its west balcony overhung the water's edge, and the spray on windy days dashes in the open windows the veranda looking out on the open ocean, where the great Pacific rollers come up in unbroken sweeps, miles down the beach, in such grandeur that the Atlantic surf seems poor beside it, and the deep thunderous undertone of the waves mingles with the incessant cries of the seals on their rocks, a gunshot out from the house—the most mournful, restless clamor, hoot and cry and bark in one, never for an instant ceasing by day—make up the San Francisco show-place, which, to Eastern eyes, is too impressive for a mere pleasure resort.

Jarvas Lord found it impossible to remember distasteful things in such a presence as that mighty tide and the cries with which it filled the air. He remembered long the silver thread of song that blended with the voice of the spray, as he saw, with Hegeman over wine and cigars on the porch, where they could, by turning, look into the parlor, where the ladies were by a bright coal fire, the younger one solacing herself with old wayward ballads. If it had been another woman who sang, he would have found in their soft rise and fall, the very music for the sea, but he would not turn his head to listen if he could help it. "That sort of girl would want to divide attention with Niagara," he said to himself. "But Brooks is too good sort of a fellow to lose sight of. She shan't know it, or she will give her influence the credit of helping him; but I will see what can be done for him to-morrow."

The next evening Harry Brooks was called from his books, which were his only solace in the forlorn boarding-house where he found himself, to meet the strong, friendly gaze and inspiring grasp of Jarvas Lord.

They were soon in the cool air, walking through the half-deserted business streets. Jarvas talked easily about the new life around them, taking pains to be as interesting and well-met as if they were two gentlemen of the same set, marking his knowledge of the state of things, by a few touches of extra kindness, for, with all his hardness to women, Jarvas Lord had a very soft side for his friends.

Harry had no complaints to make. Not one word did he utter about his disappointments or prospects. His uncle had refused him, and he felt as if he would never ask a favor or help of any man with a good coat on his back, again.

"Brooks," said Jarvas, finally, stopping to light a fresh cigar, "would you have any objection to going into the country?"

"Why, I haven't time," Harry was beginning, thinking Jarvas meant to ignore his position enough to ask him on a pleasure party.

"No, not that," said Jarvas, seeing his difficulty. "I mean that there is a place for an express agent up at Altamont, that you could get if you have a little backing. It's a new place, but it's a fast growing one, and there's a good many people going in there."

"I suppose you expect me to make two words about saying I should like it. Will you show me the way to get that place with the greatest dispatch?"

"You will want to trouble your uncle for his recommendation, which, with such influence as you can get by asking, you will make a sure thing of it."

The fact was, Jarvas had asked for the place and got the promise of it, but he did not mean to let Harry step into good fortune without at least lifting a hand for it himself.

"Well, Lord, I call this very exceedingly good of you," said Harry, with the reserved thanks that men prefer from their fellows. "I hope you know how good this offer comes just now, I can't tell you. How did you know where I was?"

"Well, I won't say I followed you exactly, but I found out."

"Won't let him know that Winter woman had anything to do with bringing me here," Lord thought: "or he will be bound to her forever with gratitude. And I didn't come on her account, affected creature! Get him off in the hills, he will be out of her way, that's one comfort. He's too good for her to be making eyes at, and too good to be working in any beastly hole down here."

CHAPTER V.

The Hegemans were finally off for the Yosemite, so as to be able to tell their friends at the East that they had seen the sights, even though they rode through the whole of them playing whist, as they did coming across.

They parted with Marian as people geneaally part with relations, who, if not absolutely poor, are a great care. Mr. Hegeman said "by-by," as he vaulted, in a portly, elderly-gentleman sort of a way, into the carriage, and remembered to "hope she would do well," after he got in. Mrs. Hegeman having her traveling outfit altered entirely to to her mind, thanks to Marian's taste and suggestions, could do no less than to give her the usual feminine farewell kiss, as light, if not as cool, as a first frost. She also hoped dear Marian would do well, and away they drove.

Marian was alone in a large city, with nobody but herself to depend upon. But this, so far from dispiriting her, was a relief. She was not badly equipped for exertion, and no especial fears for the result. She came of a good family in New York, but her father dying, left a wife and daughter slenderly provided for. Marian left her delicate mother in the pretty home they still owned, but eight hundred or so a year, was not enough for two women with the tastes and habits of ladies to live upon in Naw York, and it was a pleasure for her to find in her gifts both occupation and livelihood. She had not only a sweet voice, but one trained with that throughness only known to those who make music a passion as well as an art, and developed by two years' practice in the choir of an old and fashionable church in the city. Her touch on the piano was fine, and she had graceful skill on the violin, which ladies affect at present "because the piano is so limited in expression."

Before the Hegemans left the city, she had provided herself with a quiet home, and, as she brought with her letters from prominent musicians in New York, endorsing her abilities and professional standing, she found herself speedily and agreeably placed in society. Within a fortnight, she received cordial assurances of acceptance as first soprano in a liberal church, and the mothers of young ladies of the best families of the church were most flattering in their attempts to secure her finishing lessons for their daughters.

Absorbed with her profession, far from associations that saddened her, with delightful surroundings, and the attentions naturally paid to a new and charming singer, for the first time in months, she was entirely happy. She had her cozy rooms large enough to sing in, and just small enough to be snug, the people of the house were her ardent admirers, she had pupils enough to keep her employed, as well as to yield a handsome little income, and with cordial protecting interests surrounding her, she was almost thankful for the events which had driven her to a life of so much happiness.

"Was I born to be miserable, as I once thought?" she asked herself, as she sat at evening in her bay-windowed room at sunset—all houses in San Francisco have bay-windows, to catch all the sun at command, her room, where every corner was filled with luxurious flowers and delicate with the breath of roses, brought by eager hands.

We never ask this question till it is time to doubt the answer.

At noon one day, crossing the square by Grey street, she was tempted by the sunshine and the freshness of the roses which perfumed the air, to sit down on one of the quiet seats and bask in the full flood of sun, so welcome to this autumnal climate. The broad crimson-hued leaves of tropical plants, the groups of calla lilies blooming in the open air, and the wealth of red and yellow roses, gave a semi-tropical aspect to the square, unspeakably interesting to an Eastern eye. She longed to sing among the flowers, for the sight of a garden always brought song to her lips, and she was humming a gay little creole melody under her breath, when her voice, not so loud as the hum of a drowsy bee, caught the ear of a man crossing the path behind her. He eyed her fair bright coils of hair under the black laces of her hat, and came hastily round in front of her.

"Marian! have you come out of your grave?" was the singular greeting.

She did not start or move. She grew mortally pale, and the coldest disdain of which it was capable grew on her face, but that was the only sign she gave.

"Yes, out of the grave, where you thought you had put me," she said in a measured voice.

"Marian," he said, entreating, "you should not speak to me so. You knew how I was situated, I could not do anything else. I did it to protect myself and you."

She rose, cold, and supremely disdainful.

"You can have nothing to say that will not make the matter worse," she said, in distinct frozen accents. "This is enough, I do not want to meet you again."

"But I can't let you go in this manner. I am as willing to be your friend as ever, and here," he said meaningly, "there is nobody who knows the true state of affairs, and you can be safe from misconstruction. Won't you tell me where you are, so that I can come and see you? Let me be of use to you while I am in San Francisco. Now that I have found you here, I shall not wish to go away soon."

"Colonel Ditmar," she said haughtily, with her eyes unshrinking, full on his, "you mistake in thinking we ever can be friends again. If you were the only person in the world I had to look to, I should say the same. I am not your friend in any sense. You have made me your enemy, as much as any woman can be, I don't want to tell you how much I dislike you, but you will make me say that I had rather have any company in the world than yours."

"As you will," he said mockingly, but with a flush on his brow, "it isn't so long ago that I heard different words from your lips."

She turned on him at that, like lightning. "What return did you make for the regard you boast of? Instead of protecting me as any man with a man's nature, ought to have done from my own inexperience, you drew me beyond myself, taught me to love you with all the love I had to give, allowed me to meet you, to be seen with you, and when the end came, what then?"

"I protected myself and you," he repeated sullenly.

"Protected me! when your wife came to see me, wishing to make the acquaintance of the young lady her husband admired so much, as she said—the first intimation that I had that you were married at all, what did you do? As men always do—turned cold in a moment—treated me as if I had led you into the affair, let your wife spread her own version of the matter, let her treat me as if I were a shameless, designing girl, instead of a cruelly deceived one, let me lose my friends, position, everything, and you? Ignored the whole thing, promised faithfully never to see me again,—you are keeping your promise now, I see—and never dared open your lips in my behalf, for fear you should be charged with undue interest in my affairs."

"Well, you know what a state that woman was in. If I hadn't played fine, and given her to believe it was only a summer flirtation on my part, and that I had the most perfect indifference to you, she was fit to have torn everything to pieces. I don't mind saying she has made it so uncomfortably pleasant since, that I was glad to go out here on leave."

"At least you should have stood by me enough to prove me innocent."

"I did stand by you," he said, waxing warm. "I lied for you up hill and down. I swore I never met you at Narragansett, told her I did not know your address, never wrote to you, never took you out except in the most casual manner with the other girls."

"What did you tell her about the three weeks at Eaglewood," asked Marian, sarcastically. "You were with me every hour there, and too many knew it."

"Oh, as to that, I confessed everything at once. It's the best way. Puts the best face on it. I had been led into a flirtation, been led astray, but was very glad to get back, and she was only too glad to have me, you know," with a satanic laugh. "I made love to her with the utmost ardor, two months after that, and she thinks there isn't a husband in New York to be trusted but hers, at this present moment."

"Unluckily for me, you didn't take the same pains to convince the musical committee of St. Maurice's that I was not in fault. It would have been more difficult to make them believe your story. I had no one to speak a word for me, and was in too much trouble, and knew the world too little to know how to defend myself. You count on that when you take girls without father or brother to flirt with and ruin. It was one of the strongest points the ladies of St. Maurice's made against me. 'Why doesn't Colonel Ditmar come out and say something for her?' 'Colonel Ditmar has quite withdrawn from her, he wouldn't do that if she were all right.' Oh, I heard it in every shape that a woman's tongue could twist the slander. I never deceived or wronged a soul. I loved you till I could have died for you. Now I hate you, and I pray heaven to send you as much misery as you have me."

"Much thanks," he said, sweeping his hat to the ground in a mock reverence. "Your dramatic powers do you credit. I think I have seen glimpses of them before. I regret that you should waste them on such a poor audience. I see you mean to make me keep my part of reformed character."

"You were doing the reformed on the cars," she said with a contemptuous smile. "Does Mrs. Ditmar allow such expressions as the kiss at Cape Horn, or did the occasion seem to demand some demonstration of feeling?"

"So, you sent those flowers," he said, his brow growing too dark and ugly to look upon. "That's your game is it? Well now, if it's your intention to spy and meddle, and embarrass me, I'll take care you have no more chance to make mischief. I'll make your name in San Francisco what it is in New York," and he glared at her with eyes as cruel as nothing on earth can be but a man's eyes when he has a woman in his power.

The soft face before his did not shrink or blanch, however. For all answer she looked him back defiance, as haughty as his own.

I am not drawing a model girl, who could be hurt to death without showing temper. I am always afraid of these saintly characters, who never feel a wish of harm to these who do them wrong. I never knew a woman who carried a placid face, and forgave her enemies without a struggle, who wasn't dangerous to deal with. She was always the one to stab an enemy in the back, and turn the blade in the wound when she had done it. This girl was natural enough to love with strength and unselfishness, and she could hate as deeply as she could love.

Ditmar was not slow in keeping his word.

Hardly a week had passed since this meeting, and Marian was daily expecting to be notified of her appointment in the choir, when she was startled by the change which had come over one of her most enthusiastic friends—the lady on whose influence she much depended to secure the position. Marian had been giving lessons to the lady's two daughters, and was received at the house more as a guest than a teacher. More than once she had been invited to the house on occasions when her musical abilities were not the condition of her coming. But, with the suddenness which marks the caprices of the rich, this warm—almost friendly—demeanor was changed.

This behavior was too pointed to be passed by, on the supposition that the lady was out of temper, yet the change was too bewilderingly quick for any mortal to believe in. Marian was pondering how to withdraw from the connection so plainly distasteful, when the announcement came to her in the *Bulletin* that the place of first soprano in the church of '49 was accepted by a San Francisco lady, whose abilities stood confessedly below her own. As everybody in the church knew that the decision on musical matters was with the rich woman mentioned, whose husband paid largely to keep up the choir, the blow was too marked for anything but personal enmity. It was hardly without the shadowings of the reason that Marian went on the next lesson day to demand the meaning of the change.

"I was given to understand that I might depend upond upon your influence to secure this place, and that your influence was sufficient. I have seen a change in your manner, that I cannot understand. I have no claim upon you, but you gave me different treatment, and I feel that I have a right to know the meaning of the change. I have done nothing that I know of, to merit it."

Mrs. Morris declines to enter upon the subject. There had been a change—she would not deny it, and it was for reasons satisfactory to herself. She did not feel justified in giving them, and while she was upon the subject, Miss Winter would consider her engagement at an end. She had the highest opinion of her musical abilities, but something more than ability was requisite, when a lady occupied a position like that of instructor to one's own daughters.

And Mrs. Morris drew herself up, with lips pursed and an expression upon her face as though all the ten commandments were written upon her brow, without a break. And the poor girl, bruised in spirit and sore in soul, passed out of her door.

Within a week she found the same change through her entire *clientele*. Matrons who had received her with smiles, now greeted her with portentous frowns, and the pert pupils, taking their manner from their mothers', made no secret of considering themselves better than she, and did not conceal their dislike. One after another discontinued their services, until she found herself without pupils, save in a few families who could not dismiss her because it was inconvenient for them to pay for services already rendered.

What did it all mean? She determined to know, and she attacked one who had dismissed he, with some show of kindliness and some manifestation of pity.

She discovered more than she wanted to know. Her patronage came from one set—of the church of '49, of which Mrs. Morris was the acknowledged head. That lady had destroyed Marian's hopes of the position in the church, and dismissed from her own family, and the rest felt impelled to follow.

Mrs. Morris had heard from a perfectly reliable source—one that could not be questioned—that Miss Winter had left the East because she was an entirely unworthy person; or, to state it accurately, one without character in New York, and a designing, scheming woman, who could not be trusted in any well-regulated household.

"May I ask," said Marian, dry-eyed and pale, "where this information came from?"

"I really don't know. But she said she had it direct, and that there could be no question about it."

"Has Mrs. Morris seen any one recently from the East?"

"Yes; but it couldn't have been from him—a Colonel Ditmar—belongs to one of first families in New York. I think you could hardly have known him."

"Yes, yes, I know all about it. Don't say another word."

The man who had robbed her of her peace, and exiled her from her home, and had driven her to the other side of the continent, could not allow her the poor privilege of living even there. Blasted in the East, he had followed her to the West, and had killed her there, and all because she had loved him, and trusted him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE'S FUNNY THEN.

Bill Nye is Real Humorous When There's Company.

Coal in large quantities has been discovered in Bill Nye's property at Hudson, Wis., and the popular humorist is now in a fair way to set fate at defiance. Bill and his family are living on Staten Island, and Bill does most of his writing at home. Bill's daughter is an interesting little creature, and she is all the more interesting in that she is the only living human being that inspires Bill with terror.

Not long ago some friends happened along about tea time, and of course they were induced to remain and partake of the domestic repast. Bill likes to entertain; he bubbles over with hospitality—not the gingerly hospitality of New England, but the hearty liberality of the West that reserves only the neck and the claws of the bird for itself. On this particular occasion Bill was so very charming that he outdid all his previous records. It was, therefore, in a spirit of sincere admiration, seasoned, perhaps, with a sense of gratitude, that one of the guests turned to Bill's little daughter and remarked: "Your papa's a real funny man, isn't he?"

The sweet child suspended active business relations with the pie long enough to answer: "Yes, papa is always funny when we have comp'ny."

Wouldn't Take His Word For It.

Among the Yankees there is occasionally a man who seems to find it almost impossible to answer a question with a plain "yes" or "no." He has a way of his own of expressing the affirmative or negative, which he finds quite as effective as a flat "yes" or "no."

One day Ephraim Z——, a young upcountry farmer, who had the peculiarity of making indirect answers, appeared before a minister to be married to Seraphina Y——, a comely and well-to-do woman, whom he had long wooed and finally won.

The minister began the ceremony.

"Do you, Ephraim, take this woman, Seraphina, to be your lawful wife?"

Ephraim grinned.

"Wal—he! he!—I guess I do," said Ephraim.

"Answer me 'yes'" said the minister quietly.

And then he repeated:—

"Do you, Ephraim, take this woman, Seraphina, to be your lawful wife?"

Ephraim scratched his ear and answered:—

"Wal, I don't say I won't, parson."

"That will not do," said the minister firmly. "Answer me categorically."

"What!" exclaimed Ephraim, indignantly. "He won't take my word for it, eh?"

Here the young woman began to cry, and Ephraim was finally induced to say "Yes" in answer to the question. Some of his friends think it was the only time he had ever said it right out.—*Youth's Companion.*

Recent Literature.

THE NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Matthew Arnold's Book—In Nesting Time—Trees and Tree Planting—Tenting on Stony Beach—The Mysterious Doctor—Warman's Practical Orthoepy—Flax Culture—Pamphlets—Literary Notes.

"Civilization in the United States" is the general title of a little volume issued by Cupples & Hurd, Boston, containing four essays of Matthew Arnold's. The first is an estimate of General Grant, and a very fair one it is considered as a whole. That he is in a certain way severe goes without saying, and especially upon what he calls the self-laudations of Americans. He does full justice, however, to the simple, natural and powerful character of the man. The second essay is "A Word About America;" the third "A Word More About America," and the fourth that which has caused so much bitter feeling and so many severe criticisms of the author, "Civilization in the United States."

Mr. Arnold is somewhat harsh, but in a careful reading of his criticisms, it is difficult to say where he is wrong. He is equally severe upon what he calls the failures in his own country as for instance when he says "that we in England find ourselves with an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized." If aught can be found worse than that in his estimate of our civilization, the writer does not know it.

The fact is that he tells truths, and clothing them in the strong language pecular to himself they cut deep into our national self-esteem. Yet they are just what we need, just what should be taken home, digested, and made to strengthen us for the future. This little volume is one that should be well circulated and thoroughly read, and the great regret is that Mr. Arnold, its author, has passed away, and his trenchant pen will no more be wielded for the good of humanity.

"In Nesting Time," by Olive Thorne Miller, is a book which will be welcomed by the lover of birds with enthusiasm. It is written in thorough harmony with its subject by one who has spent time to gain the knowledge shown in the pages. Nothing more interesting than this study of birds in their native haunts can be imagined, and the author has made us all long to leave the fret and bustle of the thankless town and take up our abode all summer long in the thickets, and along the green meadows, where the thrushes and blue-birds and orioles and mocking-brids and bobolinks are the only inhabitants, and their marvelous singing the only speech that breaks the silence. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

General James S. Brisbin has given us a book upon "Trees and Tree-planting" which is full of interest for the lovers of the forest. The first part deals with their destruction and its consequences upon the country. Following is a description of the famous trees of the world, and also the oldest. The influence of trees upon the climate is also discussed. Various experiments in connection with the circulation of sap are described. The last half of the volume is given to the description of various kinds of trees. It is a useful work, and is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A series of sketches appearing from time to time in the New York *Tribune* attracted much attention by reason of their sprightly delineation of primitive down-East character and the breezy humor that pervaded them, as salt pervades a sea wind. These sketches, collected in book form and handsomely issued, with the title of "Tenting on Stony Beach," by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, form a very attractive volume for summer reading. The author signs her name Maria Louise Pool, and is to be congratulated on the exellent work she has accomplished.

"Warman's Practical Orthoepy and Critique," is a book of great practical use, the author having already won an enviable reputation in the particular directions here pursued. That he is an authority upon these matters is well known, his "Principles of Pronounciation" having been adopted by the publishers of Worcester's Dictionaries. The present volume is the fruit of long years of experience, of the most careful study, and laborious research. It shows the thorough scholar, and at the same time the practical teacher, and it cannot do otherwise than attain a wide popularity. The BLADE recommends it heartily to those who desire to pronounce correctly. It is published by W. H. Harrison, jr., Publishing Co., Chicago.

"The Mysterious Doctor," is a novel by Captain Z. L. Stanley, published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. It is told in the first person. The hero is a young man who has served in a regiment during the frontier war that came to an end in 1854. He starts from Cincinnati in search of his fortune, as an agent for a land company, is quite successful until he enters Kentucky, at which time his adventures begin in earnest. The reader will follow them to the end with a great deal of interest. It ends happily after the characters have gone through with a great deal of trouble.

A little volume which, just now, should find many readers, because of the interesting subject discussed, is one entitled "Flax Culture," by Edmund A. Whitman, with an introduction by J. R. Leeson. Its object is to show that a duty upon imported flax is unnecessary, and a hindrance to the development of the flax-growing and linen manufacturing industries of the United States. It is published by the Rand Avery Company, Boston.

Another of the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" has been published by Macmillan & Co., New York. This time the subject is "William the Third," and a very interesting little book it will be found by its readers. The author is H. D. Traill.

We have just received a copy of No. 42 of *Ogilvie's Popular Reading*—price only 30 cents—containing the following eight stories—all complete—the price of each one of which, if issued in book form, would be from 75 cents to $1.50: "Lionel Franklin's Victory," by E. Van Sommer; "Will He Betray Her," by Mrs. Henry Wood; "Faithless or True?" by a popular author; "A Strong Advocate," by a popular author; "Misjudged; or, The Troubles of a City Man," by the author of "His Only Enemy;" "That Beautiful Lady," by the author of "Dora Therne;" "Seen in the Moonlight," by a popular author; "By-and-By," by a popular author. All of the stories are printed in large type, with handsome colored cover. J. S. Ogilvie, New York City.

"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Nos. 17 and 18 extends from the account of Bragg's Invasion of Kentucky through the Chancellorsville campaign to the time when Stonewall Jackson turned our right. The numbers are full of interest from beginning to end. Published by the Century Co., New York City.

In Lippincott's series of American Novels is one containing two stories by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. entitled "The Deserter" and "From the Ranks." Those who are familiar with this author's writings may be sure that they have here what will interest and entertain. Capt. King's knowledge of army life upon the frontier invests these stories with a wonderful air of realism.

In the series of "Your Own Library," published by P. W. Ziegler & Co., Philadelphia, appears a biography of "Roscoe Conkling, the Distinguished American Statesman and Brilliant Advocate," written by James P. Boyd, who evidently expresses an opinion born of conviction. Pamphlet; 15 cents.

A most excellent little book with the title, "In the Sick Room; the Art of Nursing," has been published by the *Good Housekeeping Press*, Springfield, Mass. It is written by Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, and is full of timely and wise hints and counsels as to the care of invalids, what to do in emergencies, how to clothe and feed convalescents, etc. It is, without doubt, a valuable book for every household.

Literary Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publish in paper, "Found, Yet Lost," by E. P. Roe.

The *Garden and Forest* this week has an interesting description of garden-making in China.

A volume of James Russell Lowell's "Political Essays," is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Amanda M. Douglass's "Lost in a Great City," is published in paper cover at 50 cents, by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

One of Edgar Fawcett's critics suggests apropos of plagiarism, that his publishers should compare his "Douglass Duane" with Gautier's "Avatar."

Laurence Oliphant has completed his long promised work, "Scientific Religion," which will be published shortly by Blackwood.

The "Poets of Maine," compiled by Geo. B. Griffith, is almost ready for delivery by Elwell, Pickard & Co., Portland.

"Is Literature Bread-Winning?" is answered by a New York author in the June *Cosmopolitan*. He evidently thinks that literary bread is too thinly buttered.

The June *Eclectic* contains Oscar Browning's article on the "Art of George Eliot," in which he argues that "Daniel Deronda," her last, is her best novel.

A. B. Bogardus, who was for many years a prominent New York photographer, is writing a book to be called "Forty Years in Photography."

Mr. Robert Browning is said to have lately gone through the whole of his translation, from the Greek with their originals, revising them in accordance with the latest criticism.

Mr. L. D. Hamilton, a Boston lawyer, will publish, through Cupples & Hurd, a scientific work called "All Matter Tends to Rotation." The author thinks he will be able to define electricity and gravitation.

A couple of four-line stanzas called "Whims," written to Thackeray and, it is believed, never published, have been discovered in a collection of manuscripts to be sold at auction in New York June 9. As verses they have no value.

A limited edition of the correspondence between Wagner and Liszt, translated by Thomas Hueffer, will be issued by Messrs. Scribner & Welford. In the original German this has been one of the notable books of the yeur.

There are two Americans on the Mrs. Craik memorial committee, James Bussell Lowell and Joseph W. Harper. The English members are Canon Ainger, Robert Browning, Professor Huxley, John Morley, Sir John E. Millais, Mrs. Oliphant and Lord Tennyson.

The new "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant," edited by Albert Barriere and Charles G. Leland, is to be in two volumes and will be sold by subscription at £1 11s 6d per volume. The publishers, Whittaker & Co., print 50 copies for England and 150 for America.

Mr. Stevenson's friends will rejoice to hear—if they have not already heard it—that a friend in California has put at his service a sailing vessel of some description—a good-sized sloop, it is said,—in which the author of 'Treasure Island' will start, before long, on a quest for the gold of good health rumored to lie hidden somewhere among the far-off South Sea islands. His family will accompany him; and the voyage is intended, it is believed, to outlast the present year.

Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia, will have ready for the fall trade Longfellow's poem of Nuremberg," illustrated with 28 photogravures of views of the ancient city, and with illuminated initial letters to each of the verses, copied and arranged from mediæval art work by Mary and Amy Comegys.

A PRETTY GIRL'S MISHAP.

But If They Will Wear High-Heeled Shoes, Serves 'Em Right!

A pretty, light-haired, blue-eyed girl, fashionably dressed, was strolling along on the north side of Chestnut street, above Eighth, yesterday afternoon, when she came to a sudden halt and was about to pitch forward on her face just as a lady caught her.

The French heel of the pretty girl's boot had caught in a little round hole which, like hundreds of other little round holes in the sidewalk, had been filled with glass to give light to the basement of the store in front of which she had been walking. The glass had come out of one of the little circles, and the boot heel fitted the hole so tightly that it went in, but it would not come out. The young girl would have broken her ankle, probably, had it not been for the presence of mind of the woman passer-by who caught her. The young woman struggled heroically to free her heel, and her pretty face took on a deeper crimson blush as men, women and children gathered around.

In a few minutes she was the center of 600 curious people. The imprisoned beauty was modest and sensitive, and she almost fainted as a hundred people volunteered their advice at the same time on the best way to release herself. An old military looking man, who is a well known personage on Chestnut street, ordered Dobson's colored porter to go down the cellar and make "that fellow let go the lady's heel," and Mickey Mooney, the bootblack, of Eighth and Sansom streets, shouted: "Say, Jimmy, get me an axe!"

Another man wanted somebody to go down the cellar and shove the plate out of place, and dozens of other foolish suggestions were made, and the young lady was smiling smiles of agony when a good-looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, pushed his way through the crowd.

He took in the situation, and after a courteous salute to the embarrassed woman, gallantly dropped on the knees of his new spring trousers on the dusty sidewalk. The young lady blushed deeper than ever as he gently raised her skirt, unbuttoned her boot and gave her freedom. Then he yanked the heel of the boot out of the hole and replaced the shoe on the shapely foot, and, after receiving the grateful thanks of the young woman, modestly slipped out of the crowd, while the young woman took refuge in the store.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Agents Were Amusing for Once.

An Allegheny matron smiles whenever any one mentions agent in her presence, and recounts with pleasure how she got even with two of the itinerants last week. She had sent her maid out, and was taking a siesta on the couch in her sewing-room, when a ring at the bell aroused her. She answered it and a female stalked in, and seating herself, announced that she was the sole agent for the greatest furniture polish in the world, guaranteed to remove any stain or scratch from any piece of wood, to renew the finish and make defaced pieces as good as new. The lady of the house pointed to a terribly rubbed piano, and the peddler of the patent goods was at once down on her knees rubbing away for dear life. Her face got red, she rubbed up, down, across, and round in a circle, but the polish did not return. Exhausted, she seated herself and began to get real cool, when another ring at the bell interrupted the flow of conversation. This time it was a book agent, who sold, only on subscription, the very latest cook book. With malice aforethought the matron declined to purchase, but set the book agent on the furniture polish vender. Not allowing an interruption, the former began a recitation of the virtues of the book. Whenever the latter tried to interject a word into the conversation, she went at it with renewed energy and talked the curl out of the polish woman's hair. Seeing no chance to get in a word, the attacked female took from her handbag a bottle of polish and held it up. The effect was electrical. That book agent's face showed her discomfiture, and without another word she rose and made for the door. She was followed by the other, and the lady of that house vowed that she has not enjoyed herself so much for a month, and that she forgives them for spoiling her after lunch nap.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

No other term than the above would apply to the woman who could see her youthful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and haggard because of functional derangement. What a pity that all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them youthful and beautiful once more! For the ills to which the daughters of Eve are peculiarly liable the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

The Obstacle in the Way.

"I fear it can never be, George," said the maiden, sadly; "there is an insurmountable obstable in the way."

"I am sure I can remove it," Laura, said George, earnestly, "if you will only let me try."

Laura pointed silently to a portrait of her father—a large, cross eyed man, with red hair, a square jaw, and a foot like a canvas-covered ham; and George took his hat and groped his way out through the hall towards the front door. He wasn't large enough to remove such an obstruction, and he knew it.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

Chew! Chew! Chew! In the street cars, in the parlor, at the Opera-house, everywhere the jaws are going without intermission. Pretty faces lose their charm because it is impossible to catch any expression except the one of continuous "chew." Staid matrons lose their dignity because they seem to be in a state of everlasting "jaw." We are fast becoming a people of indistinct talkers because the words are lost in the convolutions of a chunk of gum. Time was when there was some hope that the gum habit would have its day and retire into obscurity, but now that the discovery has been made that it is healthy (!) such anticipations fade sadly away. It will go on without let or hindrance and the gum merchant will continue to flourish like a green bay tree. The spectacle of a dozen tables of progressive euchre players solemnly working their jaws in concert while playing for the prizes is not a strange one, and in the best society, too!

ONE thing the Salad Server has noticed which might be advantageously changed. Go upon the pretty streets for driving at any time except the morning and evening, and you will see carriages without number rolling along, filled with happy-looking people, but the heads of the households are conspicuous by their absence. At meal time they make their appearance, sitting with abstracted countenances behind their horses, not drinking in the beauty of the surroundings, the waving foliage, the blooming flowers, the bright blue sky, and the soft green grass upon which the shadows are playing, but with knit brows, studying some problem of eight, ten or twenty per cents, that shall give them a boost toward future wealth or possible millionairdom. What wonder that health and happiness flee away when the mind is constantly absorbed, with no rest, no recreation, and it might so easily be taken every day. There is no impossibility about it, except in their own idea of lack of time.

"FUSSY" people can make of themselves nuisances, not only in worrying about the small vexations of life, but in insisting upon making their friends comfortable in a way directly contrary to their inclinations. There are some hostesses who cannot let a guest remain seated upon the chair he has chosen upon entering the house. She is always sure some other would suit him better, and if the visitor, supposing he is a gentleman, insists upon retaining possession of his hat and cane, in the almost obtrusive hospitality of an over-attentive hostess, those articles are almost forced from him, and his overcoat fairly torn from his shoulders. Well meant attentions these always are but not calculated to put a guest in the best of humors, or make him inclined to repeat the visit. People do not like to be forced into anything against their inclinations, and when a man in paying a visit has made up his mind not to part company with his hat and cane, it often upsets his calculations and breaks the thread of his discourse to have them taken from his reluctant grasp. Then who has not had experience in dining out, informally of course, with a host who insists upon serving you two and even three times with each separate dish upon the table. In vain the plea is made that the guest has been bountifully helped, he must be served again, and the guest in self-defence makes a pretense of eating once more. Such performances are a wanton waste of the milk of human kindness and not only imply that a guest is incapable of judging for himself but that he is not well fed at home. True hospitality consists in permitting a guest to do as he chooses though at the same time his comfort and desires should be consulted, but in such a way that he is not conscious any effort is being made for his entertainment. One who understands how to be a guest soon falls into the ways of a household and makes himself one of the family during his stay. Peopole who make a hustle and bustle in this world never accomplish half as much or give nearly the pleasure, as the quiet ones who attend strictly to business without fuss or noise and pursue the even tener of their ways, and the same time consulting the pleasure of their friends without making their kindness too uncomfortably evident.

Now the cart begins to sprinkle,
And its sprinkle lightly shoots,
Ere you know what it's about,
Ere you have a chance to shout,
With a dainty crystal tinkle,
On your patent-leather boots.
—*Puck.*

A RECENT writer discusses the difference between the French idea of home and that of the Englishland American. With the two latter nations there is far more sentiment in the matter than with the former, although our estimate of French home life is absurd, and resented deeply by that people. Mother and children there, the writer says, are not brought into such sympathetic relations as in this country or England. The reciprocal affection is as sure and puissant, but shows itself in a more rational manner. The mother does not efface herself so much nor aspire to live only in them. They are educationally and otherwise occupied instead of developing emotional precocity. The result is less spirituality and a tendency to materialism that is never far below the surface. If that is really the result of their way of training youth the salad-server will remain devoted to American ways.

PHILADELPHIA bears the sobriquet of the Quaker City, while in reality the name belongs to it at the present day only by virtue of the shadow of its past. Out of a population of 1,000,000, less than 10,000 of these are Quakers. Their forms and traditions are little known outside of their own circle, and a Quaker meetin' to the average Philadelphian means, according to tradition, only rainy weather. That there are Quaker meeting-houses and Quaker schools is a well known fact, but what goes on inside of them remains a mystery which those not interested do not seem to care to solve. Pianos or any other musical instruments are forbidden within the circle of an orthodox Quaker household, though several of their rosy-cheeked maidens possess voices like the birds, but as they warble only to their high-backed chairs they do not come under the ban.

"As silent as a Quaker meeting" is a popular expression, and, as they have no ministers and choirs, their meetings are as silent as the grave until the spirit moves some one to speak. Quaker weddings are very simple in their form. The contracting parties promise each other verbally, and in writing, attested by witnesses, to cling together until death do them part. Divorce among Quakers is unheard of, and they are under all circumstances poor customers for the lawyers. Dissipation, lotteries, speculations of all sorts are forbidden them by their creed, and their riches are gained through their habits of thrift and industry. Small as the Quarker population of Philadelphia is, their beneficent influence is felt in the business life of the town. The speculative power is less pronounced than in any other city of the Union, there being more solidity in investments and fewer fictitious values brought about through the influence of "booms." The wealth of the small colony is estimated at $30,000,000, and many of the Quaker brethren are living monuments of the result of quietness and soberness of their lives in comparison with the feverish unrest and pursuit for wealth that is everywhere shortening life.

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

That Kind of Woman.

A Seventh street widower, whose wife had been the head of the family, ordered a tombstone for her, and left it to the good taste of the cutter to put some comforting inscription on the marble, besides the name and date. When the stone was put up he went out with the builder to see it. It looked very handsome, and across the base were the consoling words, "Thy Will Be Done."

"Well," asked the builder, "what do you think of it?"

"First-rate in every way," was the pleased reply.

"And the inscription, is that all right?"

The widower gazed at it tenderly for a moment.

"Well, I should smile," he said; "that's just the kind of woman she was to a dot."
—*Washington Critic.*

—"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feeling? WHY do I have Backache? WHY Neuralgia and Rheumatism? WHY does Scrofula taint and Erysipelas show itself?

BECAUSE your blood is filled with Poison, which must be Completely Eradicated before you can regain health. You must go to the root of the matter. Put the Kidneys—the great and only blood purifying organs—in complete order, which is complete health, and with

Warner's Safe Cure

and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS your Cure is Certain.

WHY do we know this? BECAUSE tens of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the world have voluntarily written us to this effect.

There is no stand-still in disease. You are either growing Better or Worse. How is it with YOU?

WHY not to-day resort to that medicine, which has veritably Cured Millions, and which will cure you if you will give it a chance?

All of Warner's preparations are Purely Vegetable. They are made on honor. They are time-tried. They are No New Discovery, Untried and Worthless; on the contrary, they have stood the test—they have proved their superiority. They stand alone in pre-eminent merit, and YOU KNOW IT.

HOW THEY WOULD USE IT.

Schoolgirls Tell What They Would do With Forty Dollars.

Atlanta Constitution.

"What can a woman do with $40? I would starve."

The speaker was quoted as above in a recent issue of the *Constitution*.

What can a woman do with $10? The question is an interesting one, but it is not nearly as interesting which a *Constitution* man secured from some very interesting young ladies, the 26 members of the graduating class of the girls' high school. The answers are in agreeable contrast so the I-would-starve remark of the speaker first quoted, and some of them are decidedly unique.

It is barely possible that more time and thought will be wasted over the initials than over the answers to the question. But that is one of those things that can't be helped any more than you can help noticing the frame when the picture is before you. The answers are given exactly as they were written. Here they are:—

"Put in the bank, so that it will increase."—M. B. K.

"Spend it for clothes."—S. B.

"Do lots of good."—K. H.

"Buy a balloon and soar away."—M. G.

"Buy a charming gown and hat."—L. G.

"Buy a ticket to Milledgeville."—L. B. S.

"Use it to advantage."—L. W.

"I would at present buy a dress."—M. R.

"Give it to a mission society."—N. N.

"Save it till you get more. Perhaps you will know then what to do with it."—M. E. J.

"Spend it."—P. E.

"Buy a handsome dress."—B. H.

"Buy one pound of French candy at 50 cents per pound for 80 days."—S. P.

"She can dispose of it very quickly and long for another bill of the same value."—D. D.

"Spend it."—L. K.

"Buy a dress."—A. W.

"She could buy a $14 bonnet, a $20 dress, shoes for $4.50, meat for 50 cents, flour for $1."—J. B.

"Get married."—F. M.

"Buy a new dress and hat and take a street car ride."—E. G.

"Waste it."—J. P.

"She can pay a month's grocery bill with it if she is economical and her family is not large."—C. M.

"Buy useful articles too numerous to mention."—E. J.

"She can spend it in half an hour and not have anything to show for it."—K. O'C.

"If of a charitable turn of mind, assist in the erection of the girl's high school building on Mitchell street."

"Spend it."—M. H.

"If the woman has any talent I would advise her to use all her spare money in the cultivation of that talent. Forty dollars would not go far, yet it would go some little way in making her independent."—R. E. S.

"Leave town immediately."—M. S.

They are school girl answers, typical in their way, hence interesting, furnishing as they do an excellent basis for a dissertation upon the many phases of character of the genius school girl.

Their minds run to dress? You wouldn't be so cruel as to suggest that, for some of them don't mention dress. Yes, the young lady with the taste for candy is candor itself. So was the one who, upon the impulse of the moment wrote, "I would buy a ticket for hades, wherever that may be, and present it to a young man of my acquaintance."

The are—but the subject is one which admits of too broad a discussion for the narrow confines of a newspaper article, written with the foreman's favorite cry "Copy!" wringing in one's ears.

Husband and Wife.

Husbands and wives who are fairly well mated generally grow to each other's ways, so that in the course of time they live together peaceably and contentedly, one or the other or both yielding to the companion's whims, tastes and prejudices to avoid dissensions. During the process of this mutual accommodation and growth, which may extend over a long series of years, there is serious risk that it may be arrested by a decrease of that affection which inspires it, or that in accomplishing the harmony husband or wife may be obliged to yield more than is fair, so that in the end the couple, instead of being on terms of equality as husband and wife should be, stand in the relation of subject and master.

But in spite of that love, in spite of that devotion to the material welfare of his wife and child, he has neglected to make her life pleasant; he has pursued his own path, with little consideration for her desires, and has accepted her sacrifices as a matter of course. The blame is not always with the husband; counter-forces are also at work to produce the same result. The wife, while attending faithfully to all household duties, may have helped to make her husband a silent man by unnecessary discussions of his own affairs and such "small talk" that wearied him, and which he sought to avoid by becoming absorbed in other things. Whatever the cause that leads to such drifting apart in the home lives of really faithful couples, the beginnings of it should be noted and the remedy applied betimes, that as the years roll on husband and wife may grow together and become as one flesh.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Electricity at the Ohio Exposition.

Professor W. J. Hammer, the electrical expert, is enthusiastic over the progress of his work. He says he will show some electrical devices that have never before been created, and which will astonish the world visitors to the Centennial. Flashing lights will gleam behind the dashing waters of the cascade, there will be a fountain suspended by a single wire, the walks will be bordered with changing lights; sprays of electrical bulbs will gleam up from great vases of flowers—there will be lights, lights, everywhere blinking and gleaming, and flashing, now brightness here and darkness there; then a total eclipse for a second, then a flood of light. A gorgeous electrical rainbow will appear and disappear over the minature Niagara. This marvel in mechanics that Professor Hammer is fathering will astonish the natives.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Mahone as a Slave-Driver.

"I'll tell you, sir, what Mahone is like," said Edgar Allen, talking warmly in the train returning hither from the double-barrelled Petersburg convention. "You give Mahone a flag and say to him, 'Will you lead this army?' he'll say 'Yes, sir,' quick as a flash, and will take the flag. But pretty soon he will say to somebody, 'Here, you take this flag;' then he'll go to the rear of the army and pull out a big whip and begin to lash the army. He's no leader, sir, no leader; he's a slave-driver."
—*Richmond letter.*

OUR HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

Wit and Wisdom From the Lips of the Little Ones.

New York World.

NOT AN EYE-WITNESS.

A little boy, who was attending Sabbath school, happened to be at his grandmother's when the minister called. Like all grandmas, she was anxious to show the child off to the best advantage. So she told the minister to ask him questions concerning the past few Sabbath school lessons, and see how much he could remember for a child not yet four years old. The lessons had been on Joseph, his childhood, bondage, &c. After numerous questions, all of which he answered readily, the minister asked: "And, now, can you tell me what kind of a coat Joseph had?" After a moment's hesitation came the answer: "How do I know? I was not there!"

ARTHUR GETS EVEN.

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said, "Ma, can't I speak just one word?"

"You know the rule, Arthur."

"Not one word?"

"No, Arthur; not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say.

"Oh, nothing; only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool and the cat has been eating them up."

CONFIRMATORY.

"I had my picture taken to-day," said little Chrisfine. "I crossed my arms and leaned on a chair, and the picture man put my head in some tongs." "Why, you must have looked like a lump of sugar in sugar-tongs," laughed papa. "Why, so I must have," said Christine, delightedly, "'cause the man kept saying 'what a sweet little girl.'"

SERMON BY A LITTLE COLORED BOY.

A little colored boy in South Carolina made an attempt to write an excuse to his teacher for his absence as follows: "Dear Affectionately Teacher: Ise sorry I couldn't come to school on Friday, but I couldn't cause it rain and dat's de way it go in dis world. If de Lord shut de door, no man can open de door. If de Lord say open de door, no man can shut de door. If de Lord say 'it rain,' no man can stop it rain. But de Lord, he do all things well. And you oughn't to growl about it."

INQUIRED AT HEADQUARTERS.

A little rosebud, blooming in the wilds of New Jersey, appeared one day, dollie in her arms, at the house of a friend living a a few blocks away from her own domicile. "Tan I tum in and 'muse myself and 'ou a 'ittle while?" she inquired. Kisses and a hearty response gave her assurance of welcome. An hour or more went by, when her father appeared, searching for her. "Why did you do so, rosebud?" he asked, reprovingly. "You must not go out without permission; you must inquire of your mother if she will let you go visiting." "Oh, I knew she'd say no," replied rosebud, coolly, "so I just 'quired of myself."

A PLEA FOR THE DOLLS.

The good women who are so busy reforming the world have taken up the doll enormity now, and are to make public sentiment too warm for it. Hamlet, with the prince left out, would be spirited and entertaining compared with a little girl's universe that was doll-less. There is a queer little element of sacredness in the relation between the inanimate pet and the live one that we saw amusingly and touchingly illustrated the other day. A small girl was holding her largest and most beloved doll well outside the window, and her mother protested, saying, "You will drop your big dollie; why do you hold it out there so long?" "I was showing it to God," said the baby, and the mother did not find, for the time, anything more to say. It might be as well to do away with a few other abuses, good women, before dooming the doll.

THE NEXT THING TO IT.

A little five-year-old was visiting at the house, and the little daughter was showing her the different objects of interest, to all of which her invariable comment would be: "My mother's got one, too." At last she was shown two companion pictures of dogs, which she studied very intently for a few moments and then burst out with, "My mother has got a picture of two dogs, too; only one of them is a cat."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Ill Effects of Tobacco
relieved by its use.

DID HE SWINDLE CLEVELAND?

An Accused Man Says He Did the President Out of $250 Three Weeks ago.

Gustave Baerwald, a natty little fellow dressed in a check coat and trousers without a vest, and wearing eyeglasses, was arraigned at Jefferson Market yesterday for swindling, says the New York *World*. He goes under the following aliases: Gaston G. de Montier, G. de Baerwald, G. de Lavallaine, De Walters and Gustave Levy. To people whom he duped he represented himself as the son of Louisian de Mortier, Paris, Rue du Rivoli. He is a well-educated man and speaks French, German, Spanish and English.

His method is the usual confidence one of first gaining the good opinion of his intended victim, representing that he is the son of the DeMortier family, in France; that he is in this country for pleasure, and is in constant receipt of remittances from his mother. His last remittance has gone astray, and he needs a little ready cash. He generally gets it, but his friend never gets it back. In the spring of 1887 he swindled Franz Hampel, a German artist, at No 703 Broadway, out of $800. June 27 of that year he was sentenced to the penitentiary on Mr. Hampel's complaint. It was then learned that during two years the young man had collected from his dupes the sum of $8,000. He remained in jail for six months, and was released November 19. That same year he was arrested again, and on December 19 was sent to the workhouse until March 9 of this year. After his release he again launched out on his old career of swindling. A few years ago he attempted to swindle the proprietor of the *American Hebrew*, but was detected and published as a fraud.

In reality Gaston G. de Mortier is the son of Levi Baerwald, a respectable man in humble circumstances, residing at No. 14 Kaiserstrasse, Berlin. His parents did all they could to provide him with a first-class education. He was sent to study at Bonn, in Germany. He then studied medicine in Paris, and lived in the Latin Quarter. Eight years ago he came to this country and, and traveled through the United States as a compositor. After Artist Hampel realized that he had been swindled, he kept track of the young man's wanderings, and always sent a photograph of him ahead, with a history of the swindle and the method. This drove Baerwald from place to place. After his release from the workhouse he entered the hospital at Bellevue for heart complaint. Dr. Simpson told him he could not possibly live two years, hearing which he said:

"It is useless to work while I can live by my wits."

The prisoner said yesterday that he never called for more than $15 or $25 at a time and he always got it. He did not care for money and he lost it all in gambling. Three weeks ago, he said, he was in Washington, and was introduced to President Cleveland as the son of the Countess Louisian de Mortier. He told the President that he had been shot in the arm and robbed of all his money. The President, he said, gave him $250. He also said he was a pensioner upon ex-Mayor Cooper. All he had to do was to call at Mr. Cooper's office and he would get $10 or $15 when "broke."

This time he was tripped up by a merchant at No. 113 Front street, who informed Inspector Byrnes of how the youth obtained $15 from him. Yesterday Baerwald was on his way through Cedar street to Jersey City, where he was going to raise some money, he said, from some friends. Detective Sergeants O'Brien and McCauley arrested him.

Justice Ford remanded him to allow the complainant an opportunity to appear in court.

Boston and New York Girls.

The New York *Sun* says that there are many young men now engaged in the pastime of glaring at young women in horse cars, with the intention of making them moisten their lips with their tongue, and it adds that the young women invariably do it. Perhaps this is true in New York. It is easy enough to make a New York girl execute queer, self-conscious manœuvres. She is capable of smiling apologetically at a mouse after climbing a chair to observe it, but no Boston girl, properly reared on the pages of the Autocrat, could be compelled to do the trick mentioned by the *Sun*. She remembers the landlady's daughter who "moistened her lips in a very engaging manner," and avoids all her ways with religious care. And the sight of a staring New Yorker does not make a Boston girl think of her lips. It makes her meditate on the Apollo Belvidere and the Copley portraits at home, as antidotes.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, etc. Prompt and effective treatment by latest methods. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, O.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THAT GRAND REUNION

Meets With Favor Among the Old Soldiers—Keep the Ball Rolling.

We are receiving many letters from old comrades, commending our plan for a grand reunion on the 25th anniversary of the close of the great Rebellion. To our mind, nothing could be grander than a meeting of all those who survived that war, and have lived 25 years after the close, to witness the blossoming and the harvest. The seeds there sowed in blood are to-day yielding rich fruit.

Comrade J. C. Knapp, of Merrick, Neb., writes: "Yes, let us have that grand reunion. It is the grandest thing yet proposed. What could so brighten the dim eyes, quicken the sluggish pulse, bring back the fire of youth to the sluggish heart of the old veteran, as a meeting with his old comrades under the dome of the capitol of the nation—our nation for which we sacrificed everything but honor, that it might stand unbroken."

Comrade L. D. Boyes, of Wauseon, Ohio, says: "I heartily endorse the sentiments of Col. Camp Fire for the 25th anniversary of that grand review of the soldiers at Washington, and only hope that we have a Republican President seated in the White House to extend the hand of fellowship—greeting us a hearty welcome.

The above are samples of the many letters we are getting on this subject. We would be glad if all the contributors to the CAMP FIRE would express their opinion on this matter, for upon their co-operation in a great measure, depends the success of the project.

Little Phil Sheridan.

How many of us, comrades, are anxiously scanning the telegraphic columns of the newspapers for information as to "Little Phil" Sheridan's condition? The brave general who led the Union hosts so often to victory, has been attacked by a dread enemy, disease, and while he is making a manly fight we fear for the worst. No braver man ever lived. No better soldier ever faced the enemy. No general ever held a warmer place in the hearts of his men. Every old soldier is, in spirit, at the bedside of "Little Phil," and many a tearful prayer, pleading for the brave general's life, is being borne to Heaven.

COL. CAMP FIRE.

CONFESSION OF A "BUMMER"

Guarding Private Property and Flirting With the Ladies—Sailing Under an Assumed Name.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In November, 1864, Tom Wilson and I, private in Co. E, cattle guards, left our camp which was a short distance east of Marietta, Georgia, to go "out foraging." We visited a number of plantations within two or three miles of camp, but had very poor success. Both armies had recently been over the ground and very little was left. What had not been appropriated by either "Johnny" or "Yank," had been securely hidden. The boys all know how well it would need to be concealed to escape being taken by any of Sherman's bummers.

The "cattle guards" were all new recruits, and were temporarily organized into companies to guard Sherman's immense herd of beeves through Georgia.

Knowing our organization to be only temporary we generally classed ourselves among the "bummers."

Tom and I considered ourselves keen-scented foragers, but we were obliged to dine that day on persimmons, which, by the way, are not bad diet. Towards evening we came to a house occupied by an old man, his wife, and three daughters. One daughter was married and her husband was in Hood's army. The old man was much alarmed lest what little he had left would be taken by the foragers, who seemed to swarm over the country like bees in a clover field. He said his name was Thomas, that he was a union man, and he believed he was entitled to a guard to protect his property. We saw our chance and at once asked what he would give us to guard his property. He offered his best bed and as good board as he was able to furnish. The offer was promptly accepted. We told him we had no authority to act as such, but we would guard his property as best we could.

Our first duty sergeant was a good-natured, easy-going sort of fellow. In the evening Tom would go to camp and answer to his name and mine at roll call, then return to Mr. Thomas's where we had a most excellent bed to sleep in. In the morning I would go to camp and answer for both, and so we continued while we remained at Marietta—about a week. We could not have carried on so, had we been under strict discipline; but then you know we were "bummers." Tom devoted his best energies to playing the agreeable to the elder of the unmarried sisters, leaving the younger, Miss Samantha, to my especial care. This happened over twenty-three years ago, but the memories of the pleasant hours spent at that old house with those kind-hearted, pure-minded young ladies still linger with me like some faint but sweet perfume.

The ladies were good singers, and so was Tom. Much of the time was spent in recounting stories of our past lives and in singing the fovorite songs of both armies. Our self-imposed task was by no means a sinecure. On several occasions we had all we could do to convince foragers that we were authorized to protect Mr. Thomas's property. He had one shoat left, and that he kept in a pen closeby the house. It was not very fat, but what hungry forager would stop on that account? One squad of bummers in particular swore they would have that pig. Tom was in camp and I was alone with no weapon but a revolver. They demanded writings showing my authority, and said that a regularly detailed guard would be required to have his musket, etc. What could I do? Mr. Thomas kept in the background, but showed his anxiety by his every movement. I cocked my revolver and boldly declared my intention of saving that pork for Mr. Thomas. I also made a record of their names and company and said I should report them as soon as I was relieved. My bold stand seemed to impress the leaders that their wisest course would be to seek elsewhere for pork. This they did to my great relief, for of course I had no authority to do more than "bluff." Had they taken the pig it would have been their pork and no penalty. That night Mr. Thomas killed the pig, declaring he wanted no more such risk of bloodshed. Tom and I relished the spare-ribs we had for breakfast next morning. We had fresh pork during the rest of our stay, which did not last long, for in a few days we were removed to Atlanta.

After the war I wrote to Miss Samantha, and received a very pleasant letter in reply. If this were a novel instead of a narrative of facts, our correspondence would have developed into courtship and ended in marriage, but it did not. I have not heard from her in many a long year. I sincerely hope her's has been a very happy life. Should this letter meet her eye, or the eye of my "pard," Tom Wilson, let them each be assured that the soldier boy they then knew has not forgotten them. At that time I was known by an assumed name. I ran away from home before I was 16 to enter the army. Through fear that my father would follow me and take me out of the army, I foolishly assumed the name of "Ben Wilson," by which I was known throughout my term of service. I have sent two contributions to the CAMP FIRE over that signature. The last was published a few months ago, and a few days later I got a letter from Scott Bricker, an old comrade, now living in Indiana, from whom I had heard nothing since we were discharged.

That letter called up very many pleasant memories. How I should like to hear from others! I wrote Scott a good long letter, giving him a full and true account of myself, including my right name. Very likely others who knew "Ben Wilson" are curious to know also. While at Savannah, I told John Swearinger that I was sailing under false colors. But all his pumping failed to draw out the name signed below. It has been a source of deep regret to me that I acted so unwisely. Had I been older I should have known better. Should be glad to hear from any of our company. All letters will be promptly answered.—ELAM M. DAY, (formerly "Ben. Wilson,) private Co. A, 38th O. V. I., Montra, O.

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UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.

NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.

EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

Fourteen Months in Prison.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—May I sit by the CAMP FIRE this evening and relate, in a condensed form, to my fellow-comrades, my experience as a prisoner of war. I was a member of company D, 4th Wisconsin cavalry, and took part in all scouts and engagements until captured in the summer of '63, while on picket near Baton Rouge, La. The rebels who captured us, by the way, were dressed in our uniforms. I was put on a mule and taken to Mendon, Miss., and then I was transferred to a car and sent to Belle Isle. I was there some time—do not remember now, just how long—and was sent to Andersonville. I was there until Sherman was marching toward Macon, was there a few days and then taken to Savannah, where I was detained about three weeks and then sent to Jacksonville, Fla., and from there was carried on a stretcher back to Andersonville. When we arrived, we found that Sherman's men had burned the stockade and cook house. I was finally sent to Vicksburg and exchanged in March, '65. I was in Andersonville fourteen months that I was incarcerated in rebel prisons. When captured, I weighed 199 pounds and when exchanged, my weight was 97¾ pounds. The horrors and cruelty of prison life, especially Andersonville has been repeatedly portrayed by those who were fortunate enough to escape. The book entitled "Andersonville" written by John McElroy, of Toledo, Ohio, is a vivid representation, and as far as my experience goes, not in the least exaggerated. The reality cannot be imagined only by those that suffered from the terrible ordeal. SOLON S. WHEELER, late private Co. D, 4th Wis. Cav., Boyceville, Dunn Co., Wis.

Grover's Fate is Sealed.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—There is no comfort in wasting ink on a detailed account of the fight President Ceveland is making on ex-Federal soldiers, and it would not furnish pleasant reading. It is pitiful, moreover, to see such a splendid specimen of Jeffersonian simplicity making such desperate efforts to belittle and insult brave men, who left wives, mothers, sweethearts and homes for the front, from whose thousands never returned and are now resting in unknown graves or lost in the swamps of a wilderness, while men of the Cleveland stamp remained at home living off the fat of a sorrowful, terror-stricken country. If reflecting, how at his inaugural, he promised fair play and justice to all honest soldiers in need or in behalf of their widows and orphans, his little heart would undergo many unknown pangs, and his humiliations would be great gloom upon his noble brow, like the wandering Jew unfit to live, not ready to die. He is playing a dangerous game at present, but alas he has exposed his hand. He discarded the old Vets in order to hold a full hand in the South. The stakes are high—the presidential chair in the White House in March, 1889, and the first citizen of the greatest Republic in the world. Grover is a man of many mistakes. His messages are long and many, his vetoes are short and many, but the greatest of all mistakes is when he expects that the South is still solid in the ranks of an old bourbon Democracy, and will vote that ticket early and often. His excellency's conclusion is wrong, in fact all illusion. After a quarter of a century, times have changed, and the Southern people, as a class, with them. Comrades, I have lived South since the war and have been a Stephen A. Douglass Democrat always. Along with many Democrats I have shared all the dangers of a bloody rebellion, hungered on weary marches, froze in snow, roasted in sun, and waded through swamps knee deep for weeks, helping to protect the flag of the free and the union that George Washington loved so well. Cleveland received my vote last election, but never more. That the Republican party has gained, and is gaining ground South every day, no Democrat will dispute, for it is a cold fact. Tennessee, North Carolina, and other states are, if a fair vote is allowed, white and black, nearly on a balance. Many of the most inteligent of Southern Democrats will not vote for Cleveland next fall. The quiet waters are already greatly troubled because, as standard-bearer of a great party, the President has been found far below all the great expectations and hopes cherished when the Democracy regained hold of the government. Pension bills he may hereafter veto or not, is immaterial. The cat slipped the bag. Dixie is kicking out of her harness, and the vote of the soldiers and influence of their friends are lost forever, excepting of course, such as that chief bully and evil mouthed Gen Bragg, who received his reward in the shape of a fat office out in Mexico for insulting poor crippled veterans, men who 25 years ago were full of life and robust health, never dreaming that a day should come, when in need, and calling on the now united country, the commander-in-chief of all her armies and navy, would veto, belittle and insult them, throwing them on the cold mercies of county poor houses as paupers, and Cleveland will be a sadder and a wiser man after the November eclipse.—FRED BOGGE, Columbus, Ky., late Co. E, 38th Ohio.

Of Interest to Crippled Veterans.

HEADQUARTERS CRIPPLED UNION SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION, ALLEGAN, KAN.

General Order No. 9:

We hereby recommend that applicants for pensions, whether original or increase, do not hire an agent or attorney to attend to their claim, as we are prepared to prosecute all claims before the Pension Bureau, or special claims before Congress, free of charge to members of our association. It makes no difference if your claim has been rejected, as in many cases we have been successful in securing pensions for applicants. We have a strong law force at Washington who are rendering us every assistance in their power, free of charge.

By order of JAMES A. UNDERWOOD,
Gen. Com'g C. U. S. A.
S. S. RAYMOND, Ass't Sec'y.

From a Cavalryman.

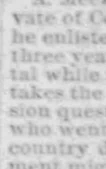
EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As it is rather cold, I will throw on a few chips to keep the fire burning, while I chat with the comrades. I have been a reader of the BLADE a number of years, but, not seeing anything in the CAMP FIRE from my command, I thought I would stir the boys up. I enlisted in '62 and served until the war closed. I was with the dashing General W. W. Averill nearly three years and never missed a raid. I see in the CAMP FIRE a great deal said about Robert T. Lincoln for our next President. I am for Blaine or Sherman, one is the greatest statesmen, and the other the greatest financier our nation can produce. I would like to have such men at the head of our government.—WM. PRINDLE, late of Co I, 14th Pa. Cav., Hasting, Thomas Co.

Sparks From the Blaze.

E. E. Pierce, Glenarn, Md., writes that her father served in Co. H, 1st Md., and though he contracted a chronic disease in the service and has an honorable discharge, he has not yet obtained a pension.

G. W. Palmer, of Monroe, Iowa, declares that the old soldiers have had enough of Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party. "I am for the man whom the Republican party may name, be he either Blaine, Lincoln, Sherman, or any other good Republican. He is against the rebel brigadiers every time."

George W. Case, Co. E, 15th Ill. Vet. Vol., of Haversville, Kan., says that he sometimes feels almost like rebelling, when he considers with what great injustice the government is treating the old soldiers. It promised to look after the soldiers and their families, but now that the Union has been preserved, and is prosperous, it refuses to keep its solemn pledge.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Thomas D Campbell, of Greenfield, Tenn., enlisted in the "Bloody Seventh" Tenn., composed of Weakly, Henry and Carrol cowboys, as they were called. It was organized at Dresden, Weakly county, and afterwards consolidated with the 6th Tenn., Col. Hurst. Comrade Campbell is anxious to hear from some of his old comrades.

The encampment of the Crippled Union Soldiers' association will be held at Columbus on the second week of September. Commander Underwood urges all members to be present on that occasion. He also desires those who intend to be at Columbus at that time to notify him so that the association may provide tents for all. Address him at Allegan, Kan.

A. Meeker, Commercial Point, Ohio, private of Co. A, Forty fifth O. V. I., says that he enlisted when 17 years old and served three years. He never was in the hospital while in the service. Comrade Meeker takes the "Boy in Blue" to task on the pension question and declares that every one who went in the army and fought for his country deserves a pension. The government might better reduce the surplus by this means than to turn it over to some other nation by taking off the protective tariff.

THE NUMBER TWO.

It Ruined One Man and Set Another on His Feet Again.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American* tells this story of an adventure in El Paso: "With a few companions I had been having quite a night of it, and at 1:30 in the morning, with just five cents in my pocket, found myself alone on —— street, El Paso. This was a terrible state to be in, considering that I had not a friend to whom I could apply with any certainty. I thought of my position so earnestly that I discovered myself standing quite still, cursing my bad luck. I determined to make the best of it and was about passing on, when I was suddenly surprised by hearing some one exclaim: 'Ruined by two!' I turned and saw a well-dressed young man standing at the door of one of the most noted gambling-saloons in El Paso. I was about to approach him, when he left the door and was lost to view in the darkness beyond. Feeling a deep interest in what I had seen and heard I determined to go inside and learn if possible the cause of his despair.

"Gaining admittance, I quietly asked a looker-on at the game what was the trouble with the young man who had left but a few moments since. He told me that he had been playing at the 'wheel,' (roulette), and each time he doubled his bet on the number two, and not once did he win. As he was speaking I heard a near-by bell strike two, and as the 'wheel' was then spinning around I determined to risk my all on that number. So, pulling out my nickel, I placed it on two; the wheel stopped, and I had won. I was then worth $1.80. I received checks for that amount and placed the whole on two again, and again old two did win. I was then worth $64.80. The wheel was spinning for a third time, and for the third time did I risk my all on number two, and for the third time did two win that night. Not daring to chance it again I cashed my checks and departed a winner by $2,332.25.

"Just two days later I met the young man to whom number two had been so fatal and begged him to accept $500. Reluctantly he did, and to-day he is a highly respected merchant of Galveston. I purposely withhold his name out of respect to his family."

—The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

With Divorce Coupons.

"Yes, dear, I have recorded our marriage license," said the Chicago youth, displaying the document to his heart's delight; "and now we can get married as soon as you will say the word."

"But, George," exclaimed the young lady in consternation, "Are you sure this is right. Isn't there something lacking?"

"Something lacking? I don't think I follow you, dearest."

"I suppose I'm a silly little fool, George, but don't call me an ignoramus now, will you? But I always supposed that a marriage license had a divorce coupon attached."—*Boston Transcript.*

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For any case of Syphilis we treat and do not cure. This disease has heretofore baffled all medical science. We will contract with patients to cure them or refund all money and pay entire expense of coming here; railroad fare, hotel bills, etc.

WE HAVE NEVER FAILED

To cure the most obstinate cases in less than one short month. Ten days in recent cases does the work. It is the old chronic deep-seated cases that we solicit. We have cured hundreds who have been abandoned by physicians and pronounced incurable, and we challenge the world to bring us a case that we will not cure in less than a month. Since the history of medicine a true specific for Syphilis has been sought for but never found until our

MAGIC REMEDY

Was discovered, and we are justified in saying it is the only remedy in the world that will positively cure, because the latest medical works, published by the best known authorities, say there was never a true specific before. Our reputation as business men, the company's financial standing, together with the character, reputation and skill of our physicians will bear the most rigid investigation, and the result will justify anyone afflicted with Syphilis in placing themselves in our hands. All classes of people may consult or correspond with us with the utmost safety as regards exposure in any way.

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE SYPHILIS

In any Stage, Whether Contracted or Hereditary.

Why waste your time and money with patent medicines that never had virtue, or doctor with physicians that cannot cure you? You that have tried everything else should come to us and get permanent relief; you never can get it elsewhere. Mark what we say, in the end you must take our Remedy or never recover, and you that have been afflicted but a short time should by all means come to us now. Those who have been afflicted a long time do not generally believe what we say, but we make written contracts to do just what we say, and our financial standing exceeds [illegible], enough to satisfy the most skeptical.

REFERENCES:

R. G. Dun & Co., or Bradstreet Co., the Omaha Bee, Omaha Herald, or any of the officers of the Western Newspaper Union of Denver, Colo.; Dallas, Tex.; Detroit, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Omaha, Neb., and New York, N. Y.

ADDRESS

THE COOK REMEDY CO.,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Bolivia-Chili War.

B. T., Ridgefield, Ill.:

Please give as lengthy a sketch of the Bolivia-Chili war as possible.

Bolivia, formerly known as Upper Peru, formed from 1767 a part of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres, and was erected into an independent state in 1825, taking the name it still bears in honor of Simon Bolivar. The new state, however, from its land-locked position, was not able to compete in commercial importance and industrial enterprise with neighboring states. It possessed but a few miles of seaboard, with two small ports, which were only accessible over a narrow strip of desert wedged in between the maritime countries of Peru and Chili and was obliged to carry on the bulk of its commerce over Peruvian territory and through Peruvian ports. There was always a contention between Chili and Bolivia concerning the question of boundary, the Chilians claiming that their territory extended northward so as to include a part of the Desert of Acatama, and the Bolivians fixing the southern boundary of the desert as their limit. But, in fact, Chili remained in peaceful possession of this territory until 1849, in which year the discovery of guano deposits on the strip of coast, and the appropriation of these by the Chilian government brought the Bolivian government forward as a claimant for what was supposed to be a rich prize. The Chilian government continued to exercise jurisdiction over these deposits until 1864, though Bolivia continually protested, when threatened hostilities with Spain had the effect of uniting these adjoining states in the desire to oppose a common enemy. Under the influence of this feeling the republics of Chili and Bolivia, in 1866, made mutual concessions of their respective rightr and privileges in a treaty of limits establishing the boundary line at 24 deg. south, but fixing a neutral zone between latitude 23 deg. and 25 deg., wherein both countries should share equally in customs receipts and export duties on minerals. Some years later it was discovered that the land of this neutral zone was rich, not only in guano, but in mineral wealth also, and especially in vast deposits of nitrate of soda. The trade in the latter substance became large, chiefly through the efforts and capital of the Chilians, but Peru, which had similar deposits, of whose working the government held a monopoly, was apprehensive that the competition of Chili would reduce the price of this valuable substance. Rights in the nitrate beds of the Peruvian province of Tarapaca were purchased by both Bolivian and Chilian companies. In 1872 Peru forced these companies to sell their interest at a loss, and in 1873 she entered into a secret alliance with Bolivia, with a view to seizing and confiscating the nitrate works in the neutral zone. Of this treaty Chili knew nothing, but she felt that it was necessary, in behalf of her citizens and their property, to insist on a new treaty or a revision of the former boundary. Therefore, in August, 1874, a new treaty between Bolivia and Chili was signed and duly ratified. This treaty abolished the neutral zone. By it the possession of this zone was assigned to the Bolivians, but it was provided that the Chilians should continue to work the nitrate beds and export the guano exempt from any impost taxes on the part of the Bolivian government. However, the friendly relations established by this treaty did not prove enduring. In 1878 the Bolivian government levied a heavy duty on the nitrate trade, in contravention of express treaty stipulations. It was thought that the violation of her pledges on the part of Bolivia was incited by the Peruvian government, which found Chilian competition interfering seriously with profits from its monopoly of the nitrate trade. When the Chilian government protested, the export duty was removed, but almost immediately after the property of the Chilian companies working in the former neutral zone was declared forfeited to the Bolivian government. Chili, therefore, declared war against Bolivia, and sent troops, who took possession of the disputed territory. Soon after, the fact of the secret treaty between Bolivia and Peru having been made public, Chili, in just indignation, declared war against Peru also. For the first six months the war was confined to naval battles, in which the Chilians were generally victorious. Several land battles followed, the Chilians landing on the Peruvian coast and capturing numerous towns and villages, which they pillaged in barbarous fashion. In the summer of 1880 they planned the campaign against Lima, the Peruvian capital. Having nearly annilated the Peruvian navy, they easily blockaded Callao, the port of Lima, and landed troops at Pisco and Curayco. A force of 22,500 infantry, 800 cavalry and 3,400 artillery, with 80 cannon and 10 Gatling guns—in all about 30,000—commanded by Gen. Baquenado, gathered near Curayaco and advanced upon Chorillos, a village eight miles south of Lima. Pierola, President of Peru and commander-in-chief of the Peruvian army, marched to Lurin to meet the invaders, leaving Gen. Cotera, with 7,000 troops, to defend the capital. This was in the latter part of December, 1880. Early in January the Peruvian forces were routed at Miraflores, near Chorillos, and on the 17th the Chilians occupied Lima. The Peruvian loss is given as 7,000 killed and 2,000 taken prisoner. The horrors of this campaign were increased by the disorganized condition of the governments of both Bolivia and Peru, there being no force to protect the inhabitants against the most barbarous cruelties on the part of the invaders. After the first defeat of the Peruvians by the Chilian troops, in 1880, Gen. Prado, then President of Peru, was forced to flee from the country to escape the indignation of the people. A few months later an insurrection in Bolivia deposed Gen. Daza, the President there, for a similar reason. Gen. Pierola was installed in Peru, and Gen. Campero in Bolivia, by the popular party. But early in 1881 further defeats of the Peruvian army had brought Pierola into disfavor, and he was deposed and Gan. Calderon installed in his place. The followers of the former leader, however, aided him to set up a government in the interior of the country, and for over two years the country was the prey of two, and sometimes three, contending political factions, as well as of a cruelly victorious foreign army. Not until October, 1883 was peace concluded by a treaty between the contending nations. The terms of the treaty included the cession to Chili of the province of Tarapaca permanently, and of Tacna and Arica for a term of ten years. At the end of that time the people of the two last named provinces are to decide by popular vote to which country they prefer to belong, and the preferred government is to pay to the other $10,000,000 before acquiring possession. The treaty between Bolivia and Chili was not signed until early in 1884. By its terms Bolivia was deprived of all seaboard territory, but was allowed commercial rights at the port of Antofagasta, and the right of way across the strip of land held by Chili on the coast.

Franco-Prussian War.

E. M. T., Abilene, Kan.; J. T., New Cambria Mo.:

Will you tell me what caused the last war between France and Prussia, and why did Napoleon go to England instead of Paris at the close of the war? Give a history of the war.

In 1866 Prussia stepped from her ambiguous attitude of former years and assumed a position in Germany which at once aroused the latent jealousy in France. The wonderful progress of Prussia, based on the foreign policy of Bismarck, naturally caused the Napoleonic government much uneasiness, and the emperor at once saw that he was losing ground and that he could not maintain his position unless he kept France in the front among the nations of the time. Therefore, after 1866 attempts were made to put the army on a footing that would make a speedy war a possibility. At the same time, by diplomatic moves, they kept Prussia from realizing the true spirit that was being nurtured in that country. France failed to get the concessions she wanted from Prussia and she failed get her army up to a safe war footing, and failed to deceive Bismarck in everything she had attempted. On paper, the active army of France numbered 900,000 men, and the reserve force 500,000, but only a small portion of this paper army was in actual service. Napoleon grew restless, notwithstanding that he knew his forces were inferior. He feared a confederation of the Northern and Southern German interests, and he determined to make war before it could be accomplished, rather than after any such consolidation had taken place. The question of the Spanish crown soon furnished an opportunity, and on July 15 certain interviews concerning it, which had taken place between Benedetti and the Prussian king, were laid before the French Assembly by the ambassador as an insult to the nation. Five hundred million francs were formally voted to carry on the war, although the formal declaration did not take place until July 19. No previous arrangements had been made in Germany, but so perfect was the workings of her military bodies the mobilization began immediately on the 15th, on the order issued by the king. The superiority of the two armies began to show in favor of Germany, even while the soldiers were being mobilized. It was expected, after the rash challenge of France, that she would strike some brilliant and decisive blow at the outset, but no such action occurred. It soon became evident that France's army was not disciplined; that the emperor had no generals and that his side of the war was weak. South Germany rose to the support of its northern neighbor, and Austria, Denmark and Russia refused to interfere, thus leaving France to fight her battles without aid from the other countries. Napoleon went in person at the head of his own army, and commanded at the dramatic little affair of Sarbucken called a victory, but battles followed at Worth, Vionville and other places at which the well disciplined German army was uniformly victorious, until on September 1 at Sedan the Emperor surrendered his sword to General Von Moltke, and his whole army was taken as prisoners. The French nation, as with one voice, however, refused to acknowledge the defeat. The Rhine army, under Bazaine, still held Metz, and a provisional government, composed of General Trochu, Jules Favre, Ferry, Arago, Gambetta, Rochefort and others, was formed at Paris, the Empress, who had been left as regent, escaping to England. Paris was completely invested by the Germans September 19, who kept open a safe way by which troops and ammunition might reach them from time to time. The investiture lasted till the middle of February, operations being carried on in the meantime in the department of the Vosges, where Strassburg was taken by Gen. Werder, September 27, and where Bazaine at last capitulated and gave up Metz, with its stores of provisions and 180,000 men in the middle of October. Meanwhile Gambetta, who had escaped from Paris in a balloon, raised a large army at Loire, which, in December, suffered a succession of defeats by the army commanded by Princk Frederick, who occupied Orleans and then pursued and dispersed the French troops. Gen. Monteuffel met Gen. Favre, commanding the new French army of the North, and defeated it at Mezieres, November 27, and one North post after another capitulated. Paris still continued closely invested, and the suffering within was great. Sally after sally had been attempted, but always without success, and on February 17 the provisional government, having transferred its powers to the Assembly, Adolph Thiers, chief of the executive power, was sent to Versailles to negotiate peace with King William. A preliminary peace was signed on February 26, according to whose terms Alsace and a greater part of Loraine were ceded to Germany and five milliards were demanded to pay the expenses of the war—one to be paid during the year 1870, the other four, with interest, within three years. German garrisons were to remain on French soil until after the whole was paid, but to evacuate Paris immediately after the ratification of the treaty. On February 28 the German troops marched into Paris; on March 3 ratifications of the peace were exchanged and Paris was evacuated. William left Versailles March 13, and May 10 a definite treaty of peace was concluded at Frankfort. In July, 1873, the last portion of the war expenses was paid, and the last German soldier left French soil.

Ticonderoga.

Allen J., Chilicothe, O.:

1. Give an account of the battle of Ticonderoga.

The battle at Ticonderoga occurred during the French and Indian war. In 1758 this point was occupied by the Marquis de Montcalm with about 4,000 men, French and Indians. The expedition sent against the fort was commanded by General Abercrombie. In July, 1758, this officer had assembled about 7,000 regulars and nearly 9,000 provincial militia, with a heavy train of artillery, near the head of Lake George. His second in command was General Howe. The army moved down Lake George Sunday, July 5, in boats, and at dawn the next morning landed at the foot of the lake, about four miles from Ticonderoga. The whole country there was then a dense forest and tangled morass, and as they had no guides with them familiar with the country, the English officers became bewildered. While struggling to find their way out of the timber, the right column, led by Lord Howe, was suddenly attacked by a small French force, and a sharp skirmish ensued. This was repulsed, and a number of the men were taken prisoners, but Lord Howe had been killed at almost the first fire. Gen. Abercrombie questioned the prisoners concerning the strength of the fortress and the number of men in the garrison, and on the strength of their account, decided to make an immediate attack upon the fort. When too late, however, he learned that he had been deceived. He took the outer works of the fortress easily, but the inner defenses were guarded by abatis and thoroughly manned. Abercrombie ordered his troops to scale the works, but they were driven back. After a bloody conflict of four hours, the assailants were compelled to fall back to Lake George, leaving about 2,000 dead and wounded on the battlefield. Abercrombie's ill-success in this movement caused his removal soon after, and he was succeeded by Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who took command of the forces in the spring of 1759. The new commander found 20,000 provincial troops at his disposal, and an additional force was sent from England to cooperate with the Americans both on land and sea. Three expeditions were arranged for, one under Wolfe to attack Quebec, one under Prideaux to take Fort Niagara, and the third under Amherst to seize Fort Ticonderoga. July 22, 1759, therefore, this commander appeared before the last named fortress with about 11,000 men. The French commander had just received intelligence through the Indians of the arrival of Wolfe before Quebec, and prepared to surrender without resistance. The garrison accordingly vacated their outer lines on the 23d, and retired within their fort, and three days later, without firing a shot, they abandoned that also, partly demolished it, and fled, first to Crown Point, then to the Isle au Noix in the Sorel. Amherst took possession of the works, pursued the retreating forces for a short distance, but made no real attempt to capture them. During the Revolutionary war this fortress was taken by the Americans under Ethan Allen, without firing a shot, but on the approach of Burgoyne, two years later, was evacuated without attempt at resistance.

San Francisco.

M. S. T., Rock Falls, Ill.

1. Give a sketch of the early settlement of San Francisco.
2. Where is the "Golden Gate"?
3. Who was Rembrandt van Rhyn?

1 and 2. San Francisco bay was discovered Nov. 2, 1769, by an expedition headed by Captain Portola and Friar Juan Crespi. In August of the year 1775 a vessel called the San Carlos, commanded by Lieutenant Ayala, passed through what is now called the Golden Gate. This is supposed to be the first white man's vessel that cast anchor in the bay of San Francisco. This harbor and bay, one of the finest in the world, is a beautiful sheet of water about forty-five miles in length and eight miles in average width, affording safe anchorage at all times. Its entrance, the famous Golden Gate, is a strait about four miles in length and two miles in average width. The depth of the water is sufficient for the largest vessel or craft to enter with ease and safety. The first permanent settlement of white men on the shores of this bay was made in June, 1776, by an expedition from Monterey under Friars Francisco Palou and Benito Cambon, accompanied by several setters with their families and a detachment of soldiers under the command of Don Jose Moraga. About this time a few adobe buildings were erected near the shores of the bay, and the settlement named Yerba Buena. On January 30, 1847, an ordinance was issued by the Alcade directing that the name of the town be changed from Yerba Buena to San Francisco, and in 1848 the first discovery of gold was made in the vicinity, at which time there were about 500 residents. From that period San Francisco began to attract the attention of the civilized world. This was the beginning of an era of prosperity for the state, which resulted in the building up of the important city of San Francisco. 3. Hermanszoon Rembrandt, commonly called Rembrandt Van Rhyn, was the son of a miller, born about 1608, at Leyden; died 1669. He devoted himself to the study of nature, and soon entered on a most successful career, and executed numerous works—portraits, landscapes, historical and genera subjects, and whose wondrous etchings, numbering about 360, which have served almost as his paintings to raise reputation so high. Rembrandt holds the chief place in the Dutch school.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Nettie Dixon, ——: We can not answer questions regarding the reliability of firms.

E. B., Oshkosh, Wis: Grover Cleveland has no middle name.

M. D. Camp, ——: The Bureau can not devote its spoce to booming any particular class of industry.

A. J. M., Nyack, N. Y.: We have no statistics at hand to answer your questions; in fact, none are printed.

W. G. S., Piqua, O.: Your question has been answered so frequently that the Bureau can not repeat it.

Reader, Piqua, O.:

Please explain how to make rubber stamps.

Rubber stamps that are of any account are patented.

W. N., Colo.:

Can any man get a dissolution from his wife for leaving him without just cause, if she is willing to appear, or is it necessary to get a divorce?

You must get a divorce to be legally separated.

A. H., Tontogany, O.:

Will you please tell me where to apply for a situation in the negro schools in the South, and oblige.

Address your request to the "State Superintendent of Schools," of the state in which you would like to teach.

N. P. S., Crookston, Minn.:

1. When did Jefferson Davis die, where and of what? 2. About how many postoffices are there in the United States?

1. He is not dead, but old and very feeble. 2. Something over 55,000, of which over 50,000 are held by Democrats.

A. J. T., Eylaw, Tex.:

1. Does a soldier's service date from his enlistment or from the date he is mustered into service? 2. If a soldier has lost his discharge, who will he have to apply to to get a copy?

1. From enlistment. 2. From the adjutant general of the state you enlisted in. If he can not give it to you, your dischaage is on record at the War department.

A. C. V., Abilene, Kan.:

1. Why can a tallow candle be fired through a board? 2. What are the Blue Laws of Connecticut?

1. It is one of the things that are unexplained satisfactorily. After a cyclone, pieces of common wheat straw have been found driven into a hard oak tree, but nobody has yet given an explanation. 2. They are too long to print here.

F. M. Waters, Climax, Mich.:

If a man takes out a license to sell cigars at retail does that confine him to one particular block or store; or can he change them about from one store to another, to suit his own convenience, and not violate the law?

He can change, provided he don't sell at two places at one time. See the revenue collector and he will fix you out.

S. S. T., Hanging Rock, O.:

1. Will you please give me a short description of the key of the Bastile? 2. Where could I get Daniel Webster's most noted speeches? 3. Are the Red Men a chartered organization?

1. This question has been answered so frequently that it is growing tiresome. The key is at present in a glass case at Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington. 2. Conselt some of the advertisers in the BLADE who sell books. 3. They are not, as their name implies, red men, but ordinary American citizens.

G. V. Dieterich, Galesburg, Ill.:

Will you please convey to me the information where I can get the "History of Protective Laws," written by Hon. R. W. Thompson? The tariff question is so very important to the American people that no opportunity should be neglected to impress upon the minds of the ignorant and the rising generation the value and advantages protebtion has over free trade.

Any bookseller will get the book for you. It was reviewed at length in our book notices a few weeks ago.

S. A. Pettijohn, Lamong, Ind.: Please allow me to tell Alex, Tucson, Ariz., how to find the day of the week on which any date fell. Thus: Every year has 52 weekg and one day except leap year, which has two days. Therefore, count one day for each year and one extra day for leap year. Add the sum; divide by 7 and if there is no remainder the date falls on the same day of the week as it hoes this year; but if there is a remainder count back the number of days equal to the remainder from the day of the week on which it falls this year. To illustrate: Gen. Grant was born April 27, 1822, or 66 years ago, and there have been 17 leap years; now 66 plus 17 equal 83; 83 divided by 7 is 11, with 6 remaining. April 27 occurred on Friday this year. Therefore count back six days, and you have Saturday as the day of Gen. Grant's birth.

C. W. Speer, Steamburg, Pa:

When was shoes first made of leather?

Clothing for the feet, whether in the form of sandals or shoes, has been in use in every country aspiring to civilization in ancient and modern times. The rudimentary shoe is a sandal, consisting of a sole, held to the foot by straps and thongs. Such were the common Egyptian and Greek shoes. In Egypt, the ordinary material for shoes were strips of the papyrus interwoqen like a mat. As is seen from paintings on the walls of Thebes, shoemaking formed a distinct trade in the reign of Thothmes III., 1495 B. C., or about the period of the flight of the Israelites. The shoe of the ancient Hebrews was a species of sandal. For ladies, the sandal, translated shoe in Scripture, was highly ornamental. Foot coverings of the Romans were various in character, from the simple sandal and slipper to the boot, which extended up the leg.

G. R. G., Elk Garden, W. Va.:

Give recipe for printers' ink.

A varnish is first made as a foundation for the ink. About ten gallons of linseed oil are set over the fire in a large iron pot; when it boils it is kept stirred with an iron ladle, and if it does not take fire itself it is kindled by means of a piece of burning paper stuck in the cleft of a long stick. The pot is now taken from the fire and the oil allowed to burn for about half an hour until the varnish, cooled upon a knife, can be drawn out into strings; then the flame is extinguished by putting on a tightly-fitting cover and when the froth of the ebulition has subsided black resin is added to the mass, in the proportion of about one pound to every quart of oil originally put into the kettle. The mixture is next stirred until the resin is dissolved and two pounds of dry brown soap cut fine are added slowly, the pot is placed over the fire again and the ingredients are stirred with a spatula until the whole has become a homeogenous mass; it is then taken from the fire, stirred well, covered, and set aside. Before it is cool, 2½ ounces of indigo and the same amount of prussian blue, in fine powder, are mixed with four pounds of the finest mineral lamp-black and 3½ pounds of vegetable lamp-black; these are stirred gradually into the warm oil varnish and the entire substance well ground, so that the powder may be thoroughly conbined with the oil. Different grades of the foundation mixture or varnish, varying in consistence from more or less boiling, are made to be occasionally mixed together, for the ink which is of the proper consistency to use in hot weather becomes too thick in cold, and vice versa. Another kind of ink is made without boiling, using more soap and balsam of copaiba instead of oil, but this does not work as well as the ink made of oil.

—LOST.—"I don't know where, I can't tell when, I don't see how—something of great value to me, and for the return of which I shall be truly thankful, viz.: a good appetite."

FOUND—"Health and strength, pure blood, an appetite like that of a wolf, regular digestion, all by taking that popular and peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. I want everybody to try it this season." It is sold by all druggists. One hundred doses one dollar

Floral Weddings.

Floral weddings are the latest nuptial whim of wealthy people. At a recent ceremony the house of the bride's parents was transformed into veritable bower of roses. The carpet of the drawing-room was covered with a glistening white canvas; the ceiling decorated with a delicate tracery of smilax, studded with pink and white roses; ropes of smilax and rosebuds draped the walk, while curtains of the same concealed the lace hangings of the bay window where the bridal couple stood. The mantels, stands, cabinet-shelves and window ledges were banked with moss roses, while in the corners stood large, tall vases filled with roses of red and white. Throughout the whole house there was the same abundance of flowers, while the ball-room was decorated with tropical plants and festooned with rose wreaths. The musicians' gallery was draped with smilax and bonsilene buds, and the dining-room was decorated with a profusion of pink and white roses, white carnations and pink azaleas. The white cloth on the table was relieved by a broad band of pink silk plush laid down the centre, in the middle of which was a triple silver epergne upholding bowls of Venitian glass of pale pink, crowded full of pink and white buds, and the bridal cakes were wreathed with rosebuds.—*Albany Journal.*

Champion Short Hand Writer.

Mr. A. S. White, the well known author of "White's Phonography," famous as the Champion Short Hand Writer of the World, received the first prizes in the international contests at London, Edinburgh, Paris and Berlin; he came near being permanently disabled by rheumatism. His recovery by the use of a remedy infallible in curing rheumatism and all blood diseases is told in a letter from his office, 92 Washington street, Chicago, dated June 20, 1887.

He writes:

"Your remedy has done wonderful service for me. For the past five years I have been troubled with rheumatic pains.

"My right hand had become almost useless and I was gradually losing speed as a shorthand writer. A friend of mine, Dr. Dederich, advised me of your remedy. I used a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and am now entirely recovered. I shall never cease to commend your excellent medicines, and wish you much success.

"Yours truly, A. S. WHITE."

And here is another witness:

"BENTON, Ark., August 25th, 1887.

"Last spring I was dangerously afflicted with erysipelas, and my life was despaired of by my physicians. As a last hope I tried S. S. S. and soon found relief, and in two weeks I was able to attend to my business. I used five bottles.

"S. H. WITTHOME, Ed. Saline *Courier.*"

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Lots of Roses in Oregon.

There is a most wonderful display of roses in the gardens around town at the present time. The bushes were nipped by frost last winter, and the new growth made this spring was a very vigorous one, owing to the favorable weather, which being cool and showery, promoted the growth of the wood and held back the bushes from blooming till they were loaded with buds. Then came the bright, hot days, and the bushes burst into bloom like the magic rose tree exhibited by conjurers. Jacqueminot buds not fully formed at night would begin to open in the morning, and would be full blown by noon. The number and variety of roses seen yesterday on the lawns of Portland was little short of wonderful.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The Stops of an Organ,

With such important functions as the liver, are of course productive of serious bodily disturbance. When it relaxes its secretive and distributive activity, bile gets into the blood, and tinges the skin and white of the eyes with yellow, the bowels becomes constipated, the tongue coated, the breath sour. Then come headaches, vertigo and congestion of the organ, accompanied with pain in its vicinity or under the right shoulder blade. Shall blue pill be the remedy sought? No, for mercury in any form is pernicious. What then? Experience indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters a the true remedy for inactivity of the liver. It not only relaxes the bowels without pain, but has a direct stimulating effect upon the hepatic gland itself, the seat and origin of the trouble. All malarial complaint involves disorder of the liver, and of these the Bitters is the most popular curative. It also conquers dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

Not to be Called a Stranger.

Mrs. H.—Nora, I heard a man's voice in the kitchen last night; didn't I tell that I do not like my girls to have company?

Nora—Yes'm, you did; but it was me first cousin Mike, and sure you needn't make company of him at all.—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, and instantaneous pain-subduing plaster 25c.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

FOR PRESIDENT.

Grover Cleveland's Name Presented by Daugherty.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—(Special.)—The convention at 11:55, proceeded to the call of states for nominations, no votes to be taken, however, until the platform is adopted.

When New York was called Dan Daugherty arose and addressed the convention:

"I greet you my countrymen with fraternal regard. In your presence I bow to the majesty of the people.

"The sight itself is inspiring, the thought sublime! You come from every state and territory, from every nook and corner of our ocean-bound, continent covering country.

"You are about to discharge a more than imperial duty, with simplest ceremonials. You, as representatives of the people, are to choose a magistrate with power mightier than a monarch, yet checked and controlled by the supreme law of a written constitution.

"Thus impressed I ascend the rostrum to name the next President of the United States. New York presents him to the convention and pledges her electoral vote. [Applause.]

"Delegations from the thirty-eight states and all the territories are assembled without caucus or consultation ready simultaneously to take up the cry and make the vote unanimous.

"Adhering to the constitution, its every line and letter, ever remembering that Powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution nor prohibited by it to the states are reserved to the states respectfully or to the people by the authority of the Democracy of New York, backed by the Democracy of the entire Union, I give you a name entwined with victory. I nominate Grover Cleveland, of New York." [Tremendous applause lasting many minutes.]

DEMOCRATIC SUBSERVIENCY

To Grover Cleveland—The Desire to Get a Neck Under the Yoke.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—(Special.)—"This convention is slower than the wrath of God," was the remark of a delegate as he shoved his way out of the hot convention hall yesterday afternoon, anxious to get into the fresh air. And in truth his criticism is just, barring its rather blasphemous comparison. There never was a convention with less room for deliberation and discussion; yet it is very slow in movement because of the irrepressible desire on the part of the assembled statesmen to talk. There was thrice as much talk as was needed in yesterday's brief proceedings; and this morning the report goes that there is to be lots of speech making on behalf of vice-presidential candidates. Voorhees' speech is looked for with great curiosity, and it is safe to say that if he does not refer to his bout with Ingalls, and give the latter some lashes, the majority of the convention will be disappointed.

There is a marked difference between the present convention and that of 1884. Then there was anxious discussion of availability, of the prudence of saying this or that in the platform. The only question was, "Can we win, and what will help us to do so?" Now the feeling is entirely different. "We're there, and they can't get us out," is the feeling of the average rural delegate; while the workers, the men who are doing the actual work of the convention, including the numerous federal officeholders, recognize that Cleveland won in 1884—won by the merest scratch, if you please, but still he won—and that therefore he has earned the position of the Democracy. His bidding is done by the convention, and if he fails this time the blame will be his.

It is odd, but nevertheless true, that there is a large class of people in this supposedly free land of ours who shirk the responsibility of thinking for themselves, of deciding their course on political questions for themselves, but are only easy when they have put on the collar of a boss, whose bidding they follow implicitly. Such a spectacle is presented by the Democracy of the nation to-day in its subserviency to Grover Cleveland. They hate him; that is, the intelligent portion of them do so. But all the same they allow him to name the ticket, dictate the platform, and lay down the lines on which the fight is to be made. St. Louis this week presents the spectacle of the delegate representatives of practically one-half the voters of the Union, abandoning their freedom, accepting the worst kind of a political boss, and then trying to go into raptures of enthusiasm over the humiliating act! Are the American people worthy of the privilege of governing themselves?

NEGRO DEMOCRATS.

They Organize a League to be Represented at Baltimore.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—Nearly a hundred representative colored Democrats from more than a dozen states, but chiefly from the North, held a meeting here yesterday afternoon and organized a Negro National Democratic league. James M. Vena, of St. Louis, was elected chairman, T. T. Brown, of Springfield, Ills., secretary, and Herbet A. Clark, of Cincinnati, chairman of the Executive Committee, to be composed of one member from each state.

A committee, embracing J. M. Vena, of St. Louis; Charles H. Sheldon, of Indiana; W. T. Scott and T. T. Brown, of Illinois, and A. E. Manning, of Indiana, were appointed to represent the league at the General Democratic League, to be held at Baltimore July 4. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the administration of President Cleveland, and the league adjourned to meet in Chicago at the call of the chairman.

WOMEN SUFFRAGE.

A Brass Band Brought in to Head off its Advocate.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—(Special.)—The funniest episode of the morning was the appeal of the Woman Suffragists for a hearing, promising that they would consume only ten minutes of time. The convention laughed and cheered and in a spirit of fun, more than anything else, voted to grant the time.

Mrs. B. A. Merryweather, of St. Louis, stepped upon the platform and began to talk. Her uoice was weak and piping and she was inaudible except to those nearest her. The audience yelled louder and became so noisy that finally the band struck up and choaked the lady off, amid jeering and laughter on the part of many and indignant protests from the more chivalric portion.

THE REBELS SULLEN.

They Did Not Care to Sympathize With Sheridan in His Illness.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—(Special.)—Resolutions began to be sent forward to be read and referred. The first was a long one on the tariff and immediately thereafter there was a gag resolution adopted that all such relating to the platform should go to the committee without reading. The tariff has suddenly become as dangerous as dynamite, and the delegates are afraid of it.

A complimentary resolution referring to Sheridan's illness, came near being sent to the committee, without reading. But after a ten minutes wrangle it was read and adopted by a rising vote. The chair declared it unanimous but it wasn't. There was a sprinkling of ex-rebel brigadiers, who kept their seats sullenly, despite the cries of "All up."

National Committeemen

The following are the members of the National committee selected by the state delegations:

Ala.—H. C. Semple,	Mo.—J. Grif. Prather,
Ala.—H. D. Clayton,	Miss.—C. A. Johnson,
Ark.—S. W. Fordyce,	Neb.—J. E. Boyd,
Calif.—M. F. Tarpey,	Nevada—R. P. Keating,
Col.—C. S. Thomas,	N. H.—A. W. Sulloway,
Conn.—W. H. Barnum,	N. J.—Miles Ross,
Del.—Dr. J. A. Draper,	N. Y.—H. Oelrichs,
Florida—S. Pasco,	N. C.—M. W. Ransom,
Georgia—J. H. Estill,	Ohio—Calvin S. Brice,
Illinois—E. M. Phelps,	Oregon—A. Noltner,
Ind.—S. P. Sheerin,	Pennsylvania——
Iowa—J. J. Richardson,	R. I.—J. B. Barnaby,
Kansas—W. C. Blair,	S. C.—F. W. Dawson,
Ky.—H. D. McHenry,	Tenn.—P. F. Looney,
Louisiana—J. Jeffries,	Texas—O. T. Holt,
Maine—Arthur Sewell,	Vt.—Hiram Atkins,
Mass.—C. D. Lewis,	Va.—J. S. Barbour,
Mich.—O. M. Barnes,	Wis.—J. L. Mitchell,
Minn.—Michael Doran,	W. Va.—W. L. Clem'ts,
Md.—A. P. Gorman,	

Pennsylvania has not yet selected its National committeeman.

THE TARIFF BATTLE.

The Long Fight in the Committee—The Tariff Plank the Trouble.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—(Special.)—The subcommittee on the platform began its labors on Tuesday evening, and talked until 3 o'clock Wednesday morning, without having agreed on a single plank of the platform. The whole time was spent on the tariff plank. The free traders, led by Watterson, wanted so strong an utterance on their side that nobody could call it a straddle, or mistake the issue. Gorman and his men wanted a plank like that of 1884, which would allow the Democrats in manufacturing sections to straddle the qaestion. There was no possibility of an agreement, though one member declared that Gorman and Watterson were separated only by a word—one wanting "but" and the other insisting on "notwithstanding."

THE EVENING SESSION.

The committee re-assembled last night at 7 o'clock for consideration of the platform by sections.

The following is the full wording of the tariff plank in the Democratic platform adopted in Chicago in 1884:

The Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests, but in making a reduction in taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth. From the foundation of this government taxes collected at the customs houses have been the chief source of federal revenue; such they must continue to be. Moreover, many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, so that any changes of the tariff must be at every step regardful of the labor and capital involved. The process of reform must be subject in execution to this plain dictate of justice—all taxation shall be limited to the requirements of an economical government. The necessary reduction in taxation must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of the production which may exist in consequence of the higher rate of wages prevailing in this country. Sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the federal gsvernment, economically administered, including pensions, interest and principal of the public debt, can be got under our present system of taxation from custom house taxes on fewer imported articles, bearing heaviest on articles of luxury and bearing lightest on articles of necessity. We therefore denounce the abuses of the present tariff and subject to the preceding limitations we demand that federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes, and shall not exceed the needs of the government economically administered.

"ALL RIGHT BOYS."

The Tariff Plank of 1884, Interpreted to Mean a Free Trade Platform, With the Mills Bill as its Practical Application.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—(Special.)—The struggle over the tariff plank will be memorable in Democratic annuals. Randall's idea had in Senator Gorman a most formidable champion, while Watterson, the great free trader, was determined to commit the party to his idea or die in the attempt.

It was evident when the committee met last evening that the two sides were as firm as ever. Gorman declared that an indorsement of the platform of 1884 was a *sine qua non.* The tariff plank of that year was a complete straddle.

The tariff reformers insisted that it demanded tariff reform on a revenue basis. The protectionists insisted that it meant protection. In Kentucky and in Texas and in Missouri, it read one way. In Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, in Maine and in Ohio it was construed another way. Watterson, though bitterly opposed to an indorsement of this ambiguity, finally yielded the point, and then began efforts to neutralize by declaring a free-trade interpretation.

Ex-Mayor Cooper of New York, fought his proposition, declaring that to accept the President's message as an interpretation of the tariff plank of 1884 will be to lose New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. There was a hot fight but Watterson finally compelled Gorman to yield by a threat that if his resolution declaring Cleveland's message to be the correct interpretation, was defeated, he would make a minority report and an appeal to the convention. This was decisive and Gorman knew the body of the convention would support Watterson in this.

Both he and Cooper are very angry over their defeat. Nearly a hundred newspaper men were gathered in the hallways adjacent to the parlor in which the committee was battling last night, and when Watterson came out, hot, perspiring, with wilted collar and unkempt face, a grand rush was made for news.

"All right, boys," called Henry, jubilantly. "All you want is the tariff plant. Well, it indorses the plank of 1884, declares Cleveland's message its correct interpretation, and the convention will agree that he Mills bill is its practical application."

TO-DAY'S MEETING.

The Crowds Flock to the Convention Hall Early.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—Notwithstanding the fact that a number of the visiting organizations and individual strangers left the city last night or on the early morning trains, and in spite of the further fact that the sun burst forth this morning with all its summer vigor, rendering the atmosphere in the Convention hall extremely close and sultry, there was little appreciable reduction in the attendance of spectators in the galleries and in the vast area of chairs in the rear of the delegates seats.

CALLED TO ORDER.

New York Pins the Thurman Banner on Her Staff.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—(Special.)—The New York delegation was the last to enter, and she pinned the Thurman colors to her standard. The assemblage rose on foot and gave her a hearty cheer. The Indiana delegation was not dismayed, and answered with defiant shouts, and for some moments confusion, noise and excitement reigned.

The convention was called to order at 10:30, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Brankfield.

The chair then stated that he was advised that the committee on resolutions was ready to report and he introduced Mr. Henry Watterson, the chairman of the committee. The assemblage testified its appreciation of Mr. Watterson by a round of applause. At the suggestion of a delegate from the Old Dominion, three hearty cheers were given for the "Star-eyed Goddess of Reform."

Mr. Watterson, turning to the Chairman, said that he had the honor to report the resolutions unanimously agreed upon by the committee on platform.

Secretary Thomas Spettit, of the convention, during the reading of the report of the committee on resolutions, was frequently compelled to stop for several seconds while the convention applauded significant passages in the platform. There was a moderate volume of applause when the opening sentences which reaffirmed the utterance of the tariff plank in the platform of 1884, but when he followed endorsing the President's message and declaring that it correctly interpreted that plank, the convention fairly rose to its feet and cheered wildly for a full minute.

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Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for." —R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill.

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THE PLATFORM.

The Great Compound Straddle on the Tariff Question.

The Democratic party of the United States, in national convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to the Democratic faith and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884, and endorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last earnest message to congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction; and also endorses the efforts of our Democratic representatatives in congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation.

Chief among its principles of party faith are the maintenance of an indissoluble union of free and indestructible states, now about to enter upon its second century of unexampled progress and renown, devotion to a plan of government regulated by a written constitution strictly specifying every granted power and expressly reserving to the states or people the entire ungranted residue of power; the encouragement of a jealous popular vigilance, directed to all who have been chosen for brief terms to enact and execute the laws, and are charged with the duty of preserving peace, ensuring equality and establishing justice.

The Democratic party welcome an exacting scrutiny of the administration of the executive power, which four years ago was committed to its trusts in the election of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, but it challenges the most searching inquiry concerning its fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people during a most critical period of our financial affairs, resulting from over-taxation, the anomalous condition of our currency, and a public debt unmatured.

It has reversed the improvident and unwise policy of the Republican party touching the public domain, and has reclaimed from corporations and syndicates, alien and domestic, and restored to the people, nearly one hundred millions of acres of valuable land to be sacredly held as homesteads for our citszens.

PENSIONS.

While carefully guarding the interest to the principles of justice and equity, it has paid out more for pensions and bounties to the soldiers and sailors of the Republic than was ever paid before during an equal period.

It has adopted and consistently pursued a firm and prudent foreign policy, preserving peace with all nations while scrupulously maintaining all the rights and interests of our own government and people at home and abroad.

THE CHINESE.

The exclusion from our shores of Chinese laborers has been effectually secured under the provision of a treaty, the operation of which has been postponed by the action of a Republican majority in the Senate.

In every branch and department of the government under Democratic control, the rights and the welfare of all the people have been guarded and defended; every public interest has been protected, and the equality of all our citizens before the law without regard to race or color has been steadfastly maintained.

Upon its record, thus exhibited, and upon the pledge of a continuance to the people of the benefits of Democracy invokes a renewal of popular trust by the re-election of a Chrief Magistrate who has been faithful, able and prudent. To invoke in addition to that trust by the transfer also to the Democracy of the entire legislative power.

The Republican party controlling the senate and resisting in both houses of Congress a reformation of unjust and unequal tax laws, which have outlasted the necessities of war and are now undermining the abundance of a long peace, deny to the people equality before the law and the fairness and the justice which are their right. Then the cry of American labor for a better share in the rewards of industry is stifled with false pretenses, enterprise is fettered and bound down to home markets; capital is discouraged with doubt, and unequal, unjust laws can neither be properly amended or repealed. The Democratic party will continue with all the power confided to it, the struggle to reform these laws, in accordance with the pledges of its last platform, endorsed at the ballot box by the suffrages of the people. Of all the industrious freemen of our land, the immense majority, including every tiller of the soil, gain no advansage from excessive tax laws, but the price of nearly everything they buy is increased by the favoritism of an unequal system of tax legislation. All unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation; it is repugnant to the creed of democracy; that by such taxation the cost of the necessaries of life should be unjustifiably increased to all our people.

Judged by Democratic principles, the interests of the people are betrayed, when, by unnecessary taxation, trusts and combines are permitted to exist which, while unduly enriching the few that combine, rob the body of our citizens by depriving them of the benefits of natural competition.

Every Democratic rule of governmental action is violated when, through unnecessary taxation, a vast sum of money, far beyond the needs of an economical administration is down from the people, and the channels of trade, and accumulated as a demoralizing surplus in the national treasury. The money now lying idle in the federal treasury, resulting from superfluous taxation, amounts to more than one hundred and and twenty-five millions, and the surplus collected is reaching the sum of more than sixty millions annually.

Debouched by this immense temptation, the remedy of the Republican party is to meet and exhaust by extravagant appropriations and expenses, whether constitution or not, the accumulation of extravagant taxation.

The Democratic policy is to enforce frugality in public expenses, and abolish unnecessary taxation.

Our established domestic industries and enterprizes should not, and need not be endanged by the reduction and correction of the burdens of taxation. On the contrary, a fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and Foreign labor, must promote and encourage every branch of such industries and enterprises, by giving them assurances of an extended market and steady and continuous operations.

In the interests of American labor which should in no event be neglected, the revision of our tax law, contemplated by the Democratic party, should promote the advantage of such labar, by cheapenig the cost of the necessities of life in the home of every workingman, and at the same time securing to him steady and remunerative employment.

Upon this question of tariff reform so closely concerning every phase of our national life, and upon every question involved in life, upon every question involved in the problem of good government, the Democratic party submits it principles and professions to the intelligent suffrages of the American people.

SOME KEYNOTES.

The Democrats Engage in Their Annual Farce for Votes.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, under instructions from the committee on resolutions, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this convention hereby endorses and recommends the early passage of the bill for the reduction of the revenue now pending in the House of Representatives.

The resolution was adopted amid loud applause.

Mr. Lehman, of Iowa, offered and the convention adopted a resolution declaring for the admission of Washington, Dakota, Montana and New Mexico into the Union.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

The Roll Call for the Presentation of Names.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—(Special.)—The convention then proceeded to the nomination of a candidate for Vice President. When California was called in the list of states, Mr. Tarpy was introduced, and proceeded to nominate Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio.

Mr. Piggott, of Connecticut, seconded Thurman's nomination in behalf of his state, and then Indiana was called.

VOORHEES NAMES GRAY.

Senator Voorhees responded, and was greeted with cheers. The historians of Europe, he said, described Belgium as the battle ground of all the great wars that transpired between European nations. He came from the political battle field of the United States—the state of Indiana. [Applause.]

"I challenge every candid man to say what name can bring as many votes to the Democratic ticket as Isaac P. Gray. [Three cheers.]

Albert H. Cox, of Georgia, seconded the nomination of Gray. He said that with true Napoleonic strategy, the Democratic party should mass its strength at the key of the battle, and Indiana is the point where the most fierce fight will rage. If the party should present the Columbia of Ohio, would it be the wisest thing to do?

THURMAN NOMINATED.

The Old Bandana Waves From the Platform.

1:40 p. m.—Thurman was nominated on the first ballot.

Indiana took down her Gray banner and run up a red bandana.

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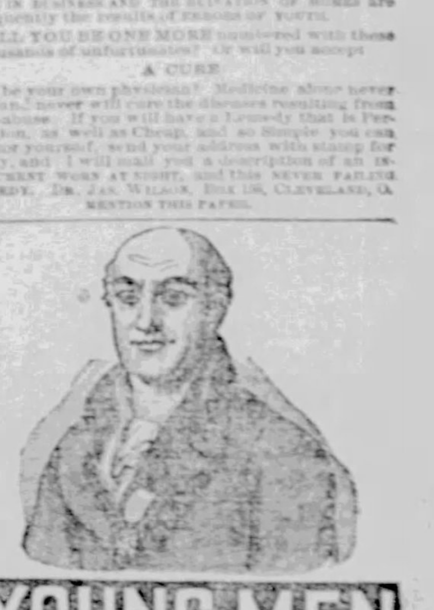

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THE TRUE LINE OF WORK AGAINST RUM.

A correspondent at North Yakima, Washington Territory, sends to the BLADE a printed slip, clipped from some paper, containing a plea for third-party action, and accompanies it with the request that we shall "answer the arguments" therein contained. For convenience we reproduce the essential part, inserting numbers to denote the points to which our correspondent directs especial attention:

(1) When the people who opposed slavery in 1856, organized the Republican party, none joined it except those who opposed slavery. (2) It was composed of Christians and infidels, prohibitionists and saloon-keepers working together for one common object—the overthrow of human slavery.

There were no slavery men in the party, and from the nature of the case could not be neither can there be any saloonkeepers or their lieutenants in the Prohibition party. (3) Now the thing to be put down is the liquor power of America, and you can never put it down with a party composed in part of saloon-keepers, for the moment the party (4) adopts measures detrimental to their interests they will leave it, as is proper and right they should.

(1) The entire quotation given above is based on a fundamental misstatement in the first line, viz., that the Republican party was organized to oppose slavery. This is incorrect. The reason for the organization of the Republican party was the attempt of the Southern slave oligarchy, through its control of the Democratic party, to extend slavery into the territories. The first national platform of the Republican party, adopted June 17, 1856, simply declared opposition "to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to the extension of slavery into free territory," and "in favor of admitting Kansas as a free state." The dominant feeling of the mass of Republicans was that slavery being recognized in the federal constitution, it should exist in the South, but should not be extended.

This was also the attitude of the Republican party in 1860, the platform for that year, on which LINCOLN was elected, declaring that "the new dogma, that the constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into any or all of the territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy." Yet that platform disclaimed expressly any idea of interfering with slavery where it then existed, in a plank which declared that "the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends." It is certainly clear that the Republican party was not organized to destroy slavery, but to oppose its extension. The logic of war compelled the abolition of slavery.

(2) The Republican party was composed of all voters, of all opinions, except that they agreed on one point, viz.: that slavery should not be extended into the territories—*not* "the overthrow of human slavery." We have but little respect for a writer who will distort history to force a parallel when none exists.

(3) The statement here is misleading. The "liquor men" form but a small part of the people of the country. The strength of the Rum Power is in the vast mass of voters who are inattentive on this question, who pay no attention to it. The BLADE has always urged that the effort that is wasted on the third-party propaganda would be more wisely spent in convincing this inert mass of voters of the tremendous evils of the rum traffic. The "liquor men," that is, those who are concerned in one way or another in the traffic, are a very small minority in the people.

(4.) Should "every saloon-keeper," and every man directly concerned in the manufacture and sale of Rum, leave either of the great parties to-day, it would not probably change the political complexion of a single state.

But here is a fact that the writer fails to give, the argument on which he keeps a discreet silence: For every man who believes in separate party action on this question there are a score who will not consent to making it a party question at all. It is clear to any one who looks with unprejudiced view, that the great mass of the people who believe in Prohibition will not desert their party affiliations to unite with a new political organization.

This writer also avoids the fact that Prohibition has made enormous strides without the help of the third party. Maine, Iowa and Kansas have Prohibition, and the third party did not accomplish it. It was done without making it a political question. At least half of the South has Prohibition under local option, and large areas in the North, in spite of the actual opposition of the third party. The latter has never done anything practical for the cause of Prohibition.

The supreme issue this year is the tariff issue. The two great parties are arrayed on the two sides of the question. There is no middle course. The battle is for a majority of the next House of Representatives, in order that measures may be passed to carry out the one view or the other, and for a President to execute the law. The only way to make a vote effective is to cast it for the side which agrees with the voter's tariff views. To cast it for the third party ticket is to help the opposite side, for no third-party candidate will be elected to Congress in the entire Union.

The true way to labor for Prohibition is to waken the masses to the true enormity of the evils of the Rum traffic, and render them active on the side of right. To awaken political prejudice is to embarrass the cause. The third-party leaders have already declared that they expect to "kill the Republican party," their silly idea being that to defeat that party will compel its voters to go over to them. This is contrary to human nature. When you trip a man and cause him to receive a heavy and painful fall, he does not get up and link arms with you, swearing eternal friendship for you. The plan is chimerical. It will injure the cause of Prohibition, not aid it. The true line of action is to rouse all voters, irrespective of party, to an active effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"IF you Republicans nominate GRESHAM, JAY GOULD will put up a million dollars for boodle to defeat him," remarked an enthusiastic Democrat in conversation at St. Louis, "and he'll buy up Indiana, in spite of GRAY."

FORAKER AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

That JAMES G. BLAINE is the choice of a heavy majority of the Republican party for the Presidential nomination this year, is a fact so patent as not to be debatable. And it is equally apparent that since his decisive withdrawal of his name from the contest, there has been no movement of adhesion on the part of his supporters toward any of the other leading candidates for the nomination. SHERMAN and DEPEW, GRESHAM and ALLISON, ALGER and HARRISON have each been energetically pushed for the place as BLAINE's residuary legatee, but there is no particular increase of strength for any of them. So marked has been the lack of enthusiasm for these candidates on the part of the acknowledged majority of the Republican party whose first choice is Mr. BLAINE, that the closest observers are coming to the conclusion that the end of the deliberations of the national convention at Chicago next week will very likely be the selection of some new man as the Republican standard-bearer.

The result of this conviction has naturally been a casting about among the many prominent Republicans of national reputation to find a candidate possessing the required elements of successful leadership, whom not only the Blaine phalanx can accept without reserve, but who shall also be acceptable to the supporters of the various other candidates. While the battle this year will be one of principles, not men, between the parties, we must not forget that the *morale* of an army depends largely upon the spirit of the rank and file toward the commander, and that many a battle waged in a most righteous cause has been lost because of lack of personal enthusiasm for the leader in the ranks of the forces arrayed in its support.

Though the Republicans have the people's side in the issue to be decided at the polls next November, the campaign is by no means to be a walk-over. The Democracy, with all the power of the federal patronage in their favor, will make a most desperate struggle to retain control of the national government. If we expect to succeed, we must have a leader who can enthuse every man of the Republican host, and bring its full strength to bear against the legions of Democracy. The simple fact that the mass of the party is not unifying on any of the statesmen prominently named for the Republican nomination, and that, too, within a week of the meeting of the national convention, accentuates the wisdom of those who look elsewhere for a candidate who can convert this indifference into an enthusiasm which shall be the unerring presage of certain triumph.

Among the Republicans suggested as Presidential possibilities there is more and more frequent mention of Governor FORAKER, of Ohio. The feeling as to his eminent availability for the nomination has been growing steadily, and is taking tangible shape as a conviction. It is not a mere expression of state pride, for it is confined to no locality, nor did it originate in any one issue. It had its inception in his commanding strength with the Republicans, not only of Ohio, but in every state wherein FORAKER has ever made a campaign speech. Since his splendid gubernatorial campaign a year ago, the eyes of Republicans all over the Union have been turned to him as a Presidential possibility, and that feeling has latterly increased with such rapidity that it bids fair to become dominant in the national convention at Chicago.

There is no spot on FORAKER's public or private record. He is a Republican, firm, true and consistent. One who hears him discuss political issues can not avoid the conviction of his deep earnestness and strong convictions. He is a splendid speaker, and awakens in his auditors an enthusiasm that can only be compared to that which Mr. BLAINE excites. His Republicanism is not factional, but national. He is a born leader of men, and there is no Republican in all the land who will not put forth his full strength for the cause with FORAKER on the ticket. He is the man in all the nation most fitted to take the place vacated by BLAINE; and, withal, there is nothing about him that will fail to obtain the hearty support of the Sherman men—for here in Ohio the Sherman and the Blaine men all are his enthusiastic friends.

Reared on a farm, the son of parents in humble circumstances, FORAKER was a private soldier, carrying musket and knapsack at fifteen; he served during the war, and came out a captain, despite his youth, having risen from the ranks by merit, not by favor. He then acquired a collegiate education, studied law, and before he was thirty years old was Judge of the Superior court of Cincinnati, whose grave and onerous duties he discharged so well that, when he offered his resignation on account of impaired health, 125 of the leading attorneys of the Cincinnati bar, headed by Governor HOADLY, petitioned the governor of the state not to accept that resignation, so reluctant were they to lose him from the bench. Twice he has been elected Governor of Ohio, his second campaign admitted by all to be the most able and brilliant known in the state's political history; for, with GROVER CLEVELAND and the entire Democratic party of the nation fighting him, he almost doubled his former majority.

There is not a flaw in his private life, not a mistake on his public record. Though the silver threads mingle largely in his once dark locks, he has all the fire of youth, its enthusiasm and energy, combined with judgment ripened by experience. He is open and sincere, with none of the arts of the demagogue. He is as magnetic, as able, and as brilliant as even BLAINE himself. He is a born leader; and should the Chicago convention select him as the party's standard-bearer, he would lead in a campaign of such "vim, vigor and" enthusiasm that he would sweep the opposition before him like chaff before the storm.

The suggestion of his name comes from all parts of the Union. Wherever he is known there is enthusiasm for him. New York's young Republicans hold him highest in their esteem; Pennsylvania and Virginia Republicans desire him; Tennessee and Florida call for his nomination; he has more friends on the Pacific coast than any American statesman, save BLAINE, and every Blaine man there is FORAKER's friend. The Republicans of the Northwest are his admirers, and here in Ohio there is no Republican but is his enthusiastic supporter. His nomination would at once checkmate that of THURMAN by the Democrats, for he would sweep Ohio by 40,000 majority as against the "Old Roman"—while his views on Chinese immigration and the Pacific railways are well understood on the Pacific Slope, and give a basis of confidence to the feeling existing there in his favor.

No other Republican statesman of to-day is so hated and feared by the Democracy. He has been the target for all the obloquy and ridicule they could possibly heap upon him. There is nothing of the mugwump in his composition. The million of young men who have become voters since the last national campaign would flock to his support with enthusiasm, for his face is turned to the sunrise, and his dwelling is not among the tombs and ruins of a past political era. We of Ohio, who know him best, know that there could be no mistake made at Chicago by FORAKER's nomination for the Presidency.

"But Ohio is pledged to SHERMAN." True, and Governor FORAKER is the last man to ask or to desire that pledge broken. But if the time shall come in the deliberations at Chicago when Mr. SHERMAN's nomination is clearly shown to be impossible, Ohio will rally around her gallant Governor with a cheer. There will not be a Blaine delegate in that body but will find in FORAKER the worthy successor and heir to the man who is now the "First Citizen of the Republic." There is no antagonism between FORAKER and the supporters of any other aspirant for the nomination—whether it be the favorite son of Iowa or of New York, of Indiana or of Michigan. JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER is the embodiment of the best and highest type of Republicanism. He is the ideal man for the leadership, and the national convention, in its discussions as to a candidate, can find no one who is better fitted to assume it at this juncture.

POLITICAL FUTURE OF GEORGIA.

A letter from an intelligent and keen observer, who was formerly a resident of Toledo, gives at length cogent reasons why Northern people should take a vital interest in sending wide-awake settlers to the South. Besides the fact that they would find there pleasant homes, and with industry, real prosperity, he says that more wealth of all kinds would accrue to the country at large, if those states, rich in soil and with a fine climate, were more thickly populated. Speaking particularly of Georgia, he thinks that an investment of $5,000 in land would give a better living there than in Ohio, Indiana, or almost any Northern state to-day.

There is, however, more than this to be considered. The only way to redeem this whole country from the Democracy is by dividing the people of the South on political questions. There are Republicans enough to tell to great advantage in this direction. His own congressional district has a Republican majority of 900 clean. Yet no Republican nomination is made for congressman, because most of the white people are Democrats, and the negroes have not force of character to organize and carry on a campaign. With a proper le ding they would like to vote.

On the subject of Prohibition, which has not been a political question there, but which under a county option law has been submitted in many counties, the freedmen have voted freely. The whites were so divided on this issue that the right of the negro to vote was not interfered with, directly or indirectly. The people there, and he believes of the South generally, the intelligent people, who know that life means business and not sentiment, are anxious to have the country more thickly settled up by enterprising, business, and industrious men. Should enough get into any part or parts of the state to become interested in organizing a Republican campaign, no special obstacle would be met with, and one could count on a ready formed body of voters to go with him.

Besides this, there are, here and there, at least, intelligent white men ready to move. The statement has been made from people who spoke deprecatingly of the fact, that quite half or more of the congressional districts of the state might be expected to send Republicans to congress if their districts were organized.

He further says that in his opinion the blunder which, as it now stands, the Republican party made in fixing the ballot and the basis of representation as it did, may be turned to most beneficent account. If the straits into which it has thrown the Republican party of the country shall be the means of stirring up the patriotism or patriotic enterprise of the country to colonize this section with intelligent, active citizens, who shall take hold of its institutions—schools, churches, politics, and redeem it, the party will perhaps be found to have wrought better than it kenw.

Among the active elements in Georgia there are those who would be reasonable and fair toward opposition. There is, he thinks, much of the farming community, —rather intelligent portions,—who are quite indifferent in politics, and who would not actively oppose organization if there were a respectable number who desired to organize. Any effort of this kind should, as far as it can be so shaped, be directed to certain hopeful localities, such as have a majority of Republican voters. His own district, for example, contains, men, Southern born, who would like to go to Congress, and whose interest in the Democratic party has not been as marked as to give them much hope there. A single district carried would encourage others.

This may all appear to be a slow way of redeeming the country, but the conditions are such that more rapid progress could be made in it than at first sight may appear. The climate is capital. The land is cheap, and there are now large money interests—money lenders—who are interested in a more dense settlement of this country and are making effort thereto.

The railroad interests are also ready to work to this end. The Central railroad has fitted up a car and engaged a Northerner, resident of Southern Georgia, to take this car over the railways of the West to fairs, expositions, etc., and there exhibit the mineral, vegetable and forest productions of the South, with descriptions, etc. If to these there could be added the enthusiasm of patriotic sentiment, the time may be brought very near when organization could be made effective in many localities.

Such are the ideas of a gentleman with regard to the possible political future of Georgia and probably of other Southern States, if a move is made in the right direction, that of building up the agricultural interests by filling up the country with live, enterprising Northern people.

ONE of the notable "breaks" in speech-making at the St. Louis convention was that by a Georgia delegate in seconding THURMAN's nomination, when he reminded the Southern delegates that in the dark days of the war, when they looked North for a friend, "they found one in THURMAN." This was equivalent to saying that THURMAN was then a copperhead, and that the South should support him out of gratitude.

THE Rochester, New York, *Union* is a strong Democratic sheet, yet it is getting disgusted at the effort to drag Mrs. CLEVELAND into the coming campaign on her husband's behalf. It says:

This dragging of petticoats into politics—this pantomimic-hippodromic exhibition of a woman upon the stump for the purpose of influencing the votes of men must present to the mind of every right-thinking person a degrading spectacle, to say nothing of the insult it gives to the intelligence of the people.

GENERAL BOULANGER advanced his idea to the French Assembly Monday, proposing his plan for the revision of the constitution and the doing away of the Presidency, and received a decided check in the shape of an adverse vote, there being 377 against, to 186 for, the consideration of his proposition. He will have to go on agitating.

THE verdict of the coroner's jury in New York Tuesday that the Electric Light Company is primarily responsible for the death of Lineman MURRAY, will have the effect of hastening the placing of the wires underground in New York, and it is to be hoped everywhere else in the near future. There is no possible reason why it should not be done.

IT is declared that Mr. BLAINE intends to enter into the campaign actively upon his return this summer. He will carry conviction wherever he speaks.

THE ISSUE OF 1888.

The tariff plank of the Democratic national convention was the result of a thirty-six hours' struggle in the committee. The point at issue in that prolonged contest was the wording of the tariff plank. Understand clearly that it was not the position which the party should take, but the phraseology in which that position should be stated. There were two factions in the committee, one headed by Senator GORMAN, of Maryland, the other by HENRY WATTERSON, of Kentucky. Both were animated by a desire for the success of the Democracy this fall, and only differed in opinion as to what language could catch the greater number of voters.

WATTERSON, at the head of the free trade contingent, believed that a square committal of the party to tariff reduction was the thing that would be most fruitful of votes. GORMAN, at the head of the other faction, believed that the plank should be one that could be interpreted as protectionist in manufacturing states, and as free trade elsewhere, as it would succeed better. The outcome of the fight was that GORMAN was allowed an indorsement of the "straddle" of the platform of 1884, while WATTERSON was allowed the sentence which declares the President's free trade message to be the correct Democratic interpretation of that plank.

The result of that compromise was the following utterance on the tariff:

The Democratic party of the United States, in national convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884; and endorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last earnest message to Congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction; and also endorses the efforts of our Democratic Representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation.

This is distinctly free trade. How the protectionist Democrats can stand upon that narrow endorsement of the 1884 platform passes our comprehension, when the President's message is declared to be its official Democratic interpretation, and considering that the convention immediately thereafter adopted the following resolution without dissent:

Resolved, That this convention hereby endorses and recommends the early passage of the bill for reduction of the revenue now pending in the House of Representatives.

For, be it remembered, that the bill here mentioned—the Mills bill—provides for:

Free trade in lumber, which we produce to the value of nearly *three hundred millions* of dollars annually.
Free trade in wool, of which we produce over *three hundred millions* of pounds annually.
Free trade in salt, of which we produce nearly *forty millions* of bushels annually.
Free trade in tin plates and cotton ties, which we already import to the value of *seventeen millions* of dollars annually.
Free trade in hemp, flax, manilla, jute, and other fibers, the importations of which already supplant American products to the value of *thirty-five millions* of dollars annually;
Free trade in cement, potash, lime, and brick;
Free trade in meats, game and poultry;
Free trade in vegetables, peas, and beans;
Free trade in marble and stone;
Free trade in at least one hundred other articles produced in this country, most of which would be produced in sufficient quantities for home consumption if properly protected.

It is clear that, despite the attempted shuffle, the free traders triumphed, and that, for the first time in its history, the Democratic party stands clearly committed to a policy of revenue reduction that strikes at American industries and at the employment and wages of American workingmen. That is the issue of the campaign. The Republican party stands pledged to reduce the revenue, but by methods which shall protect these interests. The voters of the nation have their choice between business stagnation, low wages and bankruptcy on the one hand, and good wages, good business and prosperity on the other.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTE.

The Boston *Journal* discusses the question, "Do We Want the Mugwump Vote?" n the same spirit that should prevail at the national convention at Chicago. Its answer is both "no" and "yes"—the former as regards the offensive free trade mugwump faction, and the latter as to the other independent voters. Its remarks are well worth reproducing. It says:

If the question means, Do we want the mugwump free trade vote enough to be willing to weaken or abandon the Republican principle of protection, we answer emphatically, No. The Republican party does not regard the existing tariff as a fetich too sacred to be disturbed. It perceives the evil of the surplus and the necessity of revision; but it insists that such revision as is necessary shall be made in harmony with the protective principle, and in such a manner as to avoid the disturbance of industries and to sustain the prosperous condition of American wage earners. No gain in votes which could be had by surrendering this principle or diminishing the emphasis placed upon it could compensate for the disgrace of the surrender.

But if the question relates to the independent voters who, for other reasons than attachment to free trade, voted with the Democrats at the last Presidential election, but are still in most of their opinions more Republican than Democratic, we answer frankly, Yes. We do want their votes, and hope to have them in the coming contest. There were a great many of these voters who were deceived by Mr. Cleveland's voluble professions of reform purposes, and taking up hastily with the notion that he was "better than his party," helped to make him President, only to find that his promises were made but to be broken, and that the Democratic spoilsmen were in full control.

These voters are angry and disappointed. It will be hard for them to vote again for the man who has broken his pledges, and who stands as the representative of the party whose character and principles are precisely what they were when their votes were given against it. Why should we not make it easy for these men to return to the party in which, by their sympathies and opinions, they belong, and to vote for the Republican candidates next November? A strong ticket and a good platform will win thousands of such voters, and hold thousands more who might be alienated by a mistaken policy.

The prospects of the Republican cause are bright, but they will not be improved by a line of action which will repel any class of voters whose general line of political opinion more nearly approaches the Republican than the Democratic policy. The objective point of the campaign is the triumph of Republican ideas, through the defeat of the free trade Democracy and the sham reformer who is again its standard-bearer. The wise course is to draw the lines so that they shall include as many of the voters without decided party affiliations as possible, by the nomination of candidates and the adoption of a platform which will win their support. That this can be done without sacrificing principle or allowing any outside "dictation" as to the ticket, goes without saying.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE English police claims to have unearthed another scheme for blowing up the British Empire. The controlling genius is THOMAS BRENNAN, of Omaha, formerly secretary of the Irish National League. Unfortunately for their sagacity, Mr. BRENNAN is a stirring business man in Omaha, and entirely too closely occupied in getting rich to spend time in exploding Great Britain. Try again.

CHICAGO will have a chance to show St. Louis a few things about the way to treat strangers. It is to be hoped that one of the lessons will be fair charges and not extortion. Let the committee look closely after these matters. Meanwhile poor St. Louis has got a black eye that will make her henceforward not a thing of beauty in the sight of the sufferers.

THE National Democracy are going into this year's fight with a snuff-stained handkerchief for a banner. The Republicans prefer to march under the stars and stripes. The one represents an old man's weakness, the other the power and majesty of a mighty nation.

BAVARIAN SCHOOLS.

The system of public schools in the United States is regarded as a most excellent one, in many respects in advance of England's, but it falls behind in certain things that of Germany. Among these are the thorough organization and gradation of the schools, the wonderful adaptation of their elementary instruction to the forming of a good groundwork for what follows, and the thoroughness of what is called secondary work.

One cause of the superiority is that education there is under state control, which allows of a readier introduction of improvements in the methods of instruction. Of course there are drawbacks, but they seem less apparent when viewed in the light of the great excellence reached in the directions mentioned.

The system of Bavaria is perhaps the best example of the plan of organization in German schools. Taking the city of Munich with its population of about 230,000, there are 20 elementary schools, the average attendance of which is 25,000, or one in nine of the entire population. A great many children are privately educated, but unless they are so, attendance upon the public institution is compulsory.

The ordinary elementary school age is between six and thirteen, and unless under special circumstances, the child cannot leave until the latter age, and even then if he goes into industrial life he must attend what is called a continuation school in the evening, and on Sundays, for three years more, pursuing the same branches, with the addition of book-keeping, and what may be called industrial drawing.

The greater part of the children go to these elementary schools, no matter what is the social position of their parents. They are essentially the people's schools.

When a higher education is to be pursued, the students leave these elementaries at the age of ten for what is termed the *Real-Schule*, where the course of study occupies, in most of them, six years.

The course of instruction comprises German, one other modern language, science, mathematics and drawing. There is no workshop instruction here, that being given in the higher elementary school. Scholars may proceed from this into what is known as the *Industrie Schule*, which is a Technical College.

Without going further into the classification, it may be said that it is really in what is known as the Gymnasia where what is called the secondary education is obtained, that the Germans are so far in advance of all other people. This superiority lies in the thoroughness of the instruction and its practical character with reference to the future. No pains or expense are spared to bring them to the highest excellence, and as politics cannot enter into the matter as in the United States, where the teachers are chosen less with reference to their qualifications than in obedience to some party influence of friends, efficiency is less difficult of attainment.

The annual expense of the Bavarian schools is large, but it is borne by the state, each individual contributing a half crown annually for educational purposes. Its outcome is felt to be an ample justification for the expenditure, and also offers much to be said in favor of state or government control of the school, a system which does away with many of the evils attending upon either the English or American plans. Of course there are also objections, it being impossible that there should not be two sides to any question. A further discussion of the matter is to be found in one of the Monographs of the Industrial Aid Association.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

A marked feature of present business conditions is the absence of wild speculation, which diminishes the probabilities of any extended disaster, even should there be a greater failure in the wheat crop than now anticipated. The movement in stocks is very light, few people outside of the professionals giving the market any attention. The violent fluctuations in grain and railroad properties in the spring are, doubtless, the cause of this retirement of the public from these speculative fields.

Merchandise markets are little changed. Dry goods have moved with some freedom from distributing centers, but the prevailing feeling is for moderation and caution, though there is no considerable falling of prices. Money is abundant and interest rates are lowering.

Taken altogether the conditions are generally good, better than might be expected in the face of a violent, and uncertain as to results, political contest. For the week past, except upon the Pacific coast, the failures have been very few. Crop prospects are also considerably better, and improving constantly.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE gall of the Democratic claim, in the St. Louis platform, that the Democratic party has paid out more for pensions to the soldiers and sailors "than was ever paid before during an equal period," is something wonderful. The pension list is constantly increasing, and each successive Presidential term shows an increase. But the increase since CLEVELAND took his seat is not because of Democratic legislation. It is simply the effect of Republican legislation, enacted long ago, the execution of which is the necessary duty of the administration.

THE Prince of Wales is to be made Doctor of Laws by Cambridge University, next Saturday. How he came to be entitled to that honor does not appear. HERBERT SPENCER has not been thus honored, and DARWIN was not so recognized until just before his death. They had not the prospect of a throne, however, as has ALBERT EDWARD, though infinitely beyond him as men.

WHATEVER else the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian church in session at Pittsburg may have done, it showed the right feeling when it resented the insult offered to one of its members, a colored preacher. The latter, entering a restaurant, was refused a meal, unless he ate it in the kitchen. The Synod, learning of the fact, resolved to give that restaurant a wide berth during the remainder of the session. It was well done.

CURIOUS what changes of opinion are brought about by self-interest. In 1885 Mr. CLEVELAND thought Mr. THURMAN too old for a place in his Cabinet. Now he is quite young enough for Vice-President, Father Time having probably stopped his wheel at Mr. CLEVELAND's nod.

MR. SMALLEY writes to the New York *Tribune* that Mr. BLAINE appears in good health and the best of spirits, and that his faith in Republican victory this fall is firm, providing a good candidate is chosen who will force the fight upon the tariff.

THEY do say that the meanness has gone so far in St. Louis that even the whisky has been watered. Perhaps there was an object in that kind of parsimony outside of money saving. The city may have been more quiet.

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of **FOR THE** the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free **CAMPAIGN!** trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner **SEND FOR** so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so **CAMPAIGN** that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have **TERMS.** no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE NEXT SENATE.

The terms of thirteen Democratic and thirteen Republican United States senators expire on March 4 next. The list is as follows:

Republicans.	*Democrats.*
Bowen, Col.	Morgan, Ala.
Cullom, Ill.	Berry, Ark.
Wilson, Iowa.	Saulsbury, Del.
Plumb, Kan.	Colquitt, Ga.
Frye, Me.	Beck, Ky.
Hoar, Mass.	Gibson, La.
Palmer, Mich.	Walthall, Miss.
Sabin, Minn.	McPherson, N. J.
Manderson, Neb.	Ransom, N. C.
Chandler, N. H.	Butler, S. C.
Dolph, Oregon.	Harris, Tenn.
Chace, R. I.	Coke, Tex.
Riddleberger, Va.	Kenna, W. Va.

The Senate at present has 39 Republicans and 37 Democrats. The election of BARBOUR in place of RIDDLEBERGER, of Virginia, if no further changes occur, will make the Senate a tie after the 4th of next March. The Democrats hoped to carry Oregon at the recent state election, and elect a majority of the new legislature. Had they succeeded, they would have replaced Senator DOLPH by a Democrat, and thus have obtained one majority. The sweeping Republican victory prevented this hope from being realized.

The present outlook is that no present Republican seat will be filled by a Democrat, but that a Republican will succeed MCPHERSON, of New Jersey, for the prospect is good for carrying that state. There is a fighting chance also in West Virginia this fall on the tariff is ue. The indications are favorable for continued Republican supremacy in the Senate, and for a Republican Vice President being installed as its presiding officer.

THE OREGON VICTORY.

The first gun of the great campaign of 1888 was fired in Oregon on Monday, and the result was a Republican victory. The straight issue was upon the Congressman and in favor of Protection, and upon this the Republican majority was 4,000, against a Republican plurality in 1886 of 1,635. The state comes out squarely upon the question which will be prominent in the campaign, and as goes Oregon so, undoubtedly, will go all the Pacific states.

The Republicans have great reason to be elated over this victory. Four years ago BLAINE's plurality over CLEVELAND was 2,256, but since then a Democratic governor has been elected and she has trembled in the balance as a doubtful state.

Knowing that the hope of controlling the Senate rested mainly upon securing a Democratic majority in the Oregon legislature, every effort has been put forth by the administration to carry this election as an indorsement of the Mills bill and a boom for the St. Louis ticket. Emissaries of the President were at work for weeks throughout the state and money was not spared by the National committee to make a free trade victory sure. It has all failed, and thus the Democrats will not secure the Senator which they were fighting for.

Had they been successful the next Senate would have been a tie, providing they hold their own in New Jersey, but there the Republicans have more than a fighting chance to win, in which case the party will stand in the Senate 39 members to the Democrats 37.

THE Chicago *Tribune* thinks the Democratic pyramid looks something like this:

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THURMAN

ONE of the exceptional features of the record of business failures for the past week is the large number reported from the Pacific coast, there being 42 out of a total of 207 for the entire United States. This is far above the average for that section.

THE re-election of Judge MAGRUDER to the Illinois Supreme Court shows the anarchists that they have no hope of being in any way vindicated before the world for their attempt to produce a social revolution in Chicago.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, has signed the bill to do away with hanging as a death penalty, and substituting electricity. It is certainly a more merciful way, and will prevent the hideous accompaniments of the old method.

THE leaders of the Democracy at St. Louis took Mr. CLEVELAND for the same reason that one takes a pill—not because the pill is palatable, but its swallowing is expected to produce certain results.

INDICATIONS of a disposition on the part of the members of Congress to shut up shop at an early day and go home to look after the November election, are showing up in the national capital.

ALREADY the vanguard of the Republican hosts is gathering in Chicago.

THE CONVENTION AND GROVER.

A curious spectacle is that presented at St. Louis. A great party, one of the great parties of the most powerful republic in the world, has placed itself in such a position that one man has the grip upon its throat, and tightens or loosens it according as he is pleased with the way things are going. He sits there in Washington, a man whom nobody, not even the leaders of his own party, respects, and manipulates things to his liking. There is an enforced acquiescence to all of his decrees, while he is made the standard-bearer, but the undercurrent of feeling against him is deep and bitter. The hands of his opponents are, however, tied, but let the present occasion pass, and GROVER will be relegated to obscurity in short meter.

The "grand old Roman" has made a great mistake in permitting himself to be even mentioned in connection with the second place upon the ticket. CLEVELAND has consented simply to carry out his own purposes, not because he has a regard to Mr. THURMAN's past services; not because Mr. THURMAN comes nearer than most others to being an honorable Democrat, loyal to the best principles of the party, and deserves such recognition, but simply that he is convinced that his own chances of election will be largely increased by such an arrangement. He well knows that Democrats at large will be glad to honor one who has reflected honor upon them by his statesmanship in the past, and who will honestly endeavor to do his duty without fear or favor. It is a pity that such a man should have allowed himself to be tacked on to the tail of a ticket which is sure to be defeated in the end.

The coming campaign promises to be a most exciting one. When his own party makes such an attack as that in the pamphlet circulated at St. Louis, it foreshadows what is coming. The charges may or may not be true, but they will be sifted, and if found to be based upon facts, a harder struggle will have to be made for success than was ever before dreamed of.

Then, too, is the almost certain dissatisfaction of a large majority with the platform. There is a decided division in the party upon the tariff question, and a stand with CLEVELAND's ideas will offend those, and they are many, who are opposed. However, the present is *the* chance for the party, and all bitter pills will be undoubtedly swallowed, and the fight made as the White House autocrat orders.

EFFECT OF HOME INDUSTRIES.

There is a world of consumers desiring the articles they consume at the lowest possible price. There is a world of producers desiring for their products the highest obtainable prices. But these two worlds are the same—for every consumer must have a thousand articles that he does not produce. Every one, then, is endeavoring to get the products that he needs of other producers at the lowest price for his own consumption, and to get the highest price possible for his own products. "The problem of the age," says Mr. E. A. HARTSHORN, "is how to enlarge the capacity of the world of consumption."

This can only be done by stimulating the world of production, for the world producing nothing could not long continue consumption. If American goods supersede European goods in Mexico and South America, humanity gains absolutely nothing, for Europeans are despoiled to the exact extent that the United States are benefitted. But let the consuming capabilities of the Mexicans and South Americans be enlarged and the world is immediately benefitted.

This can only be done by increased production in those countries. Notwithstanding the enormous increase of manufactures in the United States during the last twenty years more imported goods are consumed than formerly. The development of Mexican and South American industries would undoubtedly be equally beneficial to the world; but let the productions of these countries be continually stifled by foreign importations, whether from the United States or Europe, and the world is seriously damaged.

Restricted exchange for the purpose of protection to domestic industry makes two blades of grass to grow where but one formerly existed, while free exchange withers and blasts the single blade. Free foreign exchange protects the strong, who need no protection, and exposes the feeble, who need protection. The most friendly competition in trade is a constant warfare, in which the stronger triumph over the weaker. Tariff for protection is an effective obstruction against the stronger nation and a defense for the weaker.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

HON. BINGER HERMAN, the Republican Representative from Oregon, while the House was discussing the free lumber clause of the Mills bill on Tuesday, in a speech referred to the Oregon election of the previous day. He told the House that the campaign was conducted solely upon the issue of the Mills bill and the favor it would show to Chinese labor. He said that the Democrats had turned every stone possible to secure success, so as to get an indorsement of their tariff bill, and that they met such a Waterloo as they never encountered before. ST. JOHN and other Prohibitionists were turned into the canvass by the Democrats, with a view to diverting Republican temperance voters to the Prohibition ticket. The Mills bill was given a fair and free test at the polls, was overwhelmingly defeated, and he predicted that the entire North would follow Oregon's example. The indications all point in that direction, most certainly.

MRS. FOLSOM denies, in the most dignified manner, to a New York *Herald* correspondent, the pamphlet story with regard to Mr. CLEVELAND's treatment of his wife. "I only wish," she says, "that all American girls were half as happy as is my good daughter in the love and care of her worthy husband." That sounds almost too goody-goody under the circumstances, but every body will hope it is true. At any rate, no one wants a campaign of scandal.

THE Washington *Post*, Democratic, talks right out in meeting about the nomination of THURMAN. It says:

He is necessary now. Too old in 1885 to be secretary of state, too weak and infirm in 1888 to be either associate justice or chief justice of the Supreme court, he is still strong enough in 1888 to run the gauntlet of a Presidential campaign, and quite young enough to be inaugurated Vice President in 1889.

Verily the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner.

THE damp, cool spring has given vegetation a magnificent start, even if the summer should be a dry one. The grass was never more lush and green, the trees never more umbrageous. The hay crop is going to be an immense one, and the farmers have no need thus far to grumble.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Mrs. Langtry will summer at Long Branch.

An illicit still was found in a Forsyth, Ga., cyclone pit.

A piano put squarely against the wall is not so resonant.

Manilla paper bedclothes are being made in a Jersey factory.

Bishop Mallalieu has started for Europe to preside over the conferences there.

Gen. Lew Wallace took his mother as the model for the noble mother of "Ben Hur."

Mr. Gladstone owns a valuable plot of land on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls.

Cocaine is said to be worse than alcohol and opium put together. It completely destroys a man's will power.

An ounce of silver may now be purchased in England for 41⅞ pence, the lowest price of the present century.

The Guion line is building a steamer which, they report, will make the passage from Queenstown to New York in five days.

Count Arno, the new German ambassador at Washington, is the divorced husband of Mme. Antoine Janisch, the actress.

For the 25,000 soldiers in the army of the United States, there are only 34 chaplains. Several of these chaplains are disabled.

The Prince of Wales is showing a disposition to make himself useful as well as ornamental. He has invented a velvet dress coat.

Charles A. Dana's royalty of 12½ per cent. on each volume sold of Appleton's American Cyclopedia, has yielded him over $100,000.

Miss Julia Bryant, a daughter of William Cullen Bryant, who has been living in Paris since the death of her father, has returned to New York.

Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, has been selected by the President as a member of the board of Visitors to the Annapolis Naval Academy.

Fred Douglas has a fortune of $300,000, and there are said to be more than 100 colored men in Washington who are worth $25,000 or more.

Gen. Gibbons is said to resemble Harry Clay in appearance. He is both handsome and intellectual, but is not so eloquent as was the great Kentuckian.

John G. Whittier, who is personally acquainted with Dom Pedro, cabled the Emperor congratulations upon "the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil."

A Northern man bought an old worn-out cotton plantation for a song at Durant, Miss., two years ago, and this year he sold $10,000 worth of strawberries.

Greatly as the Pope was pleased with his Jubilee gifts, he says that none of them gave him so much pleasure as the news of the abolition of slavery in Brazil.

The Mikado of Japan has issued an edict against what he calls "the pernicious game of base ball, which foreigners are attempting to introduce into this country."

Prince Roland Bonaparte read a paper at the Anthropological Congress in New York, in which he contended that the Chinese were the original discoverers of America.

Gen. Sheridan commanded the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac just a year, and in that time fought 76 battles, captured 205 battle flags, and over 160 field pieces.

The dead letter office received 4,808,000 letters last year, for about a third of which owners were discovered. Money to the value of $1,795,764 was found in 17,588 letters.

Chevalier Blondin, the tight-rope walker, who astonished the world many years ago by his daring feat in crossing the falls of Niagara, arrived in New York yesterday from Europe.

Kaiser William used to sign himself Imp. Rex. On being asked why he abbreviated one title and not the other, he said: "I feel that I am only partly an emperor, but I know that I am altogether a king."

A petition seven yards in length and bearing the signature of 500 prominent people was presented to the New Haven Board of Education requesting the establishment of cooking as part of the regular curriculum.

A fair to raise funds for the Grant monument was inaugurated in New York last night under the auspices of the Shakespearean society. Of the $500,000 needed only $130,000 has thus far been subscribed.

The Rev. Dr. John Paxton of the West Presbyterian church in New York has had his salary increased from $12,000 to $15,000 a year. As his congregation is capitalized at $200,000,000 it can probably "stand the raise."

J. Oda, editor and proprietor of the Osaka (Japan) *Daily [illegible]*, has come over to this country to study journalism, and, singularly enough, will seek employment upon a New York newspaper for that purpose.

M. Daniel Wilson does not dare to enter the Chamber of Deputies, but he holds on to his seat for Touraine and pockets the salary attached thereto, and under the present law there is no way of getting rid of him.

Gen. Sheridan's words to his physician, "I intend to get well all the same, doctor," recall the remark of President Garfield, who, when told by his physician that his chance for life was one in one hundred, said: "Doctor, I will take that chance."

Mrs. John P. Hale and her two daughters, Mrs. Kinsley and Mrs. Chandler, and Senator Chandler have decided to erect a statue of John P. Hale in the state house yard at Concord, N. H., of the same size as the Daniel Webster statue.

The defunct Maritime bank at St. John, N. B., had a bookkeeper who kept two sets of books, one to show to the directors and another to show the real condition of the bank funds, with which he was speculating. The deficiency of the bank is over $1,300,000.

Lawn balloon is a novelty in game, and meant as cricket for ladies. Light balls and equally light bats are used in tead of the hard balls and heavy bats employed in cricket. No bowling is required, while stopping is also rendered unnecessary, and a large number can play it.

The Princess Regent of Brazil, who is now making a favorable impression as administratrix, is 42 years old. She never signs her full name, which is Isabella Christina Leopoldine Augustine Michela Gabrielle Raphaelle Gonzague, Princess Imperial of Brazil and Countess d'Eu.

Some French ladies having tired of the dances of the day, will have a grand aristocratic ballet in tights and spangles. They are rehearsing under the superintendence of a professional danseuse, and the performance is expected to be magnificent, although visible to feminine eyes only.

Ben Butler proposes to supply a liberal assortment of flags to ornament the first train of cars that rolls into Athens, Ga., over the new Covington & Macon railroad. As Benjamin enjoys a complete monopoly of the bunting manufacture in the country he can well afford this little advertisement of his business.

The heroic statue of Garibaldi presented to the city of New York by the Italian residents of that city, represents the great patriot in the act of drawing his sword. All the Italian societies of the city were present yesterday at the unveiling, which occurred amidst the music of Garibaldi's war march, played by 30 bands.

The beautiful young Hessian Princess who has just been married to Prince Henry, of Prussia, is known here and in England as Princess Irene, but in Germany she is always called Princess Ella. She is the most popular member of a rather unpopular family, but her personal charms and worth would make her an idol anywhere.

M. Alexandre Dumas lives by measure and weight. He rises at 6:30 in the summer and at 7 in the winter. His first breakfast invariably consists of a glass of milk. The second, which he takes at noon, is a plain meal. Dinner occurs exactly at 7, and at 10 he is in bed. He walks three miles every day, and never works after 4 p. m.

It is told of a clergyman in one of the towns near Boston that he had given him to read from the pulpit an announcement that "the Ballingham praying band" would conduct at the evening meeting; but by some strange perversity of his tongue the congregation was astounded with the announcement that there would be a service by the "Prayingham bellyband."

In 1742 there flourished in Boston an original sort of character, Thomas Fleet, who was a printer and the most popular auctioneer of his day. Among other rare bargains he offered at public sale was this: "A negro woman to be sold by the printer of this paper; the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the smallpox and the measles; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver."

Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, responding to a letter from the alleged instigator of the Mobile riots of 1865 inquiring whether the judge had called him a cutthroat and a villain, politely informed the writer that he did not, but that "if these epithets were ever deserved by a man I might well have applied them to you." Judge Kelley adds that he hopes his reply will prove satisfactory.

THE St Louis *Post-Dispatch* declares that GROVER CLEVELAND was born in New Jersey. It is now in order for the New York *Sun* to declare that he is ineligible to the Presidency on the ground of his foreign birth, as New Yorkers always assume that New Jersey is a foreign country.

THE election news from Oregon took only a few lines of space in the daily newspapers, while the St. Louis convention absorbed column after column; yet the fact of Democratic defeat on the free trade issue in that state was far more significant than all the talk at St. Louis.

THE Michigan state supreme court declares unconstitutional that portion of the new liquor law of that state which prevents liquor dealers and brewers from going on the official bonds of saloon-keepers.

ABRAM S. HEWITT, Democratic mayor of New York, declares that he will not make a speech nor spend a dollar this campaign, nor will he vote for CLEVELAND, as the latter is "no statesman."

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE OREGON ELECTION.

The sweeping and complete triumph of the Republican ticket in the Oregon election is a most significant pointer as to the drift of this year's campaign, and an index of the feeling among the people of the overshadowing issue of the tariff. It may not be amiss to give the vote of the state for a number of years, in order that the influence of the free trade policy outlined in CLEVELAND's message may be clearly seen:

	Rep.	Dem.	Proh.	Maj. and Plu
1864, President	9,888	8,457	......	1,431 R
1866, Governor	10,283	9,956	......	327 R
1868, President	10,961	11,125	......	164 D
1870, Congressman	11,245	11,588	......	343 D
1872, President	11,819	7,730	......	4,089 R
1874, Governor	9,163	9,713	6,532	550 D
1876, President	15,206	14,149	510	1,057 R
1878, Congressman	15,593	16,744	1,184	1,151 D
1880, President	20,619	19,855	245	764 R
1882, Governor	21,481	20,069	......	1,412 R
1884, President	26,860	24,604	1,218	2,256 R
1886, Congressman	26,918	25,283	2,753	1,635 R

In the June election on the state ticket in 1884, not given in the above table, Oregon gave a Republican plurality on Congressman of 2,047, the total vote cast being 43,351. The legislature, chosen at the same time, had a Republican majority of 14 on joint ballot. In November of the same year the total vote was increased to 52,682 and the Republican plurality to 2,256.

The Gubernatorial and Congressional election in June, 1886, was a mixed affair. There was dissatisfaction in the Republican party, and some of its leading organs bolted or were indifferent. The total vote cast was 54,954. The Democrats elected their candidates for Governor and Supreme judge by small pluralities, while the Republicans elected all the other candidates on the state ticket and the Congressman, and increased their legislative majority to 16.

The result of the election of two years ago inspired the reform administration at Washington with great hopes of securing a victory which should enthuse the St. Louis convention and start the campaign of the year with the assurance of success. It was also hoped to secure the election of a legislature which should make sure of a Democratic United States senator in place of Senator DOLPH, whose term expires March 4, 1889, the "reform" administration at Washington was impressed with the possibilities in the case and "reform" influences were at once set at work.

A circular was sent to each postmaster in the state, instructing him to use his best efforts to get three votes outside his own party for the Democratic ticket. Resources were furnished the Prohibitionists in the hope that the latter might draw votes from the Republicans. JOHN. P. IRISH was sent all the way from San Francisco six weeks before the election to labor as an administrative "reform" missionary among the Oregonians, and he labored with intense energy and devotion; and last, but by no means least, that eminent reformer, SMITH M. WEED, of New York, co-worker with the immortal CRONIN of 1876 fame, went on to take a hand in Oregon politics.

The result of all this is, that Hon. BINGER HERMAN, Republican candidate for Congress, is elected by not less than 4,000 majority. The third party Prohibition vote was very small. The Republicans made gains in every county in the state. The Democrats carry only two counties in the western half of the state. It is the largest Republican majority since the close of the war, and is astonishing alike to Republicans and Democrats. Still more surprising a result is in the returns for members of the legislature, which stands, Senate unanimously Republican; House, 65 Republicans, 25 Democrats.

The full importance of this great victory can be estimated when it is remembered that the battle was made on the tariff issue alone. The special correspondent at Portland of the New York *Times* quotes Mr. GEARIN, the defeated Democratic candidate for Congress, as follow:

I attribute our defeat principally to the platform adopted at the Democratic state convention. Still I think we were in the right. I believe in, endorse, and will always uphold the platform on which I was nominated. The result of the election shows that Oregon does not want free trade.

The platform so fatal to the Democracy indorsed the President's message and the Mills tariff bill. The Republican platform was distinctly protectionist. "Practically," says the correspondent, "this was the only issue." It is the chief issue all over the country, and in November every doubtful state will be as decidedly Republican as Oregon. The Republican delegates, now gathering at Chicago, have here a hint as to the platform that they will do well to heed. The people are aroused on the tariff issue, and want the battle fought on it, and on it alone. Let the tariff plank be explicit and full, capable of no possible double meaning, and let no attempt be made to distract the public mind by dividing the issue. That way lies victory.

THE Republican majority of the newly-elected Oregon legislature will elect an United States Senator to succeed Mr. DOLPH, also Republican, whose term expires March 4 next. To capture that Senatorship and thus obtain a majority in the United States Senate, was the ambition of the Democrats, and explains their soreness over the defeat.

BELGIUM has made a new departure in her criminal law. The first petty larceny is to be punished only by a severe admonition, accompanied by restitution of the stolen article, and a warning of what will follow repetition. Repeated and twenty years' imprisonment or perpetual restraint will follow.

CONGRESSMAN SCOTT will not run for Congress again. WILLIAM prefers to get out and thus avoid the kicking-out process which his constituents were preparing to give him this fall.

CHAIRMAN BARNUM said, prior to THURMAN's nomination: "We might just as well nominate a corpse." But he forgot that the Democracy will become a corpse, too, next November.

THE Democratic national convention turned itself into a Society for the Promotion of the Use of Hankerchiefs by Democrats. Such a society was badly needed.

THE THURMAN nomination will create a boom in the business of the makers of cheap cotton handkerchiefs, at least. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

THURMAN will be 75 on November 13 next. As the Presidential election occurs on November 6, he can celebrate his birthday and his defeat at the same time.

THE Democratic ticket's kangarooness is more and more plainly shown by the encomiums lavished on THURMAN. The tail of the ticket is bigger than the head.

THE mass of the delegates at St. Louis did not care one whit what the platform might be. "What we want is to keep the offices," was their frank expression.

SOME of the jubilant Democratic brethren forget that a nomination does not mean an election also. The people have to pass on the matter at the polls.

THE most popular Cleveland badge worn in St. Louis was manufactured in Coventry, England. Is there any foreshadowing of the future in that fact?

CLEVELAND's renomination is sufficient endorsement of his free trade policy, no matter how the tariff plank of the platform shall be interpreted.

WATTERSON declares that the platform commits the Democracy to free trade. He ought to know, as he was the chief builder of it.

THE HOME MARKET.

AN IOWA FARMER'S VIEWS.

He Shows the Fallacy of the Free Trade Argument on the Home Market.

OXFORD, IOWA, June 8.—EDITOR BLADE:—Among the "slush" of the free traders we find the statement that the "home market theory" of the protectionists is a delusion and a sham; and in support of this statement they produce a formidable array of figures from statistics to show that of wheat—"the staff of life"—the exportation was more than four times as great during the "high tariff" decade, 1870-1880, as it was during the "low tariff" decade, 1850-1860, and that the exportation was not only greatly in excess, but that the percentage or proportion of export to production stood 14 to 23 in favor of low tariff.

To us farmers, not accustomed to the jugglery of figures, this looked like a strong point against the protective tariff, and it set us to thinking. Now, some farmers can handle figures with considerable facility when it is necessary, and we tackled the problem, taking the production and exportation as a basis, and then by the simple process of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, we soon arrived at a solution of the problem, and the result was certainly gratifying, and the process of arriving at it so simple as to preclude the possibility of error.

For the benefit of your farmer readers who may be in danger of being deceived by the seductive "slush" that is so zealously circulated among them, we will give the whole solution and we challenge refutation:

LOW TARIFF DECADE, 1850-1860.

Bushels of wheat produced	1,370,000,000
Reserved for seed, 10 %	137,000,000
For exports and consumption	1,233,000,000
Exported, wheat and flour	201,000,000
Consumed in decade	1,032,000,000
Annual consumption	103,200,000
Average population	28,000,000
Consumption per capita, bu	3.69

HIGH TARIFF DECADE, 1870-1880.

Bushels of wheat produced	3,741,000,000
Reserved for seed, 10 per cent	374,100,000
For export and consumption	3,366,900,000
Exported, wheat and flour	854,000,000
Consumed in decade	2,512,900,000
Annual consumption	251,290,000
Average pop'la'tn	44,000,000
Consumption per capita, bu	5.71

CONSUMPTION.

	Bu.
High tariff decade	5.71
Low tariff decade	3.69
In favor of protection	2.02

And what do we learn from this?

1.—That a formidable array of figures may deceive if not carried out.

2.—That, though the exports of the latter decade exceeded the exports of the former decade, the production exceeded in a greater degree.

3.—That the excess of consumption exceeded the excess of exportation about four times.

4.—That the "home market theory" is established as far as this one article of production is concerned.

5.—That had the ratio of consumption been no higher in 1870-80 than in 1850-60, there would have remained on hand for exportation more than 100,000,000 bushels of wheat annually from 1870 to 1880.

6.—That in view of the fact that 30,000,000 bushels of India wheat annually, introduced recently into the Liverpool market reduced the price 10 per cent., it is safe to say that had this additional 100,000,000 annually been exported, the price would have been so far reduced as to make production for market out of the question.

7.—That with this showing for wheat it is altogether probable that other farm products would make a similar showing and some even better for protection.

8.—That the excess of consumption is the result of an increase in the number of laborers and the better wages consequent upon the beneficent workings of the tariff laws.

To make some propositions a little plainer, we will state that the average population since 1880 is over 50,000,000, and that if the consumption per capita is under protection two bushels per capita in excess of the consumption under low tariff, then we consume 100,000,000 more than we should had low tariff continued, and that 100,000,000 without the high tariff would be for export and go begging for a market.

The beauty of our statement is that it is all backed by government statistics and cannot be refuted, which leaves our free trade friends no other resort but to explain the increase of consumption in some other way; and we challenge them to do so. And, Mr. Editor, we trust that the matter will not stop here, but that from time to time the various articles of farm production will be shown up as we have shown up wheat. It makes the farmer smile, and assures him of the beneficent effects of a diversified industry and enables him to vote intelligently and sleep soundly.

M. W. COOK.

THE ST. LOUIS PLATFORM.

The Worn-Out Dogmas of the Past Still Held Up for Reverence.

EDITOR BLADE:—In reading the St. Louis Democratic platform, a careful observer of Democracy for the past forty years, will not fail to discover cropping out under some form intended to disguise, but yet clearly to express, all of the worn-out and discarded dogmas that were popular before the rebellion. How ingeniously they revive the old "Kentucky resolutions" and uphold the old exploded doctrine of "States rights," as expounded by the party during the days of slavery.

Chief among its principles of party faith, are the maintenance of an indissoluble union of *free* and *indestructible states*, etc., "regulated by a written constitution *strictly* specifying every granted power, and expressly reserving to the states or people the *entire ungranted residue of power*." This same clause was in the constitution before the rebellion, and was freely quoted by the Democracy in vindication of their treasonable designs.

It sounds natural to us old men to hear the old anti-secession doctrines revived, and to see them incorporated into a Democratic platform. In every species of Democratic rascality ever invented, it has been their uniform practice to quote largely from the Constitution to sustain them. Old Buchanan could not find in the Constitution any power to coerce a sovereign state.

I have noticed that just as fast as the Democrats gain strength they revive some of their old exploded theories of government. The Democracy of to-day is identical with the Democracy of 1861 to 1865, and just as fast as the people will stand it will they revive all the issues that lead to the war, and were believed to have been settled against them. Thurman is a good representative of the Democracy, as at present organized, and whilst it may appear like robbing the grave to put him up as a candidate, he is a fit representative of dead issues. * * *

Toledo, O.

He Knew Him.

He was a great swell, one of the affable, polite kind, who had worked all his life to get the reputation of knowing everybody. He prided himself on his tact, and flattered himself he knew the exact degree of familiarity to extend to any given degree of life. He was a great card in the best society. He never made any mistakes; when he was not quite sure who it might be he relied upon his instinct. He was walking in great state down the street, and a quiet, respectable-looking man, a man with a solid kind of business air about him, was coming up. He remembered the face; he was sure he knew him, and he did not want to be impolite. The man looked at him as if the recognition was mutual. That was enough. When he did anything he did it with all his heart. He stopped and held out his hand, and his grasp was full of cordiality. "How do you do? Haven't seen you in an age. You are looking well. Where are you located now?" "Same place—butler at Mrs. McGee's."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Goddess Won't Straddle.

Editor Watterson don't want any straddle in the tariff plank of that platform.

If the star-eyed goddess is going to ride at all she is going to sit side-saddle, as a perfect goddess should, or she won't ride at all, so there!

Brother Watterson is too expert a poker-player to mind a "straddle" or even a "blind," so far as he himself is concerned; but he is a great stickler for etiquette when the star-eyed lady's propriety is at stake.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Summer Vacations.

Before deciding on your summer vacation, call on or write nearest agent of the Lake Shore Ry., and obtain one of their pamphlets entitled "The Mail Bag," in which a list of routes and rates to the various Summer Resorts is given; or communicate with A. J. SMITH, General Passenger, Agent, Cleveland, O.

THE BANDANA SONG.

Blow, ye, your noses, blow!
The Thurman act repeat;
Thus irritate the foe
And thus your brothers greet!

Wipe, ye, your noses, wipe!
Wipe when you do not blow;
Raise noses, red and ripe,
And wipe the lip below!

Pinch, ye, your pinch of snuff!
'Twill give you an excuse
That's plenty good enough
To put your wipe to use.

Take good snuff, pinch by pinch!
Pull your bandana out,
Display it every inch,
And flaunt it with a shout!

Then blow your noses till
Your eye-balls bulge and crack,
And from the distant hill
Young Echo answers back.

"Bandanas on the brain!"
Exclaim our envious foes;
'Tis false, for ain't it plain
We've got them on the nose?

—*Columbus Sunday News.*

A VERY BIG BOOK,

And Filled With the Names of Nearly 150,000 English Children.

British Friend, May, 1888.

It is only lately that I became acquainted with a monster amongst books—one with a record so interesting that I fain would hope others also may be pleased to hear of it. Not that bigness is of necessity either a beauty or a good in itself; but, for all that, we must own on reflection that Brobdignagian bulk carries with it a certain fascination, approaching almost to awe. Young people will have something of this feeling towards our very big book when they learn of its greatness in more sense than one. To form an idea of its size, take a rule and measure upwards on your bookcase two feet seven inches for its height, and two feet across for its breadth; whilst to judge of its thickness, measure a foot along the back of the books, and you will find it as thick, say, as half a dozen bound volumes of *Good Words*. Why a whole year of the *Times* bound up would be comparatively small alongside of it! Moreover, our biggest of books is resplendent in red and gold, a monument of the binder's art, whilst it numbers amongst its contributors more names than an encyclopædia.

Such a book, of course, has a history, although its beginnings were as small, if not so humble, as those of the Pioneers' Co-operative store, which started in "T'Owd Lane," Rochdale, in 1844, with 28 members and a capital of £28—a capital which in sixteen years had swelled to £120,000! As an omen, *sit faustum et felix!*

Now for the other "day of small things." On the 7th of October, 1875, the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* first devoted a portion of his space to "The Childrens' Corner," in which, under the name of "Uncle Toby," he chatted pleasantly with his little friends about kindness to animals, and invited them to form a society to further it, and to write to him about it. The children freely responded, and themselves suggested "Dickey Bird Society," soon shortened to "D. B. S." The first list published contained 25 names (fewer than the original "Pioneers"), and in four months there were 400 members. With such results Uncle Toby's ideas expanded. He writes in January, 1877, that he "has set his whole heart and mind on having 5,000 members." Well, he had to wait only four months more and he had his 5,000. And then he found that the numbers in his big book went, like Gladstone's budgets, "in leaps and bounds." In April, 1881, he had 50,000 members; in July, 1886, he had 100,000; and before July next he will probably have more than 150,000. Happy Uncle Toby! More happy than the "old woman who lived in a shoe," for he rejoices over every addition to his thousands of "nephews and nieces," scattered over all parts of the English-speaking world, as well as every country in Europe, China, and South America. All honour to the organ of the D. B. S., the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and to its genial editor, who has been deemed worthy by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of its Honorary Diploma, of which only forty had previously been granted.

Our very big book, then, contains the names of the members of the Dicky Bird society, with many hundreds of letters from them, and other documents relating to it.

The declaration signed by the members (which must be duly attested) is: "I hereby promise to be kind to all living things, to protect them to the utmost of my power, to feed the little birds in the winter time and never to take or destroy a nest. I also promise to get as many boys and girls as possible to join the Dicky Bird Society."

An "outward and visible sign" of membership was naturally asked for by the children, so a badge was decided on, the wearing of which is of course optional, viz., a yellow ribbon or rosette.

Those who wish to know more of a movement so wonderful for its rapid success, so pregnant with good for parents, as well as children and animals, may learn it from a prettily gotten up "History of the Dicky Bird Society," by Uncle Toby (illustrated), published by Walter Scott, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and 24, Warwick Lane, London, price 3d.

J. FAYLE, B. A.

SHE MISUNDERSTOOD.

And Was Indignant Because He Was an Engraver.

An engineer in this city who has his workshop at the top of a very high building advertised for an assistant a few days ago. He had some answers by mail and one of them was written in a pretty feminine hand and signed with a still prettier feminine name. In every case he replied, saying that a personal interview would be most satisfactory; if that was impossible, the applicant had better forward some samples of work, testimonials, etc.

Yesterday the engraver was hard at work when he heard the elevator bump at the top of the shaft, and a moment later there came a knock at the door. The engraver looked up and saw through the glass window of the door a lady.

"That's the fair engraver," said he to himself as he stepped to the door and gallantly ushered the lady in.

She was of a pleasant countenance and was dressed stylishly, and the bewitching spring bonnet she wore dazzled the engraver's eyes. A small boy accompanied her.

"A very discreet young person evidently," inwardly remarked the engraver as his eyes fell on the boy.

"Will you take a seat, ma'am?" said he, aloud, wiping the zinc shavings off the cleanest chair in the shop.

The lady took the seat offered to her and remarked that it was very warm. Then she glanced at the big camera which hung like an infernal machine across the room and said: "I thought I would bring Teddy with me this afternoon—it's such a fine day!"

"Oh, that's quite right," interrupted the engraver, warmly. "I appreciate your feelings!"

The young lady looked a little surprised, but continued, quietly: "I don't care so much about myself, but mamma wants Teddy taken."

It was now the engraver's turn to be puzzled, but, for fear of making a blunder, he said nothing, and the young lady went on: "Are you very busy to-day?"

"Not too busy to talk business with you," replied the engraver. "Have you had any experience in this business?"

She reddened slightly as she said: "I have been taken twice before, and they tell me I make a beautiful picture."

"That's just what I want," enthusiastically rejoined the engraver. "Give me first-class work and I'll pay for it."

"What are your terms, sir?"

"If you can do the work, $30 a week and more than that," said the engraver.

"Oh, that's too high!" exclaimed the lady. "Why that's awful! I only paid $3 a dozen where I had the last taken!"

"What do you mean by $3 a dozen?" asked the engraver, pushing back his hair and pinching himself to see if he was awake.

"What I mean, sir," replied the lady sternly, "is that I don't propose to pay any photographer $30 for taking my picture; no, nor Teddy's, neither!"

"I'm not a photographer."

"What are you, then?"

It took that engraver a journey down in the elevator and more homely words than he has used for years to persuade the fair guardian of Teddy that he didn't mean to insult her, and that she had mistaken his sign, "Photo Engraving," in the doorway of the building, for the shingle of a photographer.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Land Values in Ireland.

London Figaro.

The ruinous price of land in Ireland was illustrated last week at the auction mart in a most striking manner. The estate in the Island of Achill, owned by the late Lord Cavan, which was referred to the other day, was sold by order of his trustees, consisting of 2,068 acres of freehold land—in fact, the whole island—with house and entrance lodges, both furnished. The auctioneer described the property as one of the finest sporting estates in Ireland, though he admitted that the tenants were three years in arrears with their rent. The property was sold practically without reserve, and after slight competition was purchased by a lady at the modest figure of £630, or about six shillings an acre.

NEW DESIGNS IN JEWELRY.

All sorts of Ornaments from a Hairpin to a Parasol Handle.

A handsome key-ring recently seen was a strand of silver wire loosely tied in a loop.

A pine cone in variegated gold is a pleasing pattern for single and double-pronged hairpins.

Small moonstone owl heads, with tiny ruby eyes, still meet with favor among lovers of odd scarf-pins.

An Egyptian head of moonstone set in gold, the sides of the headdress being richly jeweled, make an attractive broach.

Lorgnettes in solid Roman and dull gold frames and holders make expensive adjuncts to the jewel case of the lady of fashion.

A mediæval shield of polished silver resting across a lance, the handle of which serves as the pin, is a tasteful pattern in scarf pins.

A tuft of grasses in vari-colored gold, springing from an irregular dull gold coil, set with rubies, is a costly design in scarf pins.

A silver crescent in mottled oxidized silver finish, and having a spray of forget-me-nots in enamel sunk into the surface, is a tasteful design in brooches.

Snake and leopard skin collars, having the ends embellished with delicately-wrought silver designs, are much admired by female lovers of the odd in jewelry.

Designs in enamelled flower brooches received an addition in the shape of a Japannese flower not unlike the wild rose. The colors are white and pink, blue and white, and mottled.

A handsome bracelet consists of squares of Roman gold linked together, each square having in the center a pearl on a raised setting, while the four corners are set with matched turquoises.

Small pocket flasks of mottled glass, in which a peculiar effect is obtained by means of tiny pieces of tinsel incorporated in the semi-opaque glass and having silver stoppers, are much admired.

The assortment of enamelled fish scarf pins have been extended until now the piscatorial tastes of all can be suited. A gamy bass in natural colors, and carrying a broken shell streaming from its mouth, is a pleasing pattern.

A pretty and seasonable novelty in parasol handles recently seen, has a hinged cover at the head which opens with a spring, revealing a fan ready for use. It is made in both plain and frosted patterns of handsome *repoussee* designs.—*Jeweller's Weekly.*

Can't Get Too Much.

There was a bridal couple coming in on the Bay City train the other day, and the passengers in that particular car were on the grin most of the time over their antics. The bride had got the man she loved, and she didn't care a copper who saw her pillow her head on his shoulder. The bridegroom had got a farm with his wife, and if he wanted to feed her gumdrops or squeeze her hand whose business was it? A little old man, dried up and baldheaded, sat directly in front of the couple, and he looked around so often that the young husband finally explained:

"We're just married."

"I knowed it all the time," chuckled baldhead.

"And we can't help it, you know."

"No, you can't—I'll be darned if you kin!"

"I presume it all seems very silly to an old man like you," continued the husband.

"Does it! Does it!" cackled the old fellow, as he bobbed around. "Wall, you bet your life she doesn't. I've been right thar three times over, and I am now on my way to Canada to marry a fourth! You orter to see me a week hence. I'll hug and squeeze and fondle at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and darn the skunk that laffs at me! Silly! Why, children, it't parrydise biled right down!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Barcarolle in Prose.

"Oh Harry," she screamed as she stood on the wharf waiting for him to bring the boat alongside, "won't it tip over?"

"No, come on. It's all safe."

"But I'm afraid. Ho-old it sti-ill! Now there goes my parasol."

"Never mind the parasol, give me both hands. Now."

"O-w-wuh. Hold it still Harry, don't let it rock that way."

"If you'll sit down," said Harry very gently, yet with a touch of firmness in his voice, "maybe the boat will stop rocking."

"Well you needn't get so high up on your dignity, Mr. Harry Tompkins. If you speak like that to me again I'll get out of your old boat and go home. Oh, isn't this lovely—O-h-h! there I knew you would. You've gone and splashed water all over my new dress."

The boat glided out into the stream. Harry was manfully blistering his hands and spraining his back. A bend in the river was near at hand and as the little craft rounded it the hills sent back in high "C" echoes:

"Now Harry Tompkins, if you dare to rock that boat again I'll scream."

She Said Him Nay.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mrs. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to this subject again. I can never be your wife."

"That is your final answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is."

"Nothing can induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is firmly and unalterably made up."

"Miss Irene," said the young man, rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of $50 with Van Perkins that you would say no to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dead broke. Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a desparing man from the fate of a suicide and won the lifelong respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Good evening."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Good Sale.

"How much will you give me for this atlas of the city?" asked a Buffalo attorney as he walked into a book store and handed the owner the book named. "'Taint worth much," answered the dealer, as he turned over the leaves with an air of assumed indifference. "There's no demand for 'em. I bought one last evening, and it's outside now. There's no demand for 'em at all, and I shall think it a good sale if I get $1 for the one I have now." "All right, here's your good sale. This is the one you had outside," gayly answered the lawyer, as he threw down a silver dollar and skipped out of the store before the disconcerted proprietor could interpose an objection. "I had been hunting for that atlas for months, and would have given $15 rather than not got it," remarked the attorney as he gleefully exhibited his purchase.

Conclusive Evidence.

"Doctor, I hear that Brigsby has started a new paper."

"So I am told, but I haven't seen a copy."

"He told me the other day that it would be bold and aggressive. I wonder if it's that kind of a sheet."

"I guess it is. I sewed up a scalp wound for him this morning."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set*."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

★ Wives and Daughters. ★

You have often seen them with pale faces, poor appetite, head and back ache, symptoms common to the sex. Fathers and mothers, lose no time in securing Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN.

Mrs. J. H. Giles, of Everett, Pa., says: I suffered for many years from Kidney and Gravel troubles. Besides I had other complaints common to my sex. No physician or medicines at home did me any good. I finally began using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made in Rondout, N. Y. A few words tell the result. I am a happy and perfectly well woman once more. Thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,
Rondout, N. Y. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

"WALKING OUT" COURTSHIPS.

What Constitutes Breach of Promise in England.

A breach of promise case, just reported, throws some light upon the etiquette of courtship in that class of life in which "walking out together" is the recognized mode of making acquaintance. The defendant said he had never intended to marry the plaintiff, whose counsel immediately protested against this statement by remarking: "But you walked her out."

This was met by the defendant with the reply: "It would be a fine job if a man had to marry every girl he walked out with."

It is to be feared that this gentleman was inconstant, and, in fact, the jury took that view. Walking out with a girl, if the promenades have been sufficiently frequent, is regarded in much the same light as "asking papa" is in social circles of a somewhat higher range.

Some months ago, in a case of defamation of character, the young woman who had been libeled said in evidence that she had walked out with the young Frenchman who was defendant in the action, but that she had only done so in order to try if she liked him, and finding she did not, she gave him up.

It is a nice question of etiquette how many walks would be allowed on either side for the probationary stage, and whether a greater number would be permitted to the walking lady, as being more difficult of choice. Etiquette books fly too high to touch these humble walks of life.—*London News.*

SOME NAMES THAT MISLEAD.

Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep.

The tuberose is no rose, but a species of olyanth.

Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian Queen, nor in her honor.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, only heated chambers.

German silver was not invented in Germany and does not contain a particle of silver.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but stripes of palm-leaf.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is rosin and palm oil.

Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar.

Cuttle-bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlefish.

Hearing the Grass Grow.

Boston Transcript.

The Listener has often encountered the expression, "One may hear the grass grow now," but he never actually did hear the grass grow until the other night. To forestall sleeplessness he has a habit of starting out in the evening for a brisk walk, stick in hand and dog at his heels. Passing the other evening along a grassy wayside, which was lined, across the wall, with a row of buttonwood trees, he heard, two or three times, a peculiar cracking sound that was very much like the falling of drops of rain upon the dry leaves. But as the sky was perfectly clear, the sound could not be rain; and as there was not a breath of air stirring, it could not be wind. Nor could it be the jumping of insects, for it was quite too early in the season for them. The queer crackling continued. Presently the Listener stopped and listened more intently, and he satisfied himself, by a sufficient examination, and by a comparison with other places in the neighborhood, that the crackling was made by the pushing up of the growing grass upon a thin, continuous covering of dry buttonwood leaves that overspread it. These leaves almost constituted a carpet over a thick mass of grass; and the grass, in lifting this covering, cracked it here and there. It was the leaves and not the grass, to be sure, that the Listener heard, but it was the growing of the grass that made them crackle, so that he may truly say hereafter that he heard the grass grow.

Scared Goodness Into Him.

Justice Duffy, of New York, believes in the power of fear as a means of correction. Last year he had a 10-year-old boy before him charged with disobedience to his mother. The judge gazed at the youthful offender in a ferocious manner and ordered him to stand back so that one might see him plainly. The boy did so, trembling with fear.

"You ungrateful wretch!" thundered the judge. "You highway robber! You braggadocio! You swashbuckler!"

This was too much for the youth and he began to cry.

"You bandit!" continued the judge. "Go home and behave yourself!"

The boy went, and, to all accounts, has been a model son ever since.

Difficulties of Democratic Orators.

Chicago Tribune.

Democratic orator—On this great question of the tariff, my friends, we stand as we stood in 1884——

Anti-tariff straddler in audience—Then you don't get my vote.

Orator—We stand, my friends, on the tariff plank of 1884, as interpreted by President Cleveland——

Democrat from Birmingham, Ala.—That won't suit me.

Orator—As interpreted by President Cleveland and—er—agreed on at the St. Louis con——

Western farmer—How about——

Orator—But I must hasten. Look at the man we have nominated for Vice President—that grand old Roman—etc., etc.

Go On, Go On.

Detroit Tribune.

In a few words this is what the Democratic party says:

"We indorse our platform of 1884 as interpreted by the President's message."

To be consistent it should go on and say:

We indorse civil service reform as interpreted and administered by President Cleveland.

We indorse mugwumpery as interpreted by George William Curtis.

We indorse a free ballot and an honest count as interpreted in the Solid South.

We indorse the Bible as interpreted by all our leading infidels.

We'll indorse anything that can be interpreted to suit everybody.

She Found Him at Home.

A certain married lady in our town sat up until 12 o'clock one night last week waiting for her husband to come from the lodge. At last, weary and worn out with her long waiting, she went to her sleeping room to retire and there found the missing husband sound asleep. Instead of going to the lodge he had gone to his room and had never left the house. Such are the troubles some poor married women have to contend with in this life.—*Covington Star.*

Unexpected Gratitude.

"I adopted that boy," he said, with tears running down his face; "I took him out of the work house when he was a lad, and I kept him and fed him for nine years, and he's paid me back by running off with my wife. Gentlemen," he continued, wiping his face, "I'll stand you a bottle of wine. You don't often meet with gratitude in this world, but a kind act is sure to bring its own reward. I've sent him a check for $500."

Not What It's Cracked Up.

"I don't think much of the scenery in this part of the country," said a western man on a Central Hudson train bound north. "Give me prairie every time."

"What's the matter with the scenery in this part of the country?" asked a fellow-passenger.

"B'gosh, you can't see any. Them dinged hills an' mountains are in the way."

Kept Against His Wishes.

Old man (from the floor above)—"Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara?"

Young man (nervously)—"Yes, sir; but he is trying to get away."—*Harper's Bazar.*

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! Over a Million Distributed.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
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GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, July 10, 1888.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Prizes of $500 are	50,000
100 Prizes of 300 are	30,000
100 Prizes of 200 are	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 do. 100 are	99,900
999 do. 100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to	$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

☞ FOR CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

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REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

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THE PARSON ANSWERED.

She Would Go to the Station and Buy a Ticket.

Parson Green was one of the school committee in the town of Briarfield, and one of his hobbies related to the study of geography. He contended that very little time should be spent over foreign countries, but that each pupil should leave a common school with a clear and accurate knowledge of his own state's resources and topography. Not only was he devoted to this theory, but he lost no opportunity of promulgating it.

"Visiting school" one day, with a colleague who ventured to differ with him on this point, the minister undertook to illustrate his views by practical example. Selecting a particularly bright little girl in the geography class which had been reciting about Africa, he said to her:

"What do you know about the source of the Nile?"

The little maiden thereupon gave a vivid account of explorations and hardships, at which her teacher smiled approvingly.

"Do you know where Liberia is?"

She answered promptly and correctly.

"Can you tell anything about the ancient city of Alexandria?"

It proved that she could tell a great deal, and when she had distinguished herself in the eyes of her classmates, by enlarging upon it, the minister suddenly changed his tactics.

"What town in your state manufactures most cloth?" he asked.

The child hung her head. She did not know.

"How many mountains are there over 3,000 feet high?"

She had apparently never been told. The minister looked triumphantly at his friend.

"Now, you see," he went on, "this child doesn't even know enough about her own state to utilize its advantages when she grows up. Tell me, my little girl, if you wanted to go from your home to New York, what line of railroad you would take, and what bodies of water you would cross."

"I don't know, sir," sorrowfully said the child.

"Then you see yourself that you don't know anything about your own state," said he, determined to drive the question home. "Well, if you wanted to take such a journey, what should you do?"

The child was driven to the wall, and like many a weaker creature, she turned at bay. Her eyes were full of tears, and her lip quivered, but she replied bravely, "I should just ask my papa to take me to the station and buy my ticket."

She was questioned no more that day.—*Youth's Companion.*

He Always Was For Grover.

Thurman is called the old Roman because, we suppose, he is willing to throw himself into the breach to save his party. Cleveland is not called a noble Roman. He throws his party into the breach to save himself.—*Watertown Times.*

Always Useful.

Bobley—I suppose you didn't find your college training of much use while editing a paper in such a place as Devil's Gulch?

Yalenine—Didn't eh? Why, I had to maul the backbone out of half a dozen ruffians the first week I was there.—*Judge.*

Publishers' Column.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

The BLADE portrait of Gen. Sheridan is the best one ever published, and the finest of all the portraits of eminent men issued by the Blade Co. We have made arrangements in anticipation of a large demand for this portrait. Sent postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube on receipt of 25 cents. Agents will write for wholesale terms.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size by 10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We will send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any ad-[illegible]

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A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE CURE OF DISEASE. NATURE'S PROMPT REMEDY FOR MAN AND WOMAN.

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ELECTROZONE Our ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, giving testimonials, [illegible] case of disease, sent free.

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[illegible] Fine Bound Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs for sale. Catalogues with 150 engravings free. N. P. Boyer & Co., Coatesville, Pa.

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WANTED—Five traveling salesmen; salary and expenses; no experience necessary. Address with stamp, [illegible]

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40 Photos for Gents [illegible]

A SILENT PROTECTOR for Gents, only 25 [illegible]

UNMARRIED Persons ONLY. [illegible]

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SAFE, ALWAYS EFFECTUAL. THE ORIGINAL ONLY GENUINE. FAR SUPERIOR TO ERGOT, PENNYROYAL OR OXIDE. SAMPLE FREE. SEALED BY MAIL $1.00. SEALED PARTICULARS 2 CT. STAMP. ADDRESS DR. R. F. CATON, BOX 5257 BOSTON, MASS.

DO YOU WANT $10 FOR 25 CTS.?
[illegible] One Hundred Useful Articles, [illegible]

Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of them, and have the privilege of having them printed [illegible] making arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are [illegible] The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. [illegible] $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the noted artist, Thomas Nast. [illegible] "Nasby" letters [illegible] "Petroleum V. Nasby," [illegible] Weekly BLADE one year for $2.00.

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This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, [illegible] full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. [illegible] on receipt of $1.75.

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This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour [illegible] for $1.25.

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This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, [illegible] one year for $1.25.

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This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under [illegible] BLADE one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, [illegible]

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

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A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, [illegible] with BLADE one year, [illegible]

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes, [illegible] $2.50.

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another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. [illegible] with BLADE one year, $1.85.

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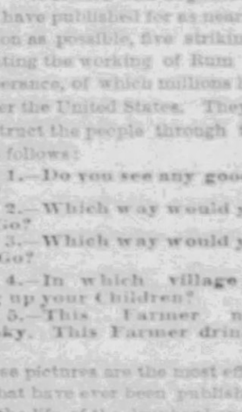
STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. [illegible] Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt. [illegible]

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" [illegible] BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for our readers and for circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating [illegible]

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

[illegible]

Address, enclosing cash, BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their houses cheaply and well, viz.:

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MAN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, but not [illegible] for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for [illegible] are all exquisite works of art, and are sure to give satisfaction. [illegible] pasteboard tubes [illegible] following prices:

Any one portrait	25
The five divines	80
The four generals	75
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do well [illegible] selling these pictures. [illegible] known upon application.

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

SOMETHING ABOUT DRESS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Heavens! how satisfied she was
With her good looks that day!
Look you, she had a bodice
Of the finest sky-blue, laced
With a lace of yellow, made for her.
And then she had sleeves of green
Of rich stuff, and a gown
Both wide and open.
* * * * * * *
Black hosen, little slippers,
White linen, a looped girdle,
And a fair-kerchief on her head-dress.

The above is a description of the dress of a fashionable Parisian lady in the time of Louis XII, when the somber garments which had been the style in the reign of his grandfather, Louis XI, had given place to gay colors, and to a variety of materials of foreign make. Then, as now, if Fashion set her seal upon anything, no matter how absurd it might be in the eyes of those who saw when its day was past, it was popular for a time, and only lost its popularity when the favor of the goddess was withdrawn, and she decreed some new departure.

The robing of this fair ladye, curious as it may read to-day, did not include one-half of the absurdities which have marked the times, both earlier and later. Nothing in the way of materials seems to come amiss, and no variety of shape or form can be imagined which has not, at some time, been used to ornament the human form divine, so that there is no small degree of wit in the comparison made by an English writer of a decade ago, between the woman of fashion and the Terebella.

No doubt, you who read are wondering, as I did, what this Terebella may be. Down in the sea it lives, a little animal to whom Nature was so unkind as to give no covering to its body, but left it to its own devices to protect itself as best it may from any discomforts or dangers that chance to come to it from this lack. It is as eager to make itself a fine robe as any fair woman that ever existed, and collects the materials that come to it from every direction with as little discretion as we often exhibit in the variety of stuffs that we use for adornment. It is a funny thing to think of this little creature seizing sand, shells, stones, pieces of seaweed, anything and everything that it can reach, and sticking them all over itself with a peculiar secretion, putting its head triumphantly forward as if challenging anything else to do as well, and to look as beautiful.

It has been said that there really is no beauty, except as it is made so in the eyes by some image which has been formed in the mind, and that therefore, so far as dress is concerned, no fixed rule can be laid down to determine what is, or what is not, desirable. As a proof that this is true, it is urged that the African considers that woman the most charming who has the blackest skin, the thickest mouth, the smallest eyes, the flattest nose, and the heaviest ears, while to the Englishman this combination is the height of ugliness. Whether it be so or not, we know that among civilized nations there are certain laws that govern the estimate of beauty, not only of form and feature, but also of those things which are supposed to enhance their attractions, and which we include under the general name of dress. The fact that monstrosities do make their appearance which entirely contravene these laws does not militate against their existance, and though undoubtedly

There is a goddess, troublesome, inconstant,
Strange in her tastes, in her adornments foolish;

yet the more refined a people, the more marked is the presence of some harmonizing and established thought in their general attire.

I have little patience and no sympathy with that class of people who say that dress is of no importance. Upon the contrary, its importance is absolute in various ways. In no small degree it reflects the character of the individual; it is a most "eloquent expositor of the person." Circumstances may prevent a full expression of the taste in what is worn, but no matter how narrow the conditioes and contracted the sum that may be expended for the "veil that wraps the form divine," the individuality will peep out in some way. In some novel, I do not now recall what, but one in which the author understood the power of delicate touches to bring out meaning, the heroine is made to change an exceedingly plain attire into a thing of beauty, in harmony with herself, by the addition, artistically placed, of a single knot of bright-hued ribbon.

The day has passed when clothing can be simply regarded as a covering only. It must, in some sense, be a work of art, an expression of a desire to please, of a wish to be at one's best before the world. It is because it has, in the process of time, acquired the deeper meaning, that is such an exponent of individuality. I do not deny that a person may be intelligent, good and honest, yet with an absolute indifference as to the outward appearance, but there is in such cases always a want of some quality, vital to a harmonious and well rounded character. To be careless about what one wears is a fault, because it augurs indifference to the feelings of others. It is possible, however, that the carelessness is not always the result of indifference, but it proceeds from vanity, a desire to show oneself lifted above such "paltry things as bodily adornments," and this is as great an individual wrong as the vanity that leads one, Terabella like, to exhaust brain and body in the effort to outshine the rest of one's social world.

The one great enemy to an always harmonious expression of the innerself of a woman in her dress in her blind obedience to the ever varying caprices of Fashion, of which nothing is more certain than that "Proteus was her sire." A certain general uniformity is a necessity, but when it comes to the tall and short, the fat and lean, the dark and light, the grave and gay, wearing precisely the same thing, it is as much of a folly as it would be for every body to attempt to key the voice upon exactly the same note. There should be a variation both in forms and colors, each to reflect the taste and character in such a way that the harmony of the whole may be felt by others, without their being in the least conscious of what are the factors in its production.

No dress can be really beautiful which is made up of parts that have no reason for being, that is, which have no artistic significance. Buttons that do not even have a semblance of use, trimming that is thrown on without apparent design, ribbons that do not tie anything—all these detract from the beauty of the whole, just as a fault in the perspective of a picture or a flaw in the rhythm of a line of poetry destroy the perfection of both as works of art.

Besides its beauty and harmony, there is also morality in dress to be considered. I do not mean here what is usually spoken of in this connection, for times and people vary so widely that what is held to be proper at one time, in another day and eneration may be regarded as shocking.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

KATE GREENAWAY BANNER.—Materials,—⅛ yard of artists' white linen; ⅛ of a yard of plush; 1 brass banner rod and chain; 8 silk tassels, or ⅜ of a yard of silk tape fringe. Make banner 1 yard long by ⅜ of a yard wide. On the right side, with pen and ink, draw Kate Greenaway figures from top to bottom, using your own taste in arranging them. Paint them on the wrong side with different colored oil paints. Line the banner with white cambric, putting a band of plush across the bottom, and the rod at the top to hang it up by. Sew the tassels or fringe across the plush.

SCRYM TIDY.—Get 1¼ yards of pretty striped linen scrym. Cut it so there will be three plain stripes; hem the sides and ends, and have the tidy 43x22 inches. On each plain stripe put a colored satin ribbon No. 9 and feather stitch it on in different colored silks. On the narrow plain stripes, between open work stripes, put Point Russe stitches and small gilt spangles. Across the ends put Valleneennes lace 4 or 5 inches wide.

Send fifteen cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration" to help you with summer decoration work.

TAPESTRY PAINTING WITH DIAMOND DYES.—During the past few years tapestry painting has been a favorite in decorative art. It is one of the simplest, and at the same time most effective branches of art in household decoration. When properly done, the work has the appearance or being either woven or worked by hand. The real colors are 30 in number, and cost 25 cents each, but I find that the diamond dye colors furnish all the colors needed, work as well, and are so inexpensive. If any one has never seen painted tapestry, it will be well to try on cheap handwork, as it is impossible to give full working directions in the limited space allowed me. It makes beautiful hangings, screens, etc. The canvas is made expressly for the purpose, and while being painted should be stretched as in oil painting. The canvas is first "oiled out" with a mixture of equal parts of boiled and raw linseed oil. It is best to let it lay for a few days after oiling before painting upon it. The design is first transferred, and then outlined in natural colors with a No. 2 sable brush. One will want at least a half dozen of fine bristle brushes to rub in the dyes, and a dozen is better. Dilute the colors in a dish and wash a brush after each color. The colors are transparent, so all places that are required to be white must be left unpainted. The colors are put on very much as are any water colors. The brightest shades first, going over the darker parts until the required shade is obtained. As the dyes penetrate the white canvas, and are indelible, any piece, when soiled, can be washed with soap and water. Very handsome panels for folding screens are made of this tapestry, and in fact almost anything in the way of panels, lambrequins and hangings are made of it.—MAE MILLER.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

FLUTED LACE.—Cast on 22 stitches; 1st row—plain; 2d row—k 16—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 3d row—k 9—p 11—leave 3 stitches on this needle that you do not knit this time, but turn and go back; 4th row—k 14—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 5th row—k 10—p 11—k 3; 6th row—k 18—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 7th row—k 11—p 11—leave 3 stitches on the needle unknit; 8th row—p 11—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 9th row—plain; 10th row—k 3—p 11—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 11th row—k 24—leave 3 stitches unknit; 12t row—p 11—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 13th row—bind off until you have 21 stitches on the lest, and 1 on the right—knit across plain and proceed from first.

POINT LACE BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING.—This edging is worked on a foundation of open lace braid with fine cotton in the following manner: 1st row—5 ch (chain stitch)—1 sc (single crochet) in the edge of the braid—6 ch—1 sc on the 1st of the preceding 5 ch—* 7 ch—1 sc on the 4th of the previous 6 ch—3 ch—1 sc in the edge of the braid after a space of a quarter of an inch—turn—and working on the st (stitches) before the last sc—ch 4 times alternately, put the thread around the needle and work a dc (double crochet) on the following 2d st, but work off only the lowest vein of each dc, keeping all the other looks on the needle, next work off these loops one by one as in Afghan stitch, then add 1 ch—put the thread over the hook—5 dc—working off only the lowest vein of each, on the loops just worked off, then 1 dc on the 1st of them, after which work off the loops as previously; repeat once from "add," then 1 ch—4 times alternately put the thread over and work 1 dc as previously on the next second of the loops just worked off, then work off the loops—turn—5 ch—1 sc on the vein before the repetition from "add"—3 ch—1 sc in the braid, 6 ch, 1 sc around the preceding 5 ch; repeat from *. 2d row: Going back over the 1st row, work 19 sc. around every point, 5 of them at the tip and the rest on the sides. 3d row: Turn and work over the back veins of the st in the 2d row in the same manner, but work 3 sc. on the middle one of the 19 sc., and pass over 2 in the hollow. 4th row: Turn, and work * 1 dc. on the 3d st. on the upward side of the next point, 3 times alternately 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them, and 1 dc. on the following 2d st., then twice a picot, and 1 dc. on the following 2 st.; repeat from *, but in every repetition work off the first dc. with the last dc. in the preceding pattern. 5th row: Along the opposite side of the braid * 1 sc. in the edge, twice alternately 3 ch. and 1 dc. on the first of the previous 3 ch., pass one-quarter of an inch of the braid and repeat from *. 6th row: Alternately 1 dc. on the next point and 3 ch. 7th row: Alternately 1 dc. on the following 2d st. and 1 ch. EX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HER EXPERIENCE.—Seeing an inquiry regarding Christian Science, I thought perhaps I could give a few words on that subject that has lately come under my observation. Of course this is a new thing to me, and my knowledge of it is limited; however there are two parties in this neighborhood who look upon this way of treatment as a blessing in restoring them to health. One is a little girl cured of asthma, who had been considered incurable, and (I will confess) I have witnessed her sufferings with the same thoughts. The other, a man who had suffered for years with dyspepsia, was cured with three weeks treatment. Of course it takes longer to cure some diseases than others. The name of the scientist is W. C. Fisk, Topeka, Kan.

There are others taking treatment, the results of which are not yet known. I am one among the number, and although I do not yet realize very much improvement, I feel confident that I shall be restored to health in due time.

Perhaps there are some who remember "Invalid Fannie," Normanville, Kan., who a few years ago wrote a letter to the HOUSEHOLD from her pillows, and in return received many warm letters of sympathy from unknown friends, some who since then have passed away to the better land. But their words of cheer and consolation are in my memory yet. How I longed to take those dear ones by the hand and thank them for such friendly tokens of remembrance. Oh, how little we may know the real value of our words as we pen them. A few kind words that cost us so little may prove a blessing to some drooping spirit. By our loving offerings we may paint many a bright picture of life, which they may have failed to have seen before. How earnestly I long to be active and useful in life's battle, and hope some one may be benefited by my existence. How glad I will be if I can make some pathway brighter, some sad heart glad, by offering them kind, encouraging words, inspiring new hopes in their lives.

Look up, ye weary ones, to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift;" there is hope for you! Remember, it is in "Him we live, move and have our being," and if we faint not in well doing, we shall reach a golden harvest e'er long. If the HOUSEHOLD wishes, I may write again. Hoping some who read this may be encouraged to go forth with renewed energies and fresh hopes, is the sincere prayer of—FANNIE MILLER, Everest, Brown Co., Kas.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.—I do not suppose that there is a housekeeper who has not at some time had an unexpected guest drop in, when there was nothing in the house to eat, or at least nothing that could be prepared quickly. At one time, it was my lot to live a few miles from the city, and many were the unexpected visits I received. At first I was very much troubled at getting up *impromptu* dinners, for there was no butcher shop, and only a country store that kept but the commonest groceries. In a short time, however, I learned to be always prepared, so I could get up a really good repast on short notice.

I now make it a point to always have a few cans each of corned beef, dried beef, oysters, sardines, salmon, lobster, corn, tomatoes and condensed milk. Also a ham, box of crackers, pickles and canned pears, peaches and jellies. I also make a practice of always keeping on hand a jar of hand-made ginger snaps, cookies or doughnuts. I am very careful never to get entirely out of bread, and if I happen to be a little short I make baking powder biscuit, which take but a few moments.

I well remember the last time that unexpected company came. It was one day when I was busy cleaning upstairs closets, and only lacked an hour to dinner time. Thank fortune there was plenty of bread, but nothing else. I went to work with a will, and at the regular time dinner was ready. I will give the menu. Number of persons six. Oyster soup, warm corned beef, mashed potatoes, corn fritters, lettuce salad, bread and butter, chow chow, ginger snaps, Floating Island, tea, coffee.

OYSTER SOUP.—Two cans core oysters, open, pour off the juice into a stew pan, add one quart each of hot water and milk, and a tiny pinch of soda. When boiling, add pepper and salt to taste and 4 tablespoonfuls butter. Add the oysters just before serving.

CORNED BEEF.—Cut open two cans at the sides, letting the contents slip out whole. Slice, put into a pan, and steam for fifteen minutes. Serve with lettuce or pastry to garnish.

CORN FRITTERS.—One can corn, two well beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls flour, salt and pepper to taste. Fry in little pats, in hot lard. Serve upon a platter with a fringed doylie underneath.

LETTUCE SALAD.—Wash and pick apart as much lettuce as desired. Pile in a salad bowl and pour over it the following dressing: One tablespoonful flour, 2 eggs, teaspoonful salt, 1½ teaspoonfuls mustard, 1½ cupfuls water, 1 tablespoonful butter. Beat the eggs well, stir flour and mustard smooth with a little water; add water, salt and vinegar. Set in a pan of boiling water; add butter and stir until as thick as cream. Cool quickly. Will keep years if bottled.

GINEER SNAPS.—One cupful molasses, 1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful butter, ½ cupful cold coffee, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls soda, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon. Stir molasses, sugar, spice and soda; add butter, stir well, add coffee and flour for a soft dough. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

FLOATING ISLAND—One can condensed milk, three pints hot water; dissolve the milk in the water, add sugar to suit taste. When boiling stir in three tablespoonfuls of starch, rubbed smooth in water, a little salt and the well beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir continuously until as thick as cream, cool quickly and add teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon. Put a flat pan filled with boiling water upon the stove; beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add four teaspoonfuls fine sugar, drop by spoonfuls into the water, let them remain one minute, skim out and put into a seive or colender. When the custard is cold put it into a handsome dish and pile the float in a pyramid in the center.

COFFEE.—One tablespoonful ground coffee to each person, the shells of two eggs, then add cold water to wet up the coffee. Put in a cupful and a little over of boiling water to each spoonful of coffee. Let it just come to a boil and set off. Rinse your coffee pot with boiling water, and when ready to send to the table, strain the coffee into it through a strainer lined with flannel.

TEA.—One teaspoonful to each person and one extra; 1 cupful and a little over of boiling water to each spoonful of tea; bring to a boil; set off for five minutes, and strain into a warm tea-pot.—MONTANA MAY.

A QUESTION:—Dear mothers of the HOUSEHOLD, who desire, above all things, to have your children grow up to be honest, pure-minded men and women, do you ever dread, as I do, to send your little ones to school where you know they will be compelled to associate with children unfit to be the playmates or companions of innocent little ones? I believe all schools have more or less of such scholars, and I think if teachers would take more interest in the games of their pupils, and occasionally join them in their play, they would have just as good success as teachers and also prevent the use of much profane and obsene language, thus promoting the cause of social purity. The health of many teachers would be greatly benefited by the out-of-door exercise, and a lasting friendship established between teacher and scholars.

I would like to hear from others on this subject. I have just sent my boy to school for the first time, so, of course, I feel a deep concern on his account.—H. L. H.

EXPLANATION.—In answer to the many inquiries for full explanation with regard to using steam of tar. Of course I was verdant. As I live where I can get plenty of cane, I did not think but what others did too; could you not make a substitute of goose quills, hollow weeds or elder stems? After due consideration I am not at all surprised that using two quills is a mystery to those who do not understand chemistry. The lower quill should extend two-thirds length of bottle as a ventilator, making the steam nearly as strong as tar itself. You must not let the lower end of top quill touch the water. You suck with your mouth and should draw and swallow till your lungs are fully expanded; let steam escape through your nostrils which answers every purpose; use it each time till the water gets cool, then drain off; add fresh boiling water each time; you need not renew the tar as long as it retains its strength. One bottle cured me. I only had to use it about two or three weeks. Your case may require its use much longer. Yes, my taste and sense of smelling is restored and my memory much better.

Doubtless some of you will receive the desired benefit, while others will not like the trouble. My friends, the promise is to the faithful both temporarily and spiritually. The Master has left us all a work to do, and also provides us with means when we have faithfully performed our duty. Right then and there he fulfills his promise, there is no perhaps in the case. Second, And as a witness for God and your encouragement, let me tell you I bow this old imperfect body of mine in the humblest attitude that I've ever been taught every night before I retire, no matter how late nor how weary. I thank him that he has spared me one more day and night, and ask him for the sake of Jesus, and in the plentitude of his tender mercies, to grant me one more night's rest, and that I may be able to do my daily routine of work, and that it may be done in His service and for the good of those with whom my lot is cast. May God help us all to be faithful, and that we all may reach our home where all our sorrows, pains anp aches will have forever vanished.—MRS. JOHN L. EVANS.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one give a good boiled Indian pudding recipe?—E. B., Ballard, Mo.

Will Robert Boyd, who lately wrote a letter to the BLADE, communicate with Mrs. Alexander Boyd, Littleport, Iowa?

Please tell me through the BLADE how to get rid of mites, or lice, on chickens, and what to do for them, and how old must young turkeys be before they can run in the dew and rain?—MRS. A. S. W.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD give directions for making a traveling bag? They are made of cloth or canvas, fasten with buttons, and are shaped, when packed, something like a pillow.—S. S.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please give me a recipe for coloring cotton brown? My goods are half cotton and half wool.—MRS. A. J., Winterset, Iowa.

Will some one describe the treatment of Chinese lillies during the summer, and also tell if the stalks are to die off?—E. E. SCHUYLER, Turbotville, Pa.

Will some one tell me how to remove hair from the forehead?—ANNA.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE help me to make a selection in buying a piano. I have no knowledge of music or musical instruments, but wish to get a piano for my little girl. I want to get the very best?—MRS. W. P. MADAY, Missoule, Montana.

Better go to a good musician who is known to you near your own home, and ask advice.—ED.

I am a woman preacher down in Southeast Missouri. I live on a farm, care for a family of six and preach four Sundays out of every month. I meet with much opposition in my ministerial career, simply because I am a woman. It has pleased God to call me to preach His Gospel, but my financial means are very limited. I thought perhaps some minister or some of the HOUSEHOLD friends who read this might have some old books that would be useful for a young preacher, that they did not need, I would be very glad to get them. Will pay postage, and pray that God may bless the sender.—REV. MRS. ANDERSON, Doniphan, Ripley Co., Mo.

Will you please let me know through the HOUSEHOLD the address of Mrs. Eddy, founder of the Massachusetts Metaphysical college, and oblige.—MRS. E. W. ELLITHORP, Mishawaka, Ind.?

If you address a letter to Mrs. M. B. Eddy, President of Massachusetts Metaphysical College, Boston, Mass., it will reach her, without doubt.—ED.

A reader of the BLADE would like very much for some one living at Leroy, Marion Co., Florida, to give a description of the country in the BLADE, for the benefit of many who would like to know about that country. Address Box 75, Burr Oak, Wineshiek Co., Iowa.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Private letters written to the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD must wait her leisure as it is impossible for her to be prompt. Frequently it happens that she cannot reply until so much time is past that it is useless to write. Letters involving a long answer cannot receive any, simply from lack of time.—ED.

I have received a number of inquiries in regard to the "equipoise waist," all of which I have gladly answered.

I send the following mottoes. Some of them may suit: "We bide our time;" "We glean golden sheaves;" "We can if we will;" "We paint for eternity," "Wings for angels, feet for men;" "The world still moves;" "Graduation—what then;" "Not finished, but begun;" "Fugit hora," (The hours fly); "Qui non proficit, deficit," (He who advances not, goes backward); "Spero meliora," (We hope for better things); "Omnia vincit labor," (Labor conqnors all things); "Finis opus coronat," (The end crowns the labor.)

Someone wanted to know how to prevent lamp chimneys from breaking. A good way is to put the chimney in a pail, for protection, and immerse it in the reservoir of water on your cookstove when the water is hot, and all night when it will slowly cool. This is a kind of annealing process that is said to toughen the glass. The use of soapsuds is to be avoided in cleaning, and only clear hot water used.—L. M.

In the BLADE of May 24 "F. B. Herrick" asks: "The cause of flat irons rusting and how to prevent it?" Among the many causes is dampness in the room. For instance: when the fire is built in the morning, and the tea kettle boils before the things have got warm, dishes and irons and such things will gather moisture. If the face of the flatirons are exposed they will rust. Flatirons standing on the stove, over the cracks, when the fire is built, will gather moisture and rust. Preventive: As soon as cool enough after using set them face down on a shelf, that has a paper spread on it. Have tried this for years and never knew it to fail. To make your irons glide smoothly over the clothes, especially starched ones, have a bit of beeswax in a cloth and rub it lightly over the face of the iron, and quickly rub it off on a coarse cloth. An old piece of carpet is good.—MRS. TOOKER.

Say to "Crosby" that Southeastern Kansas is exempt from hay fever. Physicians here claims that the climate is excellent for those threatened with consumption. If he would write to physicians here they could inform him as to the possibility of relief.—SIDNEY S.

California is strongly recommended as a good climate for hay-fever sufferers.—E. L. CHAMBERS, Wildomar, California.

MARY R.—Some of the plants that succeed well in the shade are begonia, camellias, ferns, German and English ivies, etc. Those that require a very rich soil or a more liberal use of manure are the calla, rose and smilax. Plants grown in small pots bloom more freely than those grown in larger ones, but are more liable to injury from drying of the earth.

RECIPES.

PLAIN BEEF SOUP.—Use the shank and let the bones be well cracked. Put in cold water and simmer gently for four hours, then set away to be used the next day. An hour before dinner remove the fat, add ¾ teacupful of pearl barley or rice, remove the meat and put in 1 chopped potato, 1 carrot, 1 onion, and 1 turnip and the juice of 1 lemon. Before putting in the vegetables stir in 1 tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste.

BEAN SOUP.—Soak 1 qt. of beans over night, then put them in 4 qts. of water and boil two hours. Shred a few pieces of salt pork in the soup and boil one hour. Then strain through a colander, pressing all through but the skins. Season to taste. Toast some thin slices of bread and break into the tureen. Always get the small white bean, as they are the best.

CABBAGE SOUP.—Boil with 4 lbs. of beef some black pepper whole for three hours. Then cut three or four cabbages in quarters and boil until quite tender. Turn into a dish and serve together.

CLAM SOUP.—Take 25 clams, open quickly by pouring boiling water on them, in order to save the juice. Chop the clams fine and boil in about 4 qts. of water. Take 1 teacupful of cream or rich milk, butter the size of an egg, small tablespoonful of flour, and stir into the broth. Boil five minutes. Serve with crackers or toast.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Boil the chicken in 4 qts. of water until you can remove the bones. Shred the meat and put it into the liquid with 2 tablespoonfuls of rice. Chop a small carrot and 1 head of celery very fine. Add 1 cupful of broken macaroni. Boil one-half hour and season with pepper and salt.

GOOD ECONOMICAL SOUP.—Boil the bones of beef steak or roast beef for two hours, strain and return to the kettle with a teacupful of broken macaroni. Slice into the tureen a hard boiled egg and a part of a lemon. A teaspoonful of powdered cloves may be used instead of the lemon, or both cloves and lemon may be employed.

HOTCH POTCH.—Boil 1 pt. of peas in 1 qt. of water until they are so tender that they can be easily pulped through a sieve. Cut 3 lbs. of lean mutton into cops, put it into a saucepan with 1 gal. of water, 4 carots, and 4 turnips cut in small pieces; season with pepper and salt. Boil until all the vegetables are quite tender, then put in the pulped peas, 1 head of celery, a sliced onion, boil 15 minutes and serve.

LOBSTER SOUP.—1 lobster, a few crackers, 1 qt. of milk, and 1 qt. of water, 1 tablespoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of pepper, ¼ lb. of fresh butter. Cut the meat into small pieces. When the milk and water are boiling hot add the lobster and rolled crackers to the soup with the butter. Let it boil closely covered for one-half hour.

MUTTON BROTH.—Take a small leg of mutton, boil it two hours with a chopped turnip, a carot, an anion and a potato; add a spoonful of rice. The mutton is to be served for dinner with drawn butter and caper sauce.

GREEN PEA PORRIDGE.—Boil 3 pts of green peas in just water enough to cook until they are tender; pour in 3 pts. of milk; let it boil up and then add ¼ lb. butter rubbed into flour enough to thicken it to your liking. Boil until the flour is cooked, and season with salt and pepper. Serve when hot.

POTATO SOUP.—Take 6 large mealy potatoes, sliced and soaked 1 hour. Add 1 onion sliced and tied in a rag, 1 qt. of milk, and ¼ lb. of salt pork cut in slices. Boil three-quarters of an hour, and then add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a well beaten egg mixed in a cup of milk. Some omit the pork and use salt and pepper to flavor it.

POTATO SOUP (2).—Fry 7 or 8 potatoes and a small sliced onion in a pan in some butter or drippings. When they are a little colored, put them in 2 or 3 pts. of hot water (stock would, of course, be better; yet hot water is oftenest used); add also a large heaping tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Let it boil until the potatoes are quite soft. Put all through the colander. Return it to the fire and let it simmer 2 or 3 minutes. When just ready to serve, take the kettle off the fire; add plenty of salt and pepper, and the beaten yolks of 2 or 3 eggs. Don't let the soup boil when the eggs are in, as they would curdle.

The above recipes are from "Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book," published by the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O.

The Remarkable Cures.

Which have been effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the several cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought about the happiest results. The case of Miss Sarah C. Whittier, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofulous sores; that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., who had thirteen abscesses on his face and neck; that of Willie Duff, of Walpole, Mass., who had hip disease and scrofula so bad that physicians said he could not recover, are a few of the many instances in which wonderful cures were effected by this medicine.

HOMEOPATHIC CIGARS.

Mr. Williams Astonishes the Thompson Street Poker Club.

"Dats a twonny cent cigyah!" angrily retorted Mr. Williams.

"Buy one fer twonny cents 'n yo' gits de rester de box fer a prize?" queried the Rev. Mr. Smith, sweetly. "Yo' smokes dat bran' on the hummypath prinspie, Toot?"

"How—how's dat hummypath?" scornfully inquired Mr. Williams, with rapidly rising wrath.

"Smillyer smillybuster," quoted the learned chairman, on which burst of classic erudition Prof. Brick smiled vigorous approval.

"Wha—whad yo' mean by dat?" demanded Mr. Williams, hotly. "Whad yo' mean by sayin' smillyum smillicus ter me? Dad's an insulk, 'n——"

"Dat de cigah, Toot," sweetly explained the Rev. Mr. Smith. "De cigyah am smillyer smillybus on de hummypath prinspie dat one smash kyores annudder, 'n——"—*New York World.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Richest medicinal spring in America. Imposing building; newly furnished throughout. Brush electric lights, steam heating. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars.

JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't,
Green Spring, Ohio.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CLAYTON, MICH.	Mary Evans
Earl Whitaker	Emma Jones
Emma Whitaker	Ruthie Jones
Elsie Eddy	Mary Richardson
Harvey Furman	Annie Richardson
Grace Bryant	Edith Richardson
Linna Yarick	Katie Owens
Will Holmes	Jennie Davis
Arthur Holmes	Davy Evans
Stanley Bryant	Willie Mead
Lena Stockwell	Volly Johnson
Hugh Wise	Frank Johnson
Ed Bittinger	Willie Johnson
Grace Carpenter	Alfred Johnson
Merta Carpenter	Johnnie Williams
Charles Stockwell	Daniel Williams
DAWN, MO.	Thomas Williams
Rosa Jones	Harry Smith
Sadie Jones	Earl Smith
Hattie Jones	Eugene Smith
Lizzie Jones	Richie Richardson
Maggie Lewis	Johnnie Jones
Mary Lewis	Lewis Davis
Eva Lewis	

Names this week, 44. Total 23,683.

The above embraces all names received up to June 7.

A BEAR STORY.

The children listened, eager-eyed,
While grandma read aloud, one day,
The story of a little girl
Who from her playground strayed away.

And on, and on, through wildwood paths,
With danger near on every side,
Where'er her frolic fancy led,
She followed till the eventide.

When, wearied out, she chanced to reach
A nook amid the thickets deep,
Well overspread with moss and leaves,
Where lay an infant bear asleep.

And, glad of such a resting place,
Within the cosy nook she crept,
And soon upon her new-found bed,
In fearless innocence she slept.

And when the mother bear returned
And saw the stranger in her nest,
Compassion for the human child
Was wakened in her savage breast.

And through the night, in gentle mood,
She crouched behind the slumbering form,
And shielded it with watchful care
Against the chilling winds and storm.

And here at dawn a hunting band
Beheld the friendly trio laid,
And swiftly to her stricken home
They bore in joy the truant maid.

And none could raise a hand to harm
The creature that had spared the child;
They left her in her own domain,
To roam at will the forest wild.

—*M. E. N. Hathaway, in Independent.*

LOUISA ALCOTT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HER CHILDHOOD.

One of my earliest memories is playing with books in my father's study. Building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, scribbling on blank pages whenever pen or pencil could be found. Many of these attempts at authorship still exist, and I often wonder if these childish plays did not influence my life after, since books have been my greatest delight, castle-building a never failing delight, and scribbling a profitable amusement.

Being born on the birth-day of Columbus, I seem to have something of my patron saint's spirit of adventure, and running away was one of the delights of my childhood. Many a social lunch have I shared with hospitable Irish beggar children, as we ate our crusts, cold potatoes and salt fish, on our voyages of discovery among the ash heaps of the waste land that then lay where the Albany station now stands. Many an impromptu picnic have I had on the dear old Common, with strange boys, pretty babies, and friendly dogs, who always seemed to feel that this reckless young person needed looking after.

On one occasion, the town-crier found me fast asleep at 9 o'clock on a doorstep in Bedford street, with my head pillowed on the curly breast of a Newfoundland, who was with difficulty persuaded to release the weary little wanderer who had sobbed herself to sleep there. I often smile as I pass that door, and never forget to give a grateful pat to every big dog I meet, for never have I slept more soundly than on that old dusty step, or found a better friend than the noble animal who watched over the lost baby so faithfully.

My father's school was the only one I ever went to, and when this was broken up because he introduced methods now all the fashion, our lessons went on at home, for he was always sure of four little pupils who firmly believed in their teacher, though they have not done him all the credit he deserved. I never liked arithmetic or grammar, and dodged these branches on all occasions; but reading, composition, history and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us with a skill which made the dullest charming and useful. "Pilgrim's Progress," Krummacher's "Parables," Miss Edgeworth and the best of the dear old fairy tales, made that hour the pleasantest of the day.

On Sundays we had a simple service of Bible stories, hymns and conversations about the state of our little consciences and the conduct of our childish lives which never will be forgotten. Needlework began early, and at ten my skilful sister made a linen shirt beautifully, while at 12 I set up as a doll's dressmaker, with my sign out, and wonderful models in my window. All the children employed me, and my turbans were all the rage at one time, to the great dismay of the neighbors' hens, who were hotly hunted down, that I might tweak out their downiest feathers to adorn the dolls' headgear.

Active exercise was my delight from the time when, a child of six, I drove my hoop around the Common without stopping, to the days when I did my twenty miles in five hours and went to a party in the evening.

I always thought I must have been a deer or a horse in some former state, because it was such a joy to run. No boy could be my friend till I had beaten him in a race, and no girl, if she refused to climb trees, leap fences and be a tomboy. My wise mother, anxious to give me a strong body to support a lively brain, turned me loose in the country and let me run wild, learning of nature what no books can teach, and being led, as those who truly love her seldom fail to be,

"Through nature up to nature's God."

I remember running over the hills just at dawn one summer morning, and, pausing to rest in the silent woods, saw through an arch of trees, the sun rising over river, hill and wide green meadow, as I never saw it before. Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood, and the unfolding of aspirations of a child's soul, seemed to bring me very near to God, and in the hush of that morning hour, I always felt that I "got religion," as the phrase goes. A new and vital sense of His presence, tender and sustaining as a father's arm, came to me then, never to change through 40 year's of life's vicissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain sorrow and success.

Those Concord days were the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes and Goodwins, with their illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions.

Plays in the barn were a favorite amusement, and we dramatized the fairy tales in great style.

People wondered at our frolics, but enjoyed them, and droll stories are still told of the adventures of those days. Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller were visiting my parents one afternoon, and the conversation having turned to the ever-interesting subject of education, Miss Fuller said:

"Well, Mr. Alcott, you have been able to carry out your methods in your own family, and I should like to see your model children."

She did in a few moments, for, as the guests stood on the door steps, a wild uproar approached, and round the corner of the house came a wheelbarrow holding baby May arrayed as a queen; I was the horse, bitted and bridled and driven by my elder sister Anna, while Lizzie played dog, and barked as loud as her gentle voice permitted. All were shouting and wild with fun, which, however, came to a sudden end as we espied the stately group before us, for my foot tripped and down we all went in a laughing heap, while my mother put a climax to the joke by saying, with a dramatic wave of her hand:

"Here are those model children, Miss Fuller."

My sentimental period began at 15, when I fell to writing romances, poems, a "heart journal," and dreaming dreams of a splendid future. Browsing over Mr. Emerson's library, I found Goethe's "Correspondence with a Child," and was at once fired with a desire to be a second Bettine, making my father's friend my Goethe. So I wrote letters to him, but was wise enough never to send them, left wild flowers on the doorsteps of my "Master," sung Mignon's song in very bad German under his window, and was fond of wandering by moonlight, or sitting in a cherry-tree at midnight, till the owls scared me to bed. This girlish folly did not last long, and the letters were burnt years ago, but Goethe is still my favorite author, and Emerson remained my beloved "Master" while he lived, doing more for me, as for many another young soul, than he ever knew, by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his books, the example of a good great man untempted and unspoiled by the world which he made nobler while in it, and left the richer when he left.

The trials of life began about this this time, and my childhood ended. Money is never plentiful in a philosopher's house, and even the maternal pelican could not supply all our wants on the small income, which was freely shared with every needy soul who asked for help. Fugitive slaves Fugitive slaves were sheltered under our roof, and my first pupil was a very black George Washington, whom I taught to write on the hearth with charcoal, his big fingers finding pen and pencil unmanageable. Motherless girls, seeking protection, were guarded among us; hungry travelers sent on to our door to be fed and warmed, and if the philosopher happened to have two coats the best went to a needy brother, for these were practical Christians who had the most perfect faith in Providence, and never found it betrayed.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SHELF IN THE ATTIC.

When Kate Holden entered the sitting-room to greet a stylish caller, a glance revealed the disorderly condition of the room that had been made tidy by her own hands but a few hours before. Poor Kate could not conceal her annoyance, and the cloud that rested upon her usually sunny face deepened as she parted from her friend and returned to her mother's room. It was not a new trial; Kate's wisdom and patience had been sorely taxed during the protracted illness of her mother; and the five active children, missing the mother's restraining hand, were rapidly getting beyond her control.

Mrs. Holden listened patiently to Kate's oft-repeated story of thoughtlessness on the part of the children, and realized that something must be done to assist her in enforcing habits of order. Kate's ingenuity soon developed a plan, and the decree went forth that all mislaid articles would be speedily transferred to a certain broad shelf in the attic, from which none but the owner might remove them. The novelty of the plan interested the children, while father, Kate and even Bridget, promised to submit to its conditions; and Kate, sanguine of success, made haste to appoint a place for everything, and to put everything in its appropriate place.

For a few days, order reigned in the house. Mary's dolls were carefully returned to their drawer; the boy's hats were hung upon their alloted pegs; Jenny's aprons and ribbons were no longer sown broadcast throughout the house, and even little Charley's blocks and toys were carefully guarded from threatened exile. But careless habits had too long prevailed to be overcome at once, and the first rainy day sent a waterproof and an umbrella to the broad shelf. The same evening, as the children gathered about the table to prepare lessons, Harry's book could not be found.

"Where did you leave them?" asked one.

"I know where you will find them," said Jenny, and amid peals of laughter, Harry, with more than necessary energy, ascended the attic stairs. This was a valuable reminder to the other children, but soon Mary's dolls disappeared from the sofa; Jenny's paint box from the dining table; even Charley's soldiers exchanged their camping-ground in mamma's room for the greater seclusion of the broad shelf in the attic. The children usually submitted cheerfully, but Jenny sometimes pettishly complained of the inconvenience of a dressing-room at the top of the house, and John, when time pressed, preferred to do without cuffs and gloves.

"It isn't all fun," said Mary one evening, as she timidly entered the dusky room in search of her composition book; "but if we can only catch Kate, I'll not complain."

And the opportunity came at length; Kate, preparing for a drive, sought in vain for her muff. She hurried from closet to drawer in search of the missing article that no one had seen, while her escort restrained the impatient horses at the gate.

"Charlie must have taken it," she said, fretfully, and finding him in the kitchen, she repeated the question.

"Yes," said the little rogue, "I found it on mamma's bed, and Bridget and I putted it away on the attic shelf, where she found my books."

Bridget suddenly disappeared, and Kate, followed by the children's shouts of triumph, sought the attic shelf.

Mr. Holden's turn came at last.

"Children," he asked hurriedly, one morning, have any of you seen my driving gloves?"

"Yes, papa, dear," replied Mary, sweetly; "I saw them last night in the attic on the broad shelf."

A look of astonishment, not unmingled with displeasure passed over his face, as he repeated, "In the attic?"

Mary saw the half-frightened looks of the children and the cloud upon her father's face, and, fearing she had ventured to far, quickly sprang up saying: "Forgive me, papa; I'll go and get them."

"No, no," said Mr. Holden, "I had quite forgotten the new law, but if I have broken it, I'll pay the penalty." As his heavy steps ascended the stairs, the repressed mirth gave way to merry laughter in which he heartily joined. Quiet was scarcely restored when Bridget was heard anxiously inquiring for a lost broom.

"You'll find it on the broad shelf in the attic," shouted Harry, "the piazza is not the proper place for a broom."

Bridget also mounted the stairs.

"She's the very last," said Jenny. "It's doing us lots of good, and I don't mind going every day for the fun of seeing others go."

She did not go every day, however, for orderly habits were becoming fixed in the Holden family. Kate's tasks were greatly lightened, and when Mrs. Holden was able to resume her place in the family, she found the law like many another, unnecessary, because seldom transgressed.—*Golden Rule.*

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

It is said of one of the monarchs of Russia that he was one day a little annoyed at ringing his bell more than once without receiving an answer. On opening the door of his cabinet, he was surprised to find his page fast asleep in a chair. His first impulse was to awaken and rebuke him. On approaching the sleeper, however, a playful thought seized his majesty, (for kings are but men,) and he resolved to amuse himself a little at the page's expense. Seeing a paper projecting from his pocket on which something was written, his curiosity was excited. So he quietly leaned forward, stealthily extracted the letter and retreated into the royal apartment. Taking his seat he opened it, and, with a gleam of amusement in his eye, he commenced reading it. The letter was from the boy's dear mother, and was as follows:

MY DEAR SON:—I return you many thanks for the money you saved from your salary and sent to me. It has proven a great help to me. God will certainly reward you, my dear boy, for it, and if you continue to serve your God and your king faithfully and conscientiously, you will not fail of success and prosperity in this world.

From your loving mother,
MARY——.

By the time the king had finished the letter his amused look had given place to an expression of admiration, justice and benevolence.

"Worthy boy," he exclaimed, "and equally worthy mother. The act shall be rewarded." And then, stepping softly into his closet, he brought out a number of ducats (worth $2 each,) and put them with the letter into the boy's pocket. After this he rang the bell violently, which brought the page into his presence.

"You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king.

The page stammered out an excuse, and while doing so put his hand in his pocket and felt the money. Pale, and with his eyes full of tears, he looked at the king imploringly.

"What is the matter with you?" said his majesty.

"Oh," replied the boy, "somebody has contrived my ruin. I know nothing of this money!"

"What God bestows," resumed the king, using the German proverb, "He bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother, and give my respects to her, and tell her that I will take care of both you and her."

The commandment to honor parents is accompanied by a promise of long days in the land which the Lord has given you. The Chinese, who are noted for their affection for their parents, are the oldest nation upon the earth. Their days are long upon the land which the Lord has given them.—*Boys and Girls.*

A Babe in the House

Is the source of much sunshine and joy, brightening many a dark cloud and lightening many a heavy load—but joys continual abide only in a healthy body. The Creator with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvelous Laboratory reveals its secrets to man only by long and searching labor. Few men have attained a greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce; nor devised for suffering humanity a greater production than his "Golden Medical Discovery," the unfailing remedy for consumption in its earlier stages, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

The Sunday School

Second Quarterly Review.

LESSON XIII., SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1888.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

Golden text for the quarter: But we behold him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor.—Heb. 2: 9.

1. THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.—Rev. 10: 9.

2. CHRIST'S LAST WARNING.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Psa. 51: 10.

3. CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.—Mark 13: 37.

4. THE TEN VIRGINS.

And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut.—Matt. 25: 10.

5. THE TALENTS.

Be thou faihful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2: 10.

6. THE JUDGMENT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.—Matt. 25: 46.

7. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Cor. 5: 7.

8. JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.—Heb. 5: 8.

9. PETER'S DENIAL.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10: 12.

10. JESUS CRUCIFIED.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—Phil. 2: 8.

11. JESUS RISEN.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15: 20.

12. THE GREAT COMMISSION.

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.—Psa. 68: 11.

REVIEW HINTS FOR THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

There are many ways of conducting a review lesson. Some teachers use only a repetition of titles and a recitation of golden texts; some show again the pictures or objects used, or reproduce the blackboard hints; others recall the mention of places where the scenes of the quarter's lessons have been located, or again call up the names and characters which have been subjects of study. That review is best and most practical which will most successfully get back from those who have before learned, and teach those who do not know, some connected idea of the quarter's study, and give a clear impression of the truths taught. No other religious study is so important for little ones as the story of Jesus' life, his words and work on earth, his sufferings, death, resurrection and that he is now in heaven, an ever-living Christ and Saviour. No teacher can exactly prescribe the best review for the class of another; but several suggestions are here given which may be adopted or rearranged. No doubt, in many primary classes, there are children so familiar with the gospel story that they can readily answer any leading questions on the life of Christ as studied during the last year. It will benefit them and others to encourage them to do so; for every child should know the life-story from Bethlehem to Calvary. The present review relates especially to the accounts of his sufferings and death. Put on the blackboard:

Jesus' Last Days.—All our lessons of the quarter have been of what occurred during the last week of the life of Jesus upon earth. On what day did he enter Jerusalem as a king? Where did he get the colt to ride upon? What did the multitudes say and sing? How did they show him honor? Who sang in the temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David?" Whom did he see in the temple buying and selling? He looked round about him, then went to Bethany, and spent the night. The next day, Monday, he came again, and drove out the traders, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers; that is called cleansing the temple. What did he say about the "house of prayer?" On Tuesday he came again to the temple courts, and taught there for the last time, speaking several parables and words of warning. In the afternoon, he went to the Mount of Olives, and there talked with his disciples. Wednesday he spent in quiet, probably in Bethany, with friends and disciples. On Thursday, which two of his disciples did he send into the city? For what were they to prepare? In the evening, where did they eat the last supper? What was the name of the garden where Jesus went to pray? To which three of the disciples did he say, "Tarry ye here, and watch with me?" That night he was betrayed; by whom? Who denied him, during that night, in the palace? The next day, Friday, he was sentenced to death, crucified, dead, buried. On Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, he lay in the grave. What morning did he arise? Now the children might repeat after you, line by line, the events of the week.

Sunday—(the first day of the week) Christ entered Jerusalem.
Monday—cleansed the temple.
Tuesday—taught in the temple and on the Mount of Olives.
Wednesday—spent at Bethany.
Thursday—in the upper room; the garden.
Friday—tried, crucified, buried.
Saturday—in the tomb.
Sunday—arose.

If preferred, teach and question by naming the places as well as the days of the week: Entering Jerusalem; in the temple; on the Mount of Olives; in the upper room; in the garden; at the palace; in the judgment hall; on Calvary; in the grave; in an upper room again; and, some days after, on a mountain in Galilee.

Jesus's Last Words—Under this blackboard heading might be recalled eight of the quarter's lessons; indeed, every one of them could be included, by using with the story of Peter's denial the charge and warning Jesus had given him in the supper room; and in the lesson upon the crucifixion, his words from the cross. Question somewhat in this way: In Jesus's parable of the marriage feast, did all come who were invited? What was provided for every guest? For what reason was one man cast out? Why did Jesus say to the Pharisees, "Woe unto you?" What is David's prayer for a clean heart in that golden text? Why did Jesus say, "Be ye also ready?" In what parable did Jesus teach that the wise would be always ready for the coming of the bridegroom? In what parable did Jesus teach that his servants must be faithful, and work while they watch? To them will the Lord say, "Well done?" Who is to be our judge? To whom will he say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father?" How does he count service for the poor, the sick, the hungry? Where was Jesus when he said, "This do in remembrance of me?" In what way does he ask those who love him to remember him? They are to meet and show their love for him as well as for each other, while they show forth his death "till he come." How is the broken bread like the body of Jesus? What did he say of the bread? How is the wine an emblem of his blood? In the garden, what did Jesus say of being exceeding sorrowful? When he came and found his three dearest friends asleep, what did he say? What question did he ask Peter? When Jesus in the upper room told of the sorrow before him, which disciple said, "I will lay down my life for thee?" What did Jesus say Peter would do before the cock crowed twice?

Words from the Cross.—1. "Father, forgive them." A prayer, not for himself; a prayer, almost an excuse, for his enemies. They had driven the rough nails which fastened him to the wood; yet in his pain he could pray for them, and say, "They know not what they do." 2. A Promise,—the first promise of salvation given through the shed blood of Jesus while the drops fell from his wounds. Who hung by his side? To the one who repeated and prayed he said, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." 3. A Charge,—"Woman, behold thy son." His mother stood weeping. The beloved disciple was to be to her a son; for Jesus, in few words, charged him to care for her, saying, "Behold thy mother." 4. A Cry,—"My God, my God,"—his own God and Father; and yet the burden of a world's sin made him cry, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" As in the garden at midnight, so in darkness at midday, his agony seemed more than he could bear. 5. A Want,—"I thirst." The only word of bodily suffering in six hours of agony, when fever and pain made him parched with thirst. 6. A Word.—It is finished." His work on earth was done, his sufferings nearly over, his life given, the sacrifice made, finished and complete the purpose for which he came. 7. A Prayer,—the only prayer for himself: a trusting, loving word to the Father to whom in the garden he hap prayed, "Thy will be done," "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." From the Father who so loved the world, he came; and he gave his spirit back to that Father when his earthly work was done. These words from the cross may be learned by frequent repetition, and used as a supplemental exercise with fuller time and explanation than is here given. The words after the resurrection can be recalled and taught in the same way. Some teachers may wish to substitute a temperance or missionary lesson. Both are important, and such teaching should be inculcated many times in many lessons. But let us remember that nothing can be so fruitful in results as a heart-knowledge and a realizing sense of the words of Jesus.—*Faith Lattimer in S. S. Times.*

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SHOULD WOMEN MANAGE THEATERS?

Miss Georgie Cayvan Thinks They Would be a Great Improvement on the Men.

Resolved, That the accession of women to positions of management and responsibility would tend to benefit the stage morally and artistically.

This was the text that Miss Georgie Cayvan, the chairman of the committee on the Drama of the Sorosis Society, chose yesterday, says the New York *World,* and the way she delivered herself to the ladies of that notable coterie assembled at Delmonico's would have racked the hearts of the many managers who are daily growing gray under managerial cares. Miss Cayvan thought that if a woman could make the cast, order the printing and stand at the door to see that no one got in free the dressing-rooms over which the profession growl so much, and perhaps not unjustly, would be changed from ill-smelling dens to the well-ventilated, cosy parlors, and many other little things would be improved.

She became so eloquent and made such a good cause that Mrs. Warren Higley took up the cudgel for the poor absent men. She said she thought men were a sort of necessary evil, that they had done pretty well, and she thought it best to let them have the theaters. Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer took sides with Miss Cayvan. Mrs. Fanny Foster Clark gave a little sermon on the temptations of the stage, to which Miss Cayvan said that if any one wanted to do wrong they would do it anywhere as well as on the stage. Miss Katherine Kidder's grandmother thought the stage was much better than it was represented, and Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake said she didn't know much about it. The discussion was interesting, but the ladies adjourned without determining whether the men should be allowed to "run the shows" or not.

—Physicians are justified in denouncing proprietary medicines which claim to cure everything. A medicine, for instance, that will cure rheumatism in one person, will not necessarily cure it in another, for the condition causing it may be different; but *Malaria* is always Malaria, and Shallenberger's Antidote will destroy it in the system in every case. If you are suffering from Malaria *you will know it,* and this medicine will certainly cure you. Sold by Druggists.

Not Afraid of a Rat.

At one of the Washington street theatres the other evening a lady, who with her husband was seated in the parquet, became aware that some living thing seemed to be moving about on the floor underneath her seat and colliding with her feet in certain more or less fantastic movements. She investigated the matter sufficiently to convince her that the intruder was a rat. Then she—what? Screamed? Not a bit of it. With great presence of mind she simply told her husband that there was a rat under her feet. He changed seats with her as promptly as possible without attracting attention, and then poked the rat out from under his seat with his cane. It took refuge under the seat in front and passed out of his sight. What became of it he does not know; he saw and heard nothing more of it; but he will vouch for the fact that it was to all appearances, an able bodied rat. If that lady had, upon the discovery of the animal, followed her instinct and screamed and jumped, she would probably have started the house into a panic.

Incident No. 2—A Boston girl, retiring at night, found a rat in her room. She closed the door and started in wild pursuit of the creature about the room. She was just about to deal it a crushing blow with the French heel of her shoe when the rat took refuge in the spring of her bed, quite out of her reach.

"Well," said she, "I guess, after his experience, he will stay where he has found he is safe."

And then she went tranquilly to bed and slept all night, and in the morning she got a terrier at a neighbors, and the dog ferreted out the rat and killed it. Perhaps that is the only case on record where a woman has slept peacefully with a rat in her bed. There have been, on the contrary, able bodied, masculine persons, who have leaped madly out of bed upon hearing what they supposed to be a mouse burrowing in the mattress.—*Boston Transcript.*

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BLOOD IN HER EYE.

Narrow Escape of a Union Soldier in the Enemy's Smoke House.

"The nearest I came to being killed during the war was by a woman in West Virginia during the winter of 1861. We spent the winter on Cheat Mountain, in Greenbriar county, and our supplies were not of the best, isolated as we were in that section of country. Consequently, we had to do a good deal of foraging through the valleys. One day I was out with four or five of my comrades, and along toward noon we struck a cabin on the side of the mountain that had not as yet been visited by the bands of foragers. There was no one at home except an elderly woman and her daughter, a rather handsome girl of about twenty years of age.

"We immediately took possession of the premises, and began to help ourselves to chickens, eggs, and whatever else we could lay our hands on. I was always very fond of smoked meats and espying a smoke-house back of the kitchen, I made for it, accompanied by one of my companions. I went inside, and mounting upon an upturned tub, began to hand down the smoked hams.

"Pretty soon I heard a cry of warning from the boys out in the yard, and looked around just in time to see the smoke-house doorway filled up by the form of a very handsome young lady, who had a double-barrelled shot-gun, which she was in the act of training on me. I have been through a good many battles in my day, but I never was worse frightened than I was at the sight of that young woman. She had the very devil in her eyes, and I am confident would have killed me in a moment more. She had trouble, however, in cocking the gun, and that fact saved my life, for before she could accomplish it, one of the boys on the outside grabbed her and took the gun away. It was loaded with buckshot and would have killed me sure if it had gone off."

The Horse Had Recovered.

"Here, gimme a pint of whisky, quick; my horse has fallen and cut his leg," shouted a frantic citizen as he held out a battered tomato can to the proprietor of a drug store.

The pestle man almost sprained a rib as he hustled down a jug and filled the can. The man started for the door, stopped, raised the can to his lips and said:

"Come to think of it, the horse has recoverd, but I guess I can take care of the whisky," and he gulped down the whole measure.—*Manchester Mirror.*

—Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is in one preparation, and never fails to color the beard a beautiful brown or black of a natural shade.

TALMAGE ON RELIGIOUS LONGEVITY

The Vital Force That Would be Added to Civilization Were All Men to Become Actively Christianized.

BROOKLYN, June 10.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., announced as the subject of his sermon: "Does Religion Prolong life?" and preached from the text found in Ps. xci. 16: "With long life will I satisfy him." Following is the discourse in full:

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vaspasian, there were at one time in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the Sixteenth century, Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to ante-diluvian longevity, but I do say the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture And if the white race shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? What shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God defying sacrilege."

He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

That arm with 32 curious bones wielded by 46 curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy; 350 pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in 24 hours beating 100,000 times, during the 24 hours overcoming resistances amounting to 224,000,000 pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in 57 hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry cook or to the butcher or to the baker or to the apothecary or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physicial forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are well nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the holy ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will $40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch; you see the face of the watch; but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at 38 years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens—

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond midlife, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the center of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff box. Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now, practical religion, is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes; but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer, bound for Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case, if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case, if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead 25 years ago, but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain, or something else, but the snakes and the blueflies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrations friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell; and if he gain that is best, and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency; I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you worry about business? Why you would say: "I'd do the best I can and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Pekin, and Australia and California are mine; I can forsee a panic a million years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; there is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions they turn out a beautiful result; and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind, "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; He will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If taat broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well read New Testament there would have been one less suicide. Oh, nervous and feverish people of the world, try this almighty sedative. You will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want, or morphine that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail train you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would in as polite a way as I know how tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say; "my common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in the experiment." Experiment second: When you leave this world you will go into on intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Eperiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being, you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever; my power to think says 'forever,' my affections say 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day—the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances—turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the fallen tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the blood shedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day spring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher, until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, "and behold there was a rainbow about the throne."

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine, that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water, they are healthy. Religion is warmth, that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the River of Life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side of the sepulcher. I open the door on the other side of the sepulcher. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pall-bearer let down your dead let them clear through into heaven.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion. It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

PROGRESSIVE RUSSIA.

Possibilities of the Great Asiatic Railway—Siberian Exile to be Abolished—More About the Subject of Universal Interest.

NEW YORK, June 9.—A special cable dispatch to the New York *Times* states that the great Russian railway extending into the heart of Asia is at last completed, and that travelers can now go from London nearly to the boundary of the Chinese empire in twelve days. The road is said to be well built and thoroughly equipped, as all Russian roads built by the government invariably are. One fact that is regarded in England as of great importance is that the new road places the whole of the Russian army only five days distant from Northern India. The road, it is thought, will greatly effect the attitude of England toward Russia on account of the military advantages it gives tne latter.

The Russian government in building its roads has an eye to making them of the greatest utility in moving large bodies of troops to vulnerable or desirable points, as well as in developing the commerce and internel resources of the empire. The dispatch to the *Times* in tracing the line of this road, shows that the commercial importance of the route is very great. The rich valley of the Oxus, which is the Mississippi of Central Asia, now opened up, had no European outlet before save by caravan. The resources of this territory are of all kinds—mineral and agricultural and all are undeveloped. The effect on civilization of the new line can better be imagined than described, considering the fact that all the great mechanical advances and the highest civilization of the nineteenth century will now be carried into barbaric Asia.

Vambery, MacGahan, Burnaby, the great trinity of explorers in Central Asia, unite in signing the praises of the beauty and fertility of the valleys and oases which checker the deserts of Turkestan, hitherto almost unknown save to the followers of Mohammed and with no trade save that afforded by the wandering caravan. Merv, Samarcand, Bokara, that Rome of Islam enthusiasm, are by this railway opened to the civilized world. The ebb of the Tartar flood which flooded Christendom under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane has been slow, but it has been certain, and the holy shrine of the great Timour will shortly be merely an "attraction" of the new Russian enterprise.

Aside from the glories of the Caucasus opened to American tourists, the benefit of this railway to the United States is likely to be small. Indeed, the opening of new agricultural districts is fraught with danger to a country whose main exports are breadstuffs. Wandering hordes of robber Turcomans have reduced much of this fertile land to a desert, but under civilized rule these pests have been transformed into cavalry or exterminated, and the much harried wilderness begins to blossom like a rose.

Following this comes the news that the system of Siberian exile is to be abolished. This terrible system of punishment, which has existed for 200 years, and under which political prisoners, and in some cases even "suspects," have been banished to work in the mines of the Ural Mountains, has been a stigma upon the Russian name. Such a radical change in Russian methods is almost incredible. If it is done, 1888 will be memorable for the removal of the last two blots on civilization—Brazillian slavery and Russian exile.

Twenty-five years ago the liberation of the serfs was accomplished by the Emperor Alexander, and now the movement for this last great reform has again come from the throne, and the new policy of the Czar will be promulgated. Advices from Russia state that the Island of Saghallen is to be used as a small penal settlement for criminals—not political prisoners—and with this exception there will be no further banishments to Siberia.

This certainly is the crowning work thus far of Russian reform and a great gain for civilization. The next step, after the prejudice, such as it is, against Siberia as a penal settlement is overcome, will be to develop the rich resources of that region by means of better methods of communition, which will offer inducements to Russian colonists.

Rumor has asserted, and in more than a whisper, that one of these methods of communication is to be a railroad straight through Southern Siberia to the Pacific. The stragetic importance of such a railway would be immense. It would not only give Russia a continual base of supplies on the Pacific, but give her a point whence she could overawe the English trade in the China seas, and in the event of a war in India swiftly transport troops to Vladivostok for an attack in flank. The wealth of Siberia, forest, mineral and agricultural, is simply enormous, and an influx of settlers other than penal colonists might restore life to this rich but well-nigh bankrupt empire.

Rssia can, however, hope for no permanent gains even from such wonderfully swift strides in progress as these, steps impossible under any but a pure depotism, unless she changes, at least in some respects her mode of government. Everything in Russia is regulated by favoritism and bribery. Official corruption stares one in the face at every turn. Some idea of the extent to which this is carried may be gathered from Gogol's novel, "Dead Souls." Coupled with this corruption is the opposition of the masses of the nobility to any improvement in the condition of the people or their methods of agriculture and domestic economy. Bribery and prejudice are deadlier enemies of Russia than Turk or Englishman.

The Russian people are singularly patient and with all their superstition they have a simple faith that if their father, the czar, knew their woes he would relieve them. The destruction of the Siberian horror is a worthy sequel to the enfranchisement of the serfs and the friends of Russia can only hope that the present czar will show himself even worthier of his martyred father by cutting out the canker of corrupt administration which is poisoning the life blood of the empire.

THE SUGAR TRUST.

Claus Spreckles Furnishes Some Interesting Figures.

PHILADELPHIA, June 9.—Mr. Claus Spreckles to-day, in the course of a conversation regarding the sugar industry, when asked to give some information about the refineries in and out of the trust, said: "There are twenty refineries in the sugar trust. They have already been enumerated. As to those out of the trust and their capacity, I can tell you something which may interest your readers.

There is the California sugar refinery of San Francisco, with a daily capacity of 1,200,000 pounds. Then there is Harrison & Frazier's with about 1,500,000. E. C. Knight & Co. are said to produce about 300,000 pounds a day. The new refinery here will produce 2,000,000 pounds a day, making 5,000,000, or 2,500 tons a day, produced by refineries outside of the trust. The consumption of sugar in the United States is 1,320,000 tons a year.

The refineries out of the trust, including the new refinery, will produce, providing the capacity of the other refineries as here given is correct—5,000,000 pounds a day, or 780,000 tons a year. This leaves only 670,000 tons a year for the refineries in the trust, or much less than one-half. You see, therefore, that the four refineries out of the trust have a greater capacity than the twenty in the trust, and have nothing to fear from them."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lame Horse—Eyes Water—Bad Caugh.

F. C., Keokuk county, Iowa: Your horse seems to have pink-eye, with resultant rheumatism, although we cannot judge so well as if you had given a more extended discription. You do not say in which leg he is lame. The fact that he gets more lame on motion would indicate splints, side bones or injury to the knee joint, but all the other symptoms are those of pink-eye. If the bowels are costive, give simple injections of warm water. Blanket the animal, and keep the temperature of the body even. Give nourishing, soft food. Take of carbonate of ammonia and gentian, of each two ounces. Make into eight balls, with linseed meal, and give one night and morning. After these have been given, take of iodine, 20 grains; iodide of potassium, 1 drachm; sweet spirits of nitre, 1 ounce; water gruel, 1 pint; and give for one dose twice a day for three days. In a case such as you describe the services of a veterinary should be had at once, as the disease frequently extends to the throat and lungs, resulting in bronchitis and rheumatic complications that cannot be cured. Careful nursing is essential, and this we cannot urge upon you too earnestly. Exposure or hard exercise is dangerous. A horse with pink-eye requires skillful treatment and to receive the attention and care that is necessary, a veterinary should be in attendance to watch the changes, and give such treatment as at times must not be delayed. Hundreds of horses have died from pink-eye because their owners worked or drove them when they should have been in the stable, as the disease is very exhausting, and instead of taxing the animal, tonics and greater care are absolutely required.

Composition of Milk.

A. W. R., Kansas: In every 1,000 parts of milk there are of water, 840 parts; milk-sugar, 45 parts; butter or oil, 40 parts; casein, 40 parts; phosphate of lime, 17 parts; chloride of potassium, 9 parts; phosphate of magnesia, 4 parts; free soda, 3 parts; common salt, 3 parts.

Vitality of Seeds.

Subscriber, Muskegan county, Ohio: Beans will retain their vitality for 2 years; beets, 7 years; the cabbage, 4; sweet corn, 2; cucumber, 10; lettuce, 3; melon, 10; onion, 1; peas, 2; parsnips, 1; radish, 3; squash, 10; tomato, 10; turnip, 4.

The Artichoke.

F. G. A., Arkansas.—The cultivation of the artichoke is similar to that of the potato, and their nutritive value is equal to the tuber named. It may be picked like the cucumber. The seeds are planted in April or May, in rows three feet apart. The first year there will only be a partial crop, but being a perennial plant, it will flourish on the same ground for years. They are eaten largely by hogs, and in some places farmers devote a plot of ground to raising them for hogs. In the eastern states it used to be customary for people to have a few artichokes in their gardens for pickling.

Chives.

Subscriber, Denver, Colorado: The peppery little plant you inquire about is the chive or cive. It is a small species of onion, and is very healthful. It grows in tufts. It is propagated by offsets from roots, and may be had of almost any seedsman. It may be set out either in the spring or autumn. It is hardy. Plant in rows 10 to 12 inches apart, and the bulbs 4 inches apart in the rows. Chives are used to a great extent in many families for soups and gravies. In chicken gravy chives cut fine gives a flavor that is generally liked. It would be well if more of them were raised than now, as they are very healthful. Chives, like the old-fashioned flowers, have been lost sight of by new kinds, but they will both be popular again, as they should be.

Heaves.

A. P. R., Princeton, Ill.:—There is no certain cure for heaves, as we have frequently said in this column. You may stop them for a time by giving this in feed once a day for a week, and then once or twice a week: A teaspoonful of lobelia.

How to Shoe a Horse.

J. H., Indianapolis: There is a diversity of opinion among smiths, as to the proper mode of shoeing a horse. Balch's Hand-Book has the following on the subject, which will be read with interest, if it does not meet the ideas of every one: There are very few blacksmiths that ever once think what a complicated piece of machinery a horse's foot is, and by one careless blow they frequently stop the working of this machine. The majority of smiths, as soon as they pick up a horse's foot, go to work paring the heel, from the fact that it is the most convenient part of the foot, and thereby destroy the heel and braces of the foot, causing, in many instances, contracted heels. The heels of a horse should be well kept up and the toe down. By lowering the heels you throw the entire weight of the horse upon the back tendon of the legs, and thereby produce lameness from overtaxing a very important set of tendons. By keeping up the heel, you throw the weight upon the wall of the foot. In this position you prevent stumbling, clicking etc. Next, the shoer commences to pare away the sole, thins it down until he can feel it spring with the thumb. Ask him why he does this, and he gives you no reason, except from custom. Next come the bars or braces of the foot; they are smoothed down. Next, in his ruinous course, come the frogs of the feet; they are subjected to the same cutting and smoothing process. All the cutting, pairing and smothing of the soles, bars or frogs is a decided injury to the horse, as well as to the owner. All the corns in the land are produced by this process of paring. The frogs have been placed in the foot by nature to expand the wall of the foot, and as soon as you commence to cut it, the oily substance commences to leak out, it dries up, becomes hard, losing its oily substance, and makes the wall hard and dry, inducing it to crack. The nerves of the foot are very sensitive, and smiths should be very careful not to prick the feet as it requires quite a time to relieve them. The foot is a very complicated piece of machinery, and if you keep a horse well shod and his feet in good condition, you can then generally manage the balance. The feet suffer from being kept too dry. Horses that stand on board floors should have their feet wet every day or there should be a vat five inches deep, five feet long, and three wide, filled with water and clay, in which each horse can stand for one hour per week, unless his feet are feverish, then he should be kept in it an hour per day, or until the fever subsides. Another source of injury to horses' feet is the habit of patronizing cheap black smiths. All horse-shoers should be well-skilled veterinary surgeons, or there should be a skillful surgeon attached to every shop. Another source of poor shoeing and injury is the loss of elasticity of the frog, refusing to perform its proper functions; the heel contracts, the foot rolls, and you have a sore horse for ten or twelve months for it takes this long to relieve a horse's suffering from being badly shod.

Under the circumstances, the first thing that touches the road or the floor of the stall, should be the frog, and the wall of the foot should be kept cut, so as not to prevent it touching at every step; and no man that owns a horse should ever allow a blacksmith to cut the soles, bars, or frogs of his horse's feet. Nature has adapted the frogs to all description of roads, climates and weather, without being pared. So many horses have been ruined by this process of paring that there are now several establishments in this country that manufacture India rubber pads, thinking thereby to supply the wasted frog and the elasticity of the natural foot. The frog is insensible to pressure and you may place the whole weight of your horse on the frog and he will suffer no inconvenience; besides, this is the only reliable way to cure contracted feet; by throwing the weight upon the frog, you force them up between the walls; it acts as a wedge, and soon relieves the contracted feet. Smiths should never have their shoes hot when fitting them, as the appication of hot iron extracts the oily substance from the hoof. The amount of cruel punishment inflicted on horses by cross-grained blacksmiths, is another source of poor shoeing. As soon as the horse does not stand, the smith gets angry and commences whipping and jerking the animal, which only adds terror to it, so that he soon refuses to go to the shop, if he can avoid it; it is natural for horses to dislike to be shod, because the hammering shocks the nervous system, and they are accustomed to it. He should be taught to stand, and his feet well handled at home, before he is ever brought to the shop by the owner. The wall of the foot should never be rasped above the nail holes, and as little below the clenches as possible; all the rasping and filing but tends to thin and weaken the wall by cutting the fibres of the foot. The nails should be counter sunk into the shoe, so there will be no chance for the clenches to rise. No horse interferes with the heel or toe; it is always the side of the foot. The habit of turning the inside of the shoe under, causes a number of horses to interfere, that would not if they were shod straight on the inside, spread the heels as wide as possible; set the outside a little under, keep the toes full. For clicking horses, raise the heels high, cut the toes short. For speedy cuts, place your toe corks a quarter of an inch to the inside of the center of your shoe; keep the keels wide apart. For corns, put on a shoe with a prong, for the main rim, so as to cover the entire frog, so as his entire weight will be thrown on the frog. Have the inner cork not quite so sharp as the outer one, so that if he steps upon the other foot it will not cut it; make the shoes as light as possible consistent with good service, as they are ordinarily made about one-third too heavy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cement Cellar.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Friend C. wishes to know how to make a cement cellar floor. I will give him my plan: Firrst lay all over the ground floor a layer of rock, the size of a goose egg is very suitable. Lay them closely and evenly as possible; next take a thick plank, lay it on the surface, and pound with a maul to make the surface even as possible. Procure small pebbles and spread over the rock, filling up all vacancies. Set a kettle in the cellar; put in it one measure of currents to two of coarse sand; mix thoroughly, then put in water enough to make to consistency of thick slush; then pour on floor sufficient to about cover the rock.

Let stand until set or hard. Then again with cement and sand the same proportion as before, mix, but only use water enough for a common mortar. Then without delay spread on the floor the desired thickness; one inch thick is about enough for a good floor. Then let alone until perfectly hard or set, and you will have as good a cellar floor as can be made. My cellar wall is constructed with cement or concrete wall and floor as above described, and a dryer and nicer cellar and one of purer atmosphere would be hard to find. In very warm damp weather the wall will sweat or condense the moisture in the atmosphere to some extent. But my cellar is not always damp.—SUBSCRIBER, Fillmore, Indiana.

Gapes in Chickens.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will give a cure for gapes in chickens: Give six drops of nux vomica to a brood of twenty, in sour milk; it is a sure cure.—T. CLENDENNING.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Why Salt Stock?

Every farmer is accustomed to salt his cattle, but not every one knows why he does it, unless it is because the stock like it. But a moment's thought will show where the advantage lies. As soon as food enters the stomach, says the *Rural Canadian*, the natural tendency is at once for fermentation to begin, and there arises a contest between this tendency and the digestive powers. And if these powers are vigorous and the process of fermentation is checked or intercepted, then no bad results will follow, the food will be digested, and salt will not be needed, though at any time this will assist in the process of digestion. Salt keeps fruit from decaying until it can be digested and assimilated, and prolongs the time to allow the digestive organs to complete their work, and if food is taken in excess, as often happens when stock is in pasture, salt given frequently will be of much advantage. And, further, salt is a preventive of worms. When fermentation sets in, the conditions presented are favorrble to the existence of worms in the intestinal canals, and may dossible be engendered by the process. Consequently it should be a rule with stockmen to keep salt before their cattle or within reach when they need it, and cattle will obey the demands of nature and supply the want as needed.

Buying a Cow.

We now sport a nice milch cow. How did we get her? Paid $40 for her, the whole amount being ten cents per day saving since March 6, 1886. On that day friend of ours insisted on treating us to a smoke, as it was our birthday; but we refused the kindness, informing him, courteously, that we hod never smoked a cigar, to which he replied that he averaged from one to three per day, at a cost of five to twenty cents each day, and that he never missed the small change. We told him then that from that day on we would lay away ten cents per day as long as were able to do so, and see how much it would amount to each year. We have kept it up to date, and, and as a consequence we have a fine Durham cow and calf, bought with four hundred ten cent pieces. Small business, isn't it? Well, properly kept up, it will result in something large; and while our friend, who, no doubt, will see this article, can show nothing for his thirteen months of smoking, but cigar stubs and, perhaps, impaired health, we can show a good cow and calf worth $45 in cash.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Farm Notes.

If we breed what the market demands, the purchaser will come to us; but if we do not breed what the market calls for, we must search for customers.

There were 500,000 barrels of cottonseed oil produced last year, of which Chicago took 200,000 barrels, the bulk of it being used by the lard refiners.

The breed of cattle that was supposed 40 years ago to do well enough on straw as fodder has become extinct, because there is now a better breed of farmers.

To enrich land that is poor we must have manure, or its equivalent in vegetable matter, or apply plant food in some shape to induce the growth of vegetation.

Certain doctors having alleged that scarlet fever in man could be produced by diseased udders in cows, the English Privy Council has had experiments made which seem to completely disprove the claim.

It requires about one-sixteenth less food to put an animal in condition in warm than it does in cold weather. If the dairyman expects his cows to be profitable he must look after their comfort both as to food and shelter.

One argument in favor of the silo, and never yet refuted or noticed by its detractors, is that the fodder thus cured loses none of its valuable feeding qualities and, pound for pound of dry weight, is better than the air-cured fodder.

Corn and timothy are far from a well-balanced food. Timothy has no excess of nitrogenous material, while the corn is highly carbonaceous. More muscle and milk forming material would make more and better milk.

Horticulture is taught in the common schools of Germany. The pupils are required to bud, graft, transplant, plant seeds, etc., and they are given instructions on the subject of plant growth, adaptation of varieties to soil, climate, etc.

Plant sweet corn every two weeks till the Fourth of July. Make at least four plantings of peas, four of beans, several of radishes, two or three of cabbage and cucumbers, and you will have a garden that will bring you a perpetual feast.

Timothy is a good grass, yet it stools but little, thus showing plainly that to keep it well in the ground and to protect it from upheaval by frost, it should be grown with such other grasses as will come on well to the hay harvhst and also form a good sod.

This is the way they do business in South Australia: "We are having a fine season here, and I have already shorn 112,000 sheep, and sent away 600 bales of scoured wool. We hope to shear 290,000. We have had a good lambing—we have 230,000 lambs."

According to Dr. John Voelcker, a simple test to ascertain whether or not a substance is butter or betterine is to throw a small portion of it into a frying-pan or ladle made nearly red hot. If butterine the smell of burnt animal fat will at once reveal its nature.

Of meadow grasses, hardy and nutritive, there are but few that will come on uniformly in height and ripening with timotoy, so as to make good heavy hay, and these are tall fescue, Italian rye grass, yellow oat grass, redtop, foul meadow grass and rough stalk.

The clover should not be overlooked. For pasture the white clover may be advantageously used. For a grass crop to be mowed, and the ground used for corn after the sod is turned under, red clover has no equal. On light soils it may be seeded in the fall, and on heavy soils in the spring, on grain land.

There is a breed of sheep that has created some note recently. They are the Chinese of Nankin sheep. Their particular characteristic is that they frequently give birth to three or four lambs at a time and also breed twice a year. They probably will not prove of much value as mutton sheep, compared with the English Dorset and Somerset shire sheep, which are superior. The Chinese sheep are considered almost worthless as wool producers.

Driven from Their Homes.

CROOKSTON, Minn., June 11.—(Special.)—The Red Lake river is raging at this point. Residents of East Crookston have been forced to leave their homes for safety. The damage to property is already large.

SORE ON THURMAN.

Georgia Cannot Get Over the Insult to H. R. Jackson.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 7.—The anger of the Georgians against Judge Thurman is due to the attack made by the latter on Mr. H. R. Jackson, on account of a speech made by the latter at a meeting of Confederate veterans at Macon, Ga.

Judge Jackson is a man highly honored by the people of his native state. His father was successively Supreme judge, governor and United States Senator. Judge Jackson himself commanded a regiment in the Mexican war before he was twenty years old. As United States district attorney he won distinction years ago by prosecuting with great vigor the owners of the yacht Wanderer, some of them his own kinsmen, on a charge of engaging in the slave trade. He subsequently became United States Circuit judge, and was appointed by Presieent Pierce minister to Austria, where he served with distinction seven years.

During the civil war he was a Confederate major general, and he was appointed minister to Mexico by President Cleveland, and voluntarily resigned the position some six months or more before his resignation was accepted. He married a daughter of Thomas Butler King and he is closely related to the Lamars, the Cobbs and other well-known Georgia families. He is a man of large wealth with decided literary and artistic tastes, and is president of the Georgia Historical society and one of the trustees of the Peabody fund. He is described as a man of abstemious habits who has declined office more frequently than he has accepted it.

At the Confederate reunion already mentioned Judge Jackson made a speech rejoicing in the restoration of the Union of States, lauding home rule as illustrated in Gladstone's efforts in behalf of Ireland and declaring that it was for that principle and not for the preservation of slavery that the South had fought. One passage in his address which caused much excitement at the time was as follows:

JACKSON'S WORDS.

"The people of the South flew to arms not to perpetuate, but to imperil, their peculiar institution; not to save, but to sacrifice property in defiance of honor; nay, to sacrifice life itself rather than tamely submit to insolent wrong. For the right to govern themselves, bequeathed to them by their fathers, they were prepared to immolate all. The principle for which they fought—the only principle of government expansive enough to meet the requirements of modern civilization, made of late by Gladstone's eloquence so familiar to European thought—was American born. Sun of the modern as compared with the ancient civilization—'home rule' as contrasted with Roman civilization—it rose in the West, and now mounts to the western firmament, red with the blood of Confederate heroes, moist with the tears of Confederate widows and orphans. Eastward it shall continue to roll, carrying with it the blessed light of the Christian civilization all around the globe. And so surely as it moves it shall bring the day of a final triumph, to be decreed by the mind and conscience of man to time-tested truth. In that triumphal procession Abraham Lincoln shall not move as the rightful President, but Jefferson Davis, the so-called 'traitor,' leader of a so-called 'lost cause.'"

The speech was telegraphed North, and certain phrases were used on the stump by the Republican orators in the Ohio campaign of 1887 to show that the South still cherished and upheld the principles for which it had fought. On the evening of November 5 Judge Thurman, in the course of a speech to the Thurman club, at Columbus, made the following allusion to Judge Jackson's speech:

THURMAN CALLED HIM A CRANK.

"An old crank down in Georgia by the name of Jackson—God forgive him for bearing that name!—a disappointed politician, a man whom Grover Cleveland recalled from his mission to Mexico—some say because he got too drunk there to be of any use. I do not know how that is; I am not accustomed to making personal charges, but what I do know is that the President recalled him, and from the day he was recalled to this day it is said that the President and the Democratic party have no more malignant enemy in the United States than he. (Applause.) This old fool, at a meeting at Macon a month ago or something like that, saw fit to make a speech and declare that the doctrine of secession was not dead. Why, my friends, if a man can make such a declaration as that and not be an idiot, or, what is worse, a mischief-maker, then I don't know what idiocy and mischief-making are. The doctrine of secession not dead! Why, whatever life it had was killed stone dead by the civil war."

This dispatch appeared in the Atlanta *Constitution*, and Judge Jackson immediately wrote a note to that paper denying with vigor Judge Thurman's charges and closing with the declaration: "I have too high respect for Judge Thurman's character to doubt that he will be quick to correct these gross misrepresentations, which, if he made them at all, I cannot believe he would have knowingly made."

On November 10 Judge Thurman published an answer to Judge Jackson's card in the *Constitution*, in which he said: "I am glad to learn by the general's card that the report to which I alluded in respect to his recall from the mission in Mexico was unfounded in fact. I am incapable of wilfully doing any man injustice, and had I known what I now learn from General Jackson's card I should not have alluded, however remotely, to the report to which I referred. What I srid about the doctrine of secession was an expression of opinion. It is still my opinion that whoever preaches the doctrine of secession as a living issue is not only an enemy of the Democratic party, but of the whole country, and smarting under the injury done the Democratic party of Ohio by Gen. Jackson's Macon speech, which the result of the election has made apparent to every one, it is not surprising that I used language that may seem harsh and even bitter."

On the same day Judge Jackson addressed a personal letter to Judge Thurman, in which he insisted that he had made what was in effect a "Union speech" and had not even alluded to the doctrine of secession. To this letter Judge Thurman has made no response, and his only explanation or retraction was that contained in his card in response to Jackson's first publication in the Atlanta *Constitution*. Mr. Jackson resents this bitterly as a practical persistence in the charges first made, and in a publication, dated Nov. 29, 1887, says that his letter of November 10 was not written until Judge Thurman's "failure to make prompt recantation of his slanderous charges" had satisfied him that Thurman was not the man he had taken him to be, and "that no retraction worthy of a generous or even a conscientious nature would ever come from him." Judge Jackson thus continues:

"That I did not err in this conclusion has now been made made manifest by his failure to take any notice whatever of my letter, which, as appears from a registry return receipt of the United States post-office, was placed in his hands on the 14th inst. This, in connection with the closing sentences of his communication to the Associated Press, establishes the fact that, with the fullest light before him, he adheres, in cold blood, to the 'bitter' calumnies he uttered against me 'in his brief and off hand address,' not even repudiating or qualifying the vulgar wrods in which he clothed them. He has thus revealed the mortifying truth a man may rise to reputation in the Federal Senate who, by chance exposure of his real nature, must forfeit the respect of the decent and just."

To this Judge Thurman has made no response, and the result is that the numerous admirers of Judge Jackson in the state of Georgia entertain toward the distinguished Ohio statesman a hostility that is placable only through a complete apology that will satisfy Judge Jackson.

ABERDEEN IS ANGRY.

Her Citizens Do Not Want their Public Streets Plowed Up by Electric Car Companies.

ABERDEEN, Dak., June 9.—(Special.)—Great excitement was caused here yesterday by the efforts of citizens to prevent men and teams employed by the Electric Motor company from plowing up the main street for the construction of an electric motor line. Drays were driven across the street to stop the teams. A great crowd gathered and cheered the citizens upon the drays.

The city marshal ordered the drays away but the citizens returned to the attack with an order from the mayor prohibiting further work. The franchise was granted in April, 1887, with provisions requiring the consent of the property owners along the line. These were not secured, and the city claimes that the right under the charter expired June 6, no consent having been secured.

The company claims that the provisions of the city charter apply only to horse car lines and not to the Motor line. The citizens are excited, injunctions are being prepared, and a lively fight over the franchise is anticipated. It is thought that the mayor's order will be ignored and work will be resumed.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

What R. G. Dun & Co. Have to Say on the Situation.

NEW YORK, June 9.—R. G. Dun in their weekly review of trade say: There is a better feeling in business circles, and in some quarters actual improvement in sales though on the whole, transactions do not equal those of a year ago.

The better feeling is due in part, to more seasonable weather, in part also, to a growing impression that no disturbing changes in the tariff are likely to be made this year, but more largely to the decided improvement in crop prospects.

The outlook as to cereals improves steadily, so that there is now reason to hope for a large yield of all grain except wheat, and for a yield of wheat exceeding 20,000,000 bushels or more—the estimates of a month ago, provided the weather continues fairly favorable.

The annual report as to acreage and condition of cotton, by the *Financial Chronicle*, indicates an increase of 2 per cent in acreage, with the condition on the whole rather more favorable than a year ago.

The Atlantic states and Texas appear rather less promising, but in the Mississippi Valley all accounts agree that the prospect is better than at this time last year.

Another encouraging feature is the increase in the output of pig iron, which is not large, but any increase whatever with the low prices now prevailing is significant.

The market for steel rails show no material change, and, while the sales of bar iron are a little larger, prices do not appear to strengthen.

The grain market has declined; wheat 1c, corn 2¼c and oats ¼c, while lard is a quarter higher and pork unchanged.

The improved crop prospects, both in Mississippi Valley and the Pacific states, at present outweigh the moderate increase in purchases of wheat for export.

Sugar is unchanged in price, and coffee has yielded a quarter.

Dairy products have recovered a little from the depression of last week, but oil has declined 4c.

Views of holders and bidders are so far far apart as to new wool that prices are hardly settled, but such quotations as appear indicate a lower average.

The general range of prices of commodities is about ⅛ of 1 per cent lower than a week ago.

In the stock market a small recovery in prices has occurred, but dullness prevails. Good reports of earnings are balanced by increasing rivalry between lake and rail routes, and between Western trunk lines.

The quick absorption of large amounts of bonds recently offered, prevents any advance in foreign exchange and puts aside apprehensions of specie exports, but the merchandise movement indicates a heavy balance payable abroad, either by specie or securities.

The treasury has taken in $1,500,000 more cash than it has paid out, getting scarcely any bonds, but the local market is glutted with money.

Interior reports, with scarcely an exception, show money abundant and business quiet or moderate with collections not entirely satisfactory. Yet, on the whole, the reports disclose a more hopeful tone, with better weather and better crop prospects.

The business failures for the last seven days number for the United States 207 and for Canada 28, or a total of 235, as compared with a total of 205 last week and 173 for the corresponding week of 1887. The business casualties on the Pacific coast are exceptionally numerous, still there being no less then 42 failures reported there during the week which is far above the average.

CROP STATISTICS.

Rains have Done Much Good in the Memphis District.

MEMPHIS, Tenn. June 9.—The regular monthly crop report for the Memphis district embraces West Tennessee, North Mississippi North Arkansas and North Alabama, to be published to morrow by Hill, Fontaine & Co. will say:

The weather during May was not in the main favorable to cotton. The cool weather which prevailed all through the month, retarded the growth of the plant, and in some sections it was too dry.

Generous rains have fallen throughout the district since many of the replies were sent in, which has improved the general condition of the plant, and notwithstanding the season is full two weeks later than last year, the plant is healthy and growing well and with favorable conditions in the future, a fine yield can reasonably be anticipated.

The acreage planted in cotton shows an increase of 2¾ per cent for the district.

Alabama is credited with the largest increase, viz: 3¾ per cent.

Stands in the main are good, and labor throughout the district is in fair supply, and working well.

Corn, like cotton, is somewhat late and in about the same condition. There is an increased acreage planted of 1½ per cent. Arkansas and Tennessee are, however, the only states that report an increase. Alabama has the same acreage as last year, while Mississippi reports a decreased acreage of 1 3-3 per cent.

LANSING, Mich., June 9.—The June crop report issued to-day asserts that the Michigan wheat crop will probably amount to but 16,450,000 bushels. The southern counties show 62 per cent of an average crop, the middle 56, and the northern 82 per cent.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

A Good Output, Considering the Number of Idle Mills.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 9.—The *Northwestern Miller* of to-day will say: "The mills got out a good round lot of flour last week, for all there was considerable idleness among them. The output for the week was 134,200 barrels, averaging 22,367 barrels daily, against 102,000 barrels the previous week and 114,360 barrels for the corresponding time in 1887. There are seventeen mills running now, against fourteen a week ago, but the output will probably be lighter the current week.

One mill of 1,500 barrels capacity, which was expected to start Monday failed to do so, and was reinforced by another of 2,700 barrels capacity stopping. This makes seven mills, representing about 10,000 barrels, that are inactive, though this will probably be reduced 2,000 barrels by one of the number starting to-morrow. Some of the mills now running are not very well supplied with orders and may be shut down at almost any time. Flour continues to be stored here to a considerable extent, and about 150,000 barrels are held at Duluth, the larger part of which is said to be owned by a Minneapolis firm.

The market is still in a most unsatisfactory condition and there is little inducement for millers to keep their mills going. Feed is lower and the miller thereby losses a good deal which formerly enabled him to at least come out even.

Buyers ask for concessions, and while prices are perhaps less firm, millers are not able to grant the reduction expected and the result is that there is comparatively no business done. Freight rates to Green Line coast points in the Southeast have been reduced five cents per barrel.

The direct export of flour for the week was 28,500 barrels, against 35,000 barrels the previous week.

Receipts for week ending June 6: Wheat, 539,220 bushels; flour, 285 barrels; millstuff, 169 tons.

Shipments—Wheat, 190,280 bushels; flour, 101,724 barrels; mill-stuff, 3,865 tons. Wheat in store: At Minneapolis, 6,467,454 bushels; Duluth, 5,279,299; St. Paul, 374,000 bushels.

FOUND A BOMB.

Chicago Still Continues to Pick Up the Deadly Instruments Lying Around the Streets.

CHICAGO, June 9.—(Special.)—A dynamite bomb, constructed on a new plan, was found next to the walls of the Chicago Historical society building, on Dearborn avenue yesterday by George S. Knapp, of No. 87 Jackson street. Mr. Knapp was sitting on the steps of the building reading his paper, when a sudden gust of wind blew it out of his hands and over the side of the steps to the ground.

He got up and went after it. It was lying on the ground in the corner formed by the building and the foundation to the steps. As he picked it up, he noticed a piece of paper just under it, partially imbedded in the ground. He picked that up also, and under it noticed a piece of iron pipe sunk in the earth until the upper side of it was visible.

From the end of it toward the building projected a suspicious-looking piece of what appeared to be thick white cord. He picked the pipe up, looked at it, and then handling it with extreme care, carried it into the building. After consultation it was decided to carry the pipe to Inspector Bonfield.

A careful inspection was made at police headquarters and the pipe was found to be filled with a mixture of dynamite and gunpowder and with a large fuse carefully protected with rubber tubing. The authorities are at a loss to know why the bomb was placed where it was found. It was wrapped in a copy of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

HOOD'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF
SARSAPARILLA
TRADE MARK

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A MILLION POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Labor Which Lightened an Old Man's Years—The Little Vignettes of Many Men and How They Were Gathered.

PHILADELPHIA, June 9.—(Special.)—A Philadelphian has collected, sorted and filed away enough canceled postage stamps to reach, if placed side by side, from the Delaware river to Cobb's creek, the extreme western boundary of the city. In this extraordinary collection there are 1,000,000 stamps, each of which was carefully taken from a castaway envelope, packed in a bundle with 99 others, and then laid away until the whole collection was completed. These stamps, if used as wall paper, would be sufficient to cover the walls of a medium-sized city house, and if spread over a space one yard wide, would reach nearly 800 yards. The patient collector of this million of little bits of engraved paper is Paul DesGranges, a retired merchant residing at 530 North Seventh street, who began the task on February 6, 1882.

The plan adopted for the preservation and actual counting of the stamps was to remove them from any adherent paper by soaking in water, and after drying, to tie in packages of 100, these were then made into bundles of 1,000; then into 5,000, and 10 of these into parcels of 50,000 stamps each, weighing five pounds and 5 ounces. Having much unoccupied time, and the assistance of numerous friends and acquaintances, the first 'brick,' or package of 50,000, was completed on October 2, 1882. Others followed at irregular intervals, from 9 months and 20 days to 14 months, until finally 1,000,000 was completed on October 8, 1887, in a period of five years, eight months and two days. The contents of each package, from the smallest to the largest, with the date of its completion, is noted upon it, so that the following statistics are available: Of 1-cent United States stamps there are 118,900; of 2-cent stamps, 665,900; of 3-cent stamps, 99,000; of miscellaneous stamps, 85,4000; of foreign stamps, 30,800; total, 1,000,000.

During his stamp hunt of nearly six years Mr. Des Granges was an almost daily visitor at many of the business offices in the city where large numbers of letters were received. At one or two of the largest offices on Chestnut street all the envelopes were saved for him from day to day, and here he obtained most of his stamps. He also had an arrangement with the collectors of curious stamps by which, when he happened to get hold of a particularly valuable stamp, he would exchange it for several hundred ordinary canceled stamps. He cared only for numbers, and aimed only at obtaining an aggregate of a million.

Speaking of the work of collection, Mr. Des Granges says:

"The attainment of this enormous aggregation, though seemingly a waste of energy and time, was the means of furnishing a congenial occupation and interest for the declining years of the collector's aged father, and shows that untiring industry and determination will produce results seemingly impossible. The intrinsic value of the collection probably reaches $100 or $200, but not one cent was expended in purchasing them."

The collection is now on exhibition, but it is not for sale.

FREE TRADE CAUSED IT.

The Oregon Citizens Wanted None of Mr. Cleveland's English Ideas in Their Dish.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—The result of the election in Oregon was received with great rejoicing by the Republican State Central committee here. The state had been thoroughly canvassed, but the most sanguine did not expect a majority of more than a few hundred, because of the great efforts put forth by the Democrats in order that encouraging reports might reach St. Louis.

John F. Swift, the Republican candidate for governor of California at the last election stumped Oregon and devoted himself mainly to the tariff issue. In his letters to friends here, he declared that Oregon wool-growers would give a heavy vote against the Democrats, but every one here thought that he was too sanguine. The result shows that he did not over-estimate the strength of this feeling against free trade. Neither can Democrats claim that the large vote cast for Congressman Hermann was due to his personal popularity. For Lord, for Supreme Judge, ran close, his majority being estimated at about 4,000. M. M. Estee, one of the best informed of California Republicans, said today:

"Oregon has always been a close state, and if the Republicans have got 3,000 or 4,000 majority, it must be regarded as a great and significant victory. Never before, except in the Presidential election when Blaine ran, did our majority exceed 1,000 or 1,500. The defeat of the Democracy shows that the people are in earnest on the tariff question. It was an out-and-out fight on the tariff issue, and the result shows how the people stand. The victory is all the greater because Oregon is not so largely interested in protection as California; as fruit, borax, salt and many of the other leading products of this state are not produced in Oregon. In this contest we had to fight the entire influence of the national administration, as it was well known throughout the Union that Cleveland and his administration made a supreme effort either to carry Oregon or largely to cut down the Republican vote. They failed in both. I think that we have won a greater victory than if we had carried this state by 10,000 majority."

A GRASSHOPPER PEST.

Millions of Them Hatching Out in the Counties of Minnesota—They are of the Destructive Rocky Mountain Variety.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 9.—The rumors of grasshoppers in Otter Tail county have been confirmed by investigation just completed by Professor Luger, of the State Experimental farm.

There are millions of the pests hatching out in the neighborhood of Perham, and not only that, but already there are many of them big enough to jump.

Professor Luger says there are a number of large townships which are now literally alive with the hoppers.

They are the genuine Rocky mountain variety, the kind that did such great damage a number of years ago.

The professor says that four car loads of material has been purchased for shipment to Perham, to be used in an endeavor to destroy most of the pests.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

A Man Recovered from the Quicksand—The Mental Strain Made Him Crazy.

BENKLEMAN, Feb., June 11.—A man about 64 years old, and supposed from papers found on his person to be Edwin Bowers, of Wano, Kas., is now held by the authorities here awaiting news from some of his friends or relatives. His mind seems entirely gone, as the result of a terrible experience in the quicksands of the Republican river.

A farmer coming to town yesterday found him buried to the armpits in the sand and slowly sinking deeper. With great difficulty, and in spite of the most determined resistence on the stranger's part, he was rescued and brought to Benkleman. A thousand dollars in currency was found in a belt around his person.

MUSTANG LINIMENT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

WASHINGTON NEWS.

PUT OFF AGAIN.

Mr. Fuller Meeting With Much Opposition in Being Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The Senate committee on the judiciary to-day further considered the nomination of Melville W. Fuller, to be Chief Justice, without result. The meeting continued nearly half an hour after the Senate assembled and the case was then postponed for two weeks. While the stories of jury-fixing told about Mr. Fuller by his Chicago acquaintances have been contradicted, yet there are strong doubts in the minds of many that the denial of the story has had much weight. There are many who claim that Fuller is not the right man for the place, and they hope to be able to prevent his confirmation.

MELVILLE W. FULLER.

CASE OF EMERGENCY.

Representative Dougherty, of Florida, Hands in a Resolution.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—In the House to-day Mr. Anderson, of Illinois, from the committee on Potoffices and Post Roads, reported back the resolution calling on the postmaster general for a tabulated statement of disallowed claims of postmasters from the state of Kentucky, under the act of March 3, 1883. Laid over.

Under the call of states, the following bills, etc., were introduced and referred:

By Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, providing for an assistant secretary of the navy.

By Mr. Daugherty, of Florida, resolution reciting that at this time there seems to be no probability of the passage at this session of Congress of the Mills bill, that there is a large surplus in the treasury which is daily accumulating, to the detriment of general business and which tends to the contradiction of the circulating medium of the country; that the uncertainty as to whether the Mills bill in its present shape will ever become a law, is to say the least, great, almost certainly not in time to give the relief demanded; and that the late unfortunate and unnecessary civil war made an enormous and daily increasing pension list just and necessary; that the success of the armies of the United States made possible and secure the accumulation of large private and corporate fortunes all over the country; and instructing the committee on Ways and Means to report to the House bills.

First, repealing all laws, providing for international revenue taxation, and removing all of said tax except that now collected upon spirits, distilled in whole, or in part, from grain and upon malt liquors. Second, providing for the levy and collection of a graduated tax upon all incomes of persons, corporations, associations and trusts of $50,000 and upwards, the proceeds of said income tax to be devoted exclusively to the payment of pensions. Third—Providing that all articles or products, not manufactured or produced in the United State, shall enter the ports of the United Ssates free of all import duty.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

The Members of the Party Growing Uneasy with the Slow Progress of the Mills Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The Democratic caucus announced for to-night was not called at the instance of the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee, but at the demand of a number of Democrats who are dissatisfied with the slow progress made with the tariff bill. The object is to devise means for restricting the five-minute debate.

Just how that is to be done is not clear to most of the Democrats, but various plans are under consideration.

One of the plans contemplates an agreement among the Democrats to remain silent and take no part in the debate, letting the Republicans do all of the talking. Probably the suggestion will also be made to the caucus that the "gag law" adopted during Keifer's speakership be again applied, but this idea does not seem to meet with universal favor.

Hearing the Bag Men.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The Senate subcommittee on the tariff to-day heard the views of the cotton bagging makers on the tariff. The committee was told that the cotton bagging manufactories had been established with imported machinery upon which a duty of 40 per cent had been paid, and that the capacity of these establishments was now fully 100 per cent in advance of the demand for bagging.

A reduction of present rates could be endured only in case Jute butts were made free.

The competition in India on bagging is so fierce, however, that if it were made free, as proposed by the Mills bill, the factories would suffer speedy ruin. It was further represented that there is no demand from the planters for free bagging, inasmuch as the bagging, as well as the iron hooping on cotton bales, is all weighed and paid for as cotton, and the plater in this way receives more for the bagging than he pays for it.

THE CAUCUS.

The Democrats Discuss the Tariff Bill With Little Success.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—A rather thinly attended caucus of Democratic Representatives talked for three hours upon the Tariff bill. The caucus had been called to devise means for expediting action upon the bill, but nothing definite was accomplished. There did not seem to be any clear idea as to how this was to be done. Even the member who drew up the call, McDonald, of Minnesota, admitted that he had no proposition to offer.

Mr. Mills said that he had been requested by Mr. McKinley to cause the consideration of the bill to be suspended during the Republican convention to accommodate a number of Republican members who wish to attend.

In view of the proximity of the next fiscal year, and the urgent necessity existing for the speedy passage of the appropriation bills, to prevent disastrous suspensions of branches of the government, it was generally believed that this request might be granted and that the appropriation bills might be acted upon during the suspension of the tariff debate. Final disposition of the matter was left to the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee.

Recurring again to the means of restricting debate while the Tariff bill is under consideration, it was decided that the effort should be made to carry out more closely the spirit of the rule regulating the five-minute debate.

One way in which this could be done, it was believed, was to refuse to permit extentions of time to members "by consent" beyond the five minutes to which they are entitled. As this practice has grown into what the Democrats regard as an abuse, it was resolved to put an end to it. Mr Scott talked of obstruction and held that the Republicans had clearly manifested to prolong the debate by every possible means.

In the discussion it was suggested that something corresponding to the "Keifer gag-rule" be applied, but the suggestion did not take practical shape.

It was developed that a considerable majority of the caucus favored the adoption of such a rule, but as it was not the intention to finally decide upon a line of procedure at this time it is probable that the debate will be allowed to run on for some time longer before an attempt is made to apply any severe restrictive measures. Moreover it is still believed that after the Chicago convention the Republicans can be induced to accept a proposition looking to an agreement upon the date of taking a final vote upon the bill.

To Invite Grover.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The committee in charge of the arrangements for the convention of the National League of Democratic clubs, at Baltimore on July 4, hope to induce President Cleveland to attend the convention.

Speaker Carlisle, Senators Gorman and Blackburn and other prominent Democratic leaders will also be invited. Baltimore Democrats propose to hold a ratification meeting of the Presidential ticket in Monument Square while the convention is in session.

A Bill Looking to Pensions for the Soldier's Wife.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The President has approved the act of Congress providing that pensions heretofore or hereafter granted to widows of soldiers of the war of the rebellion shall commence at the date of the death of their husbands. This legislation favorably affects all claims of widows of the late war, which have been filed in the pension office on or after July 1, 1880, and which have been allowed to commence from the date of the filing the claims; but will not favorably affect the cases of such widows as were filed before July 1, 1880, and which have been allowed pensions having already been granted in these cases from the date of their husband's death. The commissioner of pensions gives notice that in the settlement under this law of claims already allowed, no formal application will be required, and that the services of attorneys will not be necessary. Widows entitled, under said law, need only write a letter giving name, postoffice address and certificate number, and the claims will be allowed with as little delay as practicable.

Bonds Accepted.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The secretary of the treasury this afternoon accepted the following bonds: Registered 4s, $1,000, at $1.27⅝; £2,000,000, at $1.27¾; $140,000, at $1.27⅝; coupons 4s, $11,600, at $1.27⅝.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Senate.—Message from the President presented, returning without his approval a bill pensioning a widow, on the ground that the death of her husband (for which the pension was allowed) had nothing to do with military service, but was the result of suicide. Diplomatic and consular appropriation bill passed. The conference report on the bill for a public building at Bay City, Mich., was agreed to, and the appropriation left at $200,000. The House bill to prevent employment of alien labor on public buildings was taken up and debated, but laid aside without action. One hundred and sixteen pension bills passed.

House—Discussed the tariff bill (announcement made of Cleveland's renomination, and not greeted with any special applause.)

June 7—Senate—The fisheries discussed.

House—The House agreed to the conference report on the bill to authorize the construction of a public building at Bay City, Mich. The limit of cost is fixed by the conferees at $200,000. Tariff bill discussed.

June 8.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Bills passed: Authorizing the construction of a bridge over the Missouri river near Omaha, Neb.; granting right of way through the Indian territory to the Paris, Choctaw & Little Rock railway company. Resolution adopted: Calling upon the secretary of the treasury for information as to whether any order is now in force by which vessels from United States ports are required to pay less tolls in passing through the Welland and other Canadian canals when they pursue their voyage by way of the St. Lawrence and Montreal than when they pursue they voyage by way of Lake Ontario to American ports, and whether additional legislation is necessary to authorize the secretary of the Treasury to impose additional tolls upon vessels passing through the Sault Ste. Marine and St. Clair flats canal bound for Canadian ports, in case the Dominion authorities continue discriminating against vessels bound to American ports. . . . The tariff bill was considered.

June 9.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Bills passed: For erection of public buildings at Jackson, Mich., and Ottumwa, Ia. . . . The tariff debate was resumed.

June 11—Senate—Senator Gray addressed the Senate in support of the fishery treaty.

House—Bill introduced: Providing for an assistant secretary of the navy. Resolution offered: Providing for a reduction of the surplus. Mr. Woodburn (Nev.) arose to a question of privilege to which Mr. Cox (N. Y.) replied.

THE IRON WORKERS.

Reported that the Carnegie Mills Will Break Away from the Amalgamated and Run Independently.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 11.—The Amalgamated association convention will complete the new scale of wages to-morrow in order to present it to the manufacturers Wednesday. This will give them time to consider it and be prepared to talk intelligently on the subject at the conference which will be held on Thursday afternoon.

The plate and tank mill scale will be completed to-day, when the balance of the scale will be taken up, including the nailers scale. This was left out by the manufacturers in their proposition to the workers. The Amalgamated scale will insist on the nailers scale being inserted, and will also place the roll turners schedule of wages before the manufacturers once more.

It is stated on reliable authority that Garnegie, Phipps & Co., have decided to cut loose from the Manufacturers Protective association and the Amalgamated association and run independently.

The break will be made July 1, when wage scale will be adopted for the Union Iron mills at Twenty-Ninth street, and Thirty-Third street mill and the large steel plant at Homestead.

These works have heretofore been controlled by the Amalgamated association, and the wages based on the manufacturers bar iron card. It is proposed, and the proposition will be carried out, to change the base of the scale from bar iron to the prices on structural material.

If the Carnegie firm insist on the change of base it may cause a rupture in the workers' organization, but the result cannot be predicted at present.

OPIUM SMUGGLERS.

A Good Capture Made by the United States Authorities.

PORT HURON, Mich., June 9.—(Special.)—For several weeks past James McHale, of Chicago, and Wm. Hussey, of New York, special agents of the Treasury department, have been on the trail of a ton of opium which left Victoria, B. C., about May 8th, consigned to Fran Yon, 187 Church street, Toronto, the eastern agent of "Opium Pete," the head of the gigantic opium smuggling ring of San Francisco, Cal.

It arrived at Toronto on May 18. Several days ago 1,000 pounds, valued at $20,000, were shipped to Mooretown, Ont., a few miles below this point, where it was run across the river by small boats and delivered to a fence by the name of Red Saunders, who keeps a small grocery two miles down the river.

The consignment was taken the same night to Smith's Creek, a small station on the Grand Trunk railway, whence it was shipped by express to T. Winters, Indianapolis. Collector Ward telegraphed to the surveyor at that city to arrest the consignee and seize the opium. This was done yesterday, and the prisoner proves to be Charles Labelle, of Sarnia.

Collector Ward ordered the arrest of Saunders, and he was taken into custody. Enough evidence was secured upon searching his premises to make the case warm for him. The man Labelle, captured at Indianapolis, will be brought here. It has long been known to the treasury department that a gang has been smuggling large amounts of this stuff into the country, but until now all efforts to break up the traffic have been unavailing.

DROWNED BY A FISH.

A Peculiar Accident Reported at Louisville, where Mulhatton Lives.

LOUISVILLE, June 9.—Charles Murphy, a fisherman, aged 34, was drowned on the falls this morning in a singular manner. He went out with his net, and making two or three unsuccessful hauls, passed over to a point called the backbone. There he was seen to wade in with his net and a moment later to throw up one hand with a cry of surprise and to begin to move down the current rapidly as if drawn by some irresistible force.

He stood upright, struggling backward with all his force and screaming for help till he was drawn beneath a huge flat rock. Other fishermen hurried toward him at his first cry for help, but before they could reach him he was drawn into the whirlpool under the table-rock, which is supposed to be bottomless.

It is thought a huge fish was caught in his net and, making a sudden plunge, got the start of Murphy and was aided in dragging him down by the strong current of the rapids.

PECULIAR INSANITY.

A Man Who Says He Has no Apetite Has Not Tasted Food for 24 Days.

RACINE, Wis., June 11.—John Zachar, jr., son of a wealthy Bohemian farmer living in Mount Pleasant township, five miles north, has not tasted food for 24 days. During the greater portion of that time he has done arduous farm work, but has now grown so weak that anything more laborious than light chores exhausts him. He talks rationally and gives no other reason for his abstinance than that he is not hungry. Two doctors have been treating him but their efforts to induce him to take food have so far proved unavailing.

It is thought his self-imposed fast is a pronounced symptom of insanity, although there are no other indications of mental weakness. Insanity has run in the family for several generations. Zachar is fully six feet in height and has been a very powerful man. His clothes, which fitted him a month ago, now hang loosely on him. His limbs and body have shrunken away to a marked degree. The doctors do not think he can live long.

Harrison Garrett's Body Recovered.

BALTIMORE, June 12.—The body of T. Harrison Garrett, who was drowned on Thursday night last by the sinking of his yacht, the Gleam, has been recovered. It was found a mile distant from the spot where the accident occurred. The steamer Nanticoke brought the remains to Baltimore.

CROP REPORT.

The Statement of the Statistician of the Government.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The following is the crop report issued by the department of agriculture:

There was some reduction in seeding the winter wheat area in some states, though the average breadth of all was but slightly reduced.

In the East and South there was no material loss of area by freezing, but in several Western states it was considerable. The apparent reduction of breadth of winter wheat, as compared with that of last year, is about one and three-fourths millions of acres.

The percentage of reduction for the entire winter wheat region is placed at 7.2 per cent. It is 18 in Illinois; 14 in Ohio; 10 in Michigan, and 9 in Indiana. This is in comparison with the reduced area harvested last year. There has been an increase of area of spring wheat in Dakota and in the territories further west, but a decrease in Iowa.

Wisconsin and Minnesota, making an average decrease for the spring wheat region of 1 per cent. The area in wheat is apparently slightly below 36,000,000 acres.

There is a slight local change of the condition of winter wheat, with some improvement in New York and Pennsylvania and a marked decline in Missouri, and minor changes of status elsewhere, making the average 73.3 against 73.1 in May.

The loss by the overflow of the Mississippi in Illinois affects in part the improvement in other counties. In Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kansas the average condition is nearly the same as in May.

The acreage of barley is nearly the same as last year. New York and Wisconsin are credited with an increase of 1 per cent.; Minnesota with 2; Dakota with 10; Iowa, Missouri and California report a small rehuction. Thhe condition of barley averages 88.8.

The area of rye is practically the same as last year. Condition, 93.9. The areas of cotton appears to have increased in every state except Florida. The increase is largest west of the Mississippi. As usual, the preliminary survey of acreage makes the increase 2.2 per cent and brings the aggregate breadth close to nineteen millions. The state averages are: Virginia, 105; North Carolina, 100.5; South Carolina, 101.5; Georgia, 101; Florida, 99; Alabama, 101.5; Arkansas, 102, Tennessee, 103.

There has been an excess of rain in the Atlantic cotton belt with low night temperature, and in some districts in Texas complaint of too much rain. On the eastern Gulf coast the temperature has been nearly nominal a part of the time. West of the Mississippi cool and moist weather has retarded the growth of the crop.

The averages of condition are: Virginia, 84; North Carolina, 86; South Carolina, 88; Georgia, 92; Florida, 94; Alabama, 92; Mississippi, 90; Louisiana, 88; Texas, 80; Arkansas, 94; Tennessee, 92; general average, 88.2.

Wheat Crop Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The signal office weekly weather crop bulletin, issued today, reports the weather for the past week generally favorable for all growing crops. Reports show improved conditions over the preceding week, although the cool weather in the extreme northern sections has probably retarded the growth of corn. In the wheat regions of Minnesota and Dakota the conditions were generally favorable for the rapid growth of all crops.

In the corn states of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys the weather was generally favorable, although more rain is needed in the southern portions of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri. In the cotton region crops were affected favorably, except in South Carolina, where cool, wet weather retarted the growth of the cotton plant, which is reported small and backward. The weather was favorable for harvesting in Southern Kansas and Tennessee.

Crop Summary.

CHICAGO, June 11.—The *Farmer's Review* this week will print the following crop summary: The unfavorable conditions for the germination of seed this spring—excessive moisture and unusually low temperature—have made replanting of corn a necessity in many localities. Replanting is not finished in some late districts, but in others corn is up and making fair progress. An average temperature for this season of the year is now most required to insure good foundation for a remunerativ crop. The ground has dried very rapidly since the recent rains and gentle warm showers would be welcome in many places. An appreciable increase this year in the acreage planted to corn is again noticeable from a summary of the reports from our correspondents. In Minnesota there is, however, apparently a falling off in the acreage planted, while in Kansas, Dakota and Nebraska the increase is quite extensive.

BALTIMORE OYSTERMEN.

Brutal Slave Driving Captains Cause the Terrorized Men to Seek Death by Drowning.

BALTIMORE June 11.—Horrible barbarism is being proved against the captains of Chesapeake bay oyster dredges. It is shown that in many cases the unhappy crews have been so beaten and ill-treated that they have been glad to throw themselves into the water and perish by drowning rather than die at the hands of brutal slave-driving captains armed with knives or clubs. In a case before the grand jury of the United States District court a scathing report has been made, the text of which is as follows:

"It has been in evidence before us that gross injustice is practiced upon the crews of oyster-dredging boats in the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; that these crews are often beaten with shovels, axe handles, iron levers, knocked down with fist and kicked, tied to crank holders to whip one another, made to work when unable to do so on account of sickness, sometimes at the point of the pistol, and otherwise brutally ill treated, making their life intolerable. We have here evidences that corpses were seen floating on the waters in the neighborhood of the dredging grounds, creating the suspicion that the crime of murder may have been committed upon these dredging boats

"After much careful investigation we find that it is next to impossible to fasten the death upon any guilty party, owing to collusion between the owners, captains and mates of said vessels through motives of self-interest. We have had evidence that the treatment by masters, captains, and mates of dredging vessels of the crews has been so cruel that some would endanger their lives by swimming from vessels to the shore in order to escape. In one instance a man jumped overboard and was drowned, and was believed committed suicide, so terrible was the punishment inflicted upon him.

"We have had testimony before us that men and boys were shanghaied and induced to sign contracts by false representations, and a number of them were foreigners who, owing to this and their lack of knowledge of our language, were taken advantage of, and that men and boys were taken down the bay and held long after their contract had expired, often badly fared, and not paid their wages due them by contract, or allowed to go home or have communication with their family or friends until such time as might suit their employers. Now, in view of this testimony before us, we, the members of the grand inquest of the United States, for the district of Maryland, do most earnestly and respectfully suggest to the honorable court the necessity of calling the attention of the United States authorities to these offenses, so that its utmost powers under the laws may be exerted to have such practices prevented in the future by putting around these poor people such safeguards as are possible."

BY THOUSANDS.

Four Big Steamships Dump their Human Cargo of Emigrants at Castle Garden.

NEW YORK, June 9.—Four big steamships landed at Castle Garden yesterday 2,721 immigrants. The steamship Iniziativa arrived from Naples with a number of Italien passengers, but was detained at quarantine for an examination of her bill of health.

The steamship City of Berlin, of the Inman line, arrived off the lightship at midday, but could not land her passengers.

When the boarding officer of the commissioners of Emigration received from Capt. Winklin the list of passengers of the steamship California, of the American Hamburg line, from Hamburg, he found that the vessel, which is not a large one, had brought over on her trip 1,032 passengers.

They were principally Polish, Hebrews and German farm hands. He also learned from the chief officer that at the time she left Hamburg there were detained in barracks in that city over 5,000 German and Polish Hebrews, awaiting transportation to this country, and that small-pox had broken out among them. The steamship's bill of health was good.

Baltimore's Population.

BALTIMORE, June 12.—The police department has just finished taking a census of the population of Baltimore, including the newly annexed sections. The result shows the number of inhabitants to be 416,805, of which 64,509 are colored.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

BOOMS IN ORDER.

They Have Arrived in Chicago, and the Music Begins.

CHICAGO, June 12.—Representatives of five distinct Presidential booms are in the city, and others are momentarily expected. Pictures of the candidates are being posted up in the hotels, and the half dozen delegates already arrived for the Republican National convention are being eagerly sought for by wire-pullers and newspaper men. Alger's and Allison's agents, who were the first on the ground, have been reinforced by Sherman's proxy, and last night by an accredited spokesman for Harrison. Judge Gresham was present in person.

He resides at the Palmer House, and more than one politician from abroad made his acquaintance quite casually, so to speak. His local supporters came to the front with an open meeting in one of the club rooms adjoining the Grand Pacific rotunda, where a number of rousing speeches were made, and the applause wafted up the apartments of the managers for the other leaders. All of these so far arrived had convenient quarters, close to the rotunda.

At the Allison headquarters there seemed to be more going on than in the rooms of any of the other candidates. Quite a group of Iowans were present, and people from other states were dropping in continuously, giving the place a decidedly business-like appearance. J. S. Clarkson, chairman of the Iowa delegation and member of the Republican National committee, expressed the opinion that the contest over the nomination for President was fast narrowing down to three men. "One of them," he declared, "is Senator Allison." Mr. Clarkson continued:

ALLISON'S BOOM.

"It is being recognized very generally in the East that Allison is the candidate standing for the principle of protection in the Northwest as against the new line in the party, led by powerful party newspapers, set up for tariff reform. Allison will have great strength in the country west of the Mississippi, some votes in all the states there and strong support in most of them. He has strength in the South, a great deal of strength in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine and Vermont, and a great deal of second choice strength in New Jersey and New York. I believe that the undertow at the present time is strongly toward Allison, and it is conceded that he has the great strength of being a candidate without antagonisms and able to command the full party vote in every state."

Senator Harrison's interests were being looked after by Charles F. Griffin, Indiana's secretary of State, accompanied by ex-Congressman Peele. The two arrived last evening, and were not slow in beginning missionary work for their chief. Mr. Griffin was enthusiastic over the outlook. "Thurman's nomination by the Democrats," said he, "is a play right into the hands of Harrison. It makes Indiana more than ever a doubtful state."

"Does not the same argument apply equally in favor of Gresham?" he was asked.

"It would if Gresham were Indiana's condidate," was the ready answer. "But such is not the case. The people of Indiana want Harrison. They are not hostile to Gresham, of course, but Harrison is their man. Further than that, every delegate from Indiana favors Harrison, and is pledged to his support. How long? Just as long as there is a proble chance that he may win. It will not be any complimentary vote affair—that much is certain. No, indeed, Harrison's strength is not confined to Indiana. He wil have votes from all sections of the country—many on even the first ballot. When it comes to picking a second choice, Harrison is probably outnumbered by no one."

Mr. Griffin thought that with Harrison at the head of the ticket, the second place would undoubtedly go to New York, Connecticut or New Jersey. Just who would be preferred in such an event had not been thoroughly considered.

W. S. Cappellar, chairman of the Republican state committee of Ohio, sturdily championed the cause of John Sherman. The Ohio delegates would stick to their Senator in this convention, said Mr. Cappellar, until shoel was congealed.

"As for Thurman," he added, "so far from his nomination being a strong one, it is the reverse. Thurman is indeed weak in Ohio. We do not put Mr. Sherman forward because Thurman is to be feared, but because Mr. Sherman is the strongest and best equipped man in the field. We claim he can carry a greater vote in the doubtful states than any other man, and if nominated he will certainly command the full strength of his party, and thus assure victory."

Mr. Cappellar's reason for believing Thurman weak in Ohio was given as the secret bitterness toward the "Old Roman" long nursed by many leading Ohio Democrats.

Alger's representatives—Frank J. Hecker and George H. Hopkins—allowed it to be inferred that they were conducting a still hunt. They were jubilant over the expressions of Patrick Egan and other Irish-Americans favoring Alger in preference to Gresham. Mr. Hecker hinted that Alger surprises were in store. As nearly as could be judged by surface indications, the Alger agents have their eyes on Illinois, hoping to divide the apparently solid Gresham phalaux in this state by capturing at least a portion of the old supporters of Logan.

Congressman S. V. White, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the political lookers-on at the Grand Pacific. He said: "Chauncey M. Depew's name will be presented to the convention, and on the first ballot he will no doubt receive the full vote of New York. Afterwards I do not believe his friends will persist, and the members of the New York delegation will scatter as many ways as there are candidates. Between ten and twenty-five of them will go to Senator Sherman."

A Meeting of the National Committee in Chicago Thursday.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 12.—Chairman B. F. Jones, of the National Republican committee, will leave for Chicago on the limited to-morrow evening.

"There is a meeting of the committee called for Thursday at the Grand Pacific Hotel," said he, "but what it is for I have no idea. I have received a dozen telegrams to-day from members asking why it has been called. I do not think half of them will be on hand. It occurs to me just now that the meeting will be held to hear the report of the sub-committee having in charge the preliminaries of the convention."

"Will there be a rush for tickets?"

"Judging from my own experience I think there will be. I have had letters and requests enough myself to fill that hall and I doubt not other members have had as many applications. There will be little chance to duplicate tickets or use the same ticket twice this time. One ticket will be good for a single session and each day it will be renewed."

"This will prevent passing it out to be used by others. I think there will be ample room, however, within the hall, as it is roomier than was anticipated and much better adapted to its proposed purposes."

"Mr. Jones, as there are only a few days left before the convention, what is your estimate of the situation? Whom do you think will be nominated?"

"I have no idea. I go into this convention as innocent of any ideas on that subject as yourself, and perhaps more so. I think with a good ticket we stand splendid chances of winning, and the ticket we shall nominate cannot fail to be a good one. There is nothing, I think, in these recent Blaine reports."

NEW YORK, June 12.—"The New York state delegates to the Chicago convention," said a member of the Republican County committee last night, "will go to the convention without any previous consultation, and with no understanding as to taking any position as a state in that body."

"There is considerable dissatisfaction over this fact and a feeling that New York's strength should be shown in a decisive way in some direction. But her strength has been divided, and she will be without weight in the convention. It will be too late for calm and cool deliberation when the delegates meet in Chicago, even if they attempt to confer before the convention assembles."

Senator Chase Re-elected.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 12.—In the General Assembly to-day, Jonathan A. Chase was relected United States senator by a majority of both Houses.

Vote: Senate—J. H. Chase, 29; J. W. Davis, 4; Chas. H. Page, 1.

House—Chase, 59; Davis, 8; Page, 1.

A joint resolution of adjournment from the 13th to the third Tuesday in January, 1888, was passed.

He Murdered Him.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 12.—A cold blooded murder was committed last night at the little village Workville, fifteen miles south of here. Benjamin Law, a well known and notorious sporting character, deliberately shot and killed his hand, Aavon H. Lamar, shooting him in the side with a shot gun while he lay on his cot. The murdered man was 35 years of age and came to Mr. Law last fall as a tramp for whom he has been working constantly since. Law claims Lamar was on intimate terms with his wife.

FEARFUL STORMS.

Unprecedented Rain Storms in the Michigan Peninsula.

MARQUETTE, Mich, June 11.—(Special.)—A great rain storm occurred Saturday and Saturday night. Reports come in from different parts of the peninsula, all giving accounts of the damage. The storm appears to have been heaviest at or near Lake Linden than elsewhere, although all the country, for a hundred miles each way was visited. The storm burst like a waterspout.

At Calumet the Methodist church was struck by lightning and a large quantity of water poured into the great Calumet and Hecla mine before the miners could be protected.

At Portage Entry the quarries are stopped, being full of water. Reports from Lake Linden estimate the damage at $50,000. Nearly every basement in the city is flooded and an immense quantity of merchandise is damaged. No trains can enter the town on the Hancock & Calumet railroad because of washouts.

All along the line of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic there were heavy rains, and several wash-outs are reported. At a point between Robinsons and Houghton, passengers and baggage were transferred by tug. While there are many breaks in the track, and nearly every peninsular railroad is more or less damaged, there has been no accident of any kind, and the trains will be moving on time in a day or two. Houses were undermined in some places and even floated bodily off on the water.

While there is no means of approximating the damage, it will reach way up in the thousands.

Millions of Acres of Land Back of Duluth Flooded, and Fears of Further Damage.

DULUTH, Minn., June 12.—The recent severe rains have caused the greatest flood ever known in Northern Minnesota. Along the branches of streams tributary to the St. Louis river, millions of acres of land are overflowed, and loss of life is feared.

At the village of Cloquet, thirty miles from here, that portion of the town which is situated on the island is completely ingulfed by a raging torrent. Only the tops of houses are visible. Several dwellings have been carried away, but the inhabitants were warned in time, and no loss of life occurred.

The immense sawmills are flooded and abandoned, and in the booms, 80,000,000 logs were jammed yesterday morning and the number reached 200,000,000 last night.

All county bridges have been carried away, and if the logs break the booms and dams, which is momentarily expected, the railroad bridge at Thompson, a substantial structure resting on solid rock, will go.

At Fond Du Lac, 16 miles from here, the village is under water and several buildings have been carried down stream.

From Fon du Lac to beyond Spirit Lake, the tracks of the St. Paul & Duluth railway are under water from two to three feet, and the stream is still rising.

A northeast wind is holding the water in the stream, and the worst will undoubtedly occur before night.

Throughout the entire length of the dales of the St. Louis river, famed as one of the choice bits of scenery of the country, the river is a mass of soapy froth, and is higher by ten feet than ever before known.

Indians and old settlers say the flood has never been equalled. If the dam and boom break at Cloquet, the loss will reach into the millions, and great masses of logs will be swept into Lake Superior.

At West Duluth, 16 miles from the foot of the rapids, the roar of the waters can be distinctly heard, and at this place the water in the inner harbor has risen to an unusual height.

LOCUST PESTS.

The Seventeen Year Pest to Put in an Appearance.

CHICAGO, June 12.—Dispatches from points in northern Iowa and western Illinois report the appearance of swarms of seventeen-year locusts.

Prof. C. V. Riley, U. S. entomologist, who is present in Chicago, when asked about the locusts, said that a well-known brood occurs this year and that these periodical visitors may be looked for in wooded portions of Illinois and Iowa, and also in the following territory as indicated by the experience of 1871:

Wisconsin—Waukesha, Welworth, Jefferson, Rock, Green, Dane, Iowa, Grant, Crawford, Richmond and Sauk counties.

Indiana—The boundary in this state is not well defined, but includes the extreme northwest counties, extending as far south as the Kankakee river.

Michigan—In this state the southern tier of counties, extending from Lower Michigan east to the middle of the state.

Pennsylvania—Lancaster county, the southeast by eastern portion, known as the "Pequea valley."

This locality was not visited in 1871, although there is no doubt of the appearance of the insect in immense numbers in 1854.

In reply to a question as to whether the grasshoppers are to be destructive this year, the professor could not express a positive opinion. Up to three years ago he had been able to confidently state the prospects in advance, but since then he has been unable to get together sufficient data as to the extent of egg-deposit to justify a prediction.

He has just received a telegram from the office that the young were hatching in immense numbers in parts of Minnesota, and with the weather favorable to them considerable injury may be done, especially as the average period between visitations has expired since the last troubles. One thing he felt sure of, however: that they will never do as much injury as they did between the years 1873 and 1877.

THEY LOVE BLAINE.

Maine Republicans go Wild Over the Mention of His Name.

PORTLAND, Me., June 12.—The Republican State convention bids fair to be the largest and most enthusiastic ever held here for years, and delegations come attended by bands of music, and the whole city is given over to the political questions of the day.

At 11 o'clock the convention hall was packed, fully 3,000 persons being present. The chairman called the convention to order, and after prayer, Hon. Andrew P. Wisewell, of Ellsworth, the temporary chairman, delivered his address.

A large portion of his speech was devoted to criticizing the action of the President in not sustaining his civil service reform theories and in his failure to meet the fishery question.

The President's free trade message was adversely commented on and compared with the action of Mr. Blaine, whose outspoken utterances were commended by the speaker.

He said Maine was largely interested in the tariff bill, which would disastrously affect the lumber interest of the state. The people have had enough of three years Democratic administration with its blunders and they now want a President who will protect American citizens on land or sea.

That man was James G. Blaine, but if they could not have him the Republicans of Maine would follow with unbroken ranks the leadership of the Chicago nominee.

Allusions in Judge Wiswell's speech to Blaine were received with applause, repeated again and again. Hats were thrown into the air, and the Kennebec placard was waved for several minutes.

REFUSE FRATERNAL GREETING.

The Amalgamated Does Not Want Anything To Do with the Knights.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 8.—At this morning's session of the Amalgamated association of iron and steel workers, the resolution to extend fraternal greeting to the Knights of Labor iron workers, also in session here, was rejected. The balance of the session was taken up with the consideration of the scale question. Secretary Martin refused to say what progress had been made, but from one of the delegates it was learned that it had been decided to ask $5.50 per ton for boiling on a cent card.

The manufacturers scale is 50 cents lower. The delegate stated further that the Amalgamated association would stand firm for their scale.

The morning session of the iron workers assembly, Knights of Labor, was occupied with routine matters. The Knight of Labor delegates are indignant at the refusal of the Amalgamated association to return greetings.

CUT HIS SON'S HEAD OFF.

Insane With Rage, a Father Commits a Terrible Crime.

WATERLOO, Ia., June 11.—Word has just been received here of a terrible tragedy which occurred in Hazlegreen township, seventeen miles from Montecello, last Wednesday. An old man, Mr. Rothbaker, who was working in a stone quarry, undertook to whip his boy, a lad of 12, but was prevented by a fellow workman.

In the evening the old man again tried to whip the boy, when the latter attempted to run. The father gave chase, and having captured him knocked him down and cut his head off with an ax. Up to last night the old man was still at large. If he is caught he will probably be lynched.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE BRITISH SCARED.

They Discuss in the House of Commons the Weakness of English Defenses.

LONDON, June 12.—In the Hause of Commons, Lord George Hamilton, first lord of the admiralty, stated that the calculation made in regard to the number of transports necessary to enable 100,000 men to land in England and to seize London by surprise took into consideration only that such a feat was possible; that the whole army could disembark simultaneously, and when landed, that it would be capable of rapid movement. The estimate that ships with a gross tonnage of 480,000 would be required for transporting the invalid force, he said, was on the assumption that it would be equal to three army corps, comprising cavalry and artillery.

Mr. Childers asked, seeing the interest which the subject was exciting, that a detailed and authoritative statement be presented to Parliament. Mr. Hanbury asked whether the naval and military departments had consulted on the subject.

Lord George Hamilton replied that data had been obtained thirteen years ago as the result of a joint conference, and promised to produce those of the transport department, which satisfied him that the tonnage referred to did not overestimate the preparation necessary for landing such a force.

Such an invading force from the continent, he continued, implied the distribution of the invaders in ports hundreds of miles apart, with a successful voyage of not less than a week instead of a few hours, and made without opposition from a hostile fleet.

Mr. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, announced that the government would proceed with the licensing clauses in the local government bill.

Mr. Balfour, in replying to Mr. Gladstone, declined to put on the table the evidence on which convictions for boycotting had been obtained, and said that the ends of justice were amply secured through the Superior courts, while the evils of boycotting would be seriously aggravated by publicity.

HALIFAX EXCITED.

Canuck Fishermen Claim that Americans Are Infringing.

HALIFAX, June 12.—Keen interest has been suddenly revived in the fishery question and some of the excitement that prevailed two seasons ago is again looked for. For the past week a fleet of American mackeral seiners, among them the Portland steamer Novelty, has been hovering on and off Chedobuckto and St. Peter's Bays. Fish have been plentiful but the cruisers were scarce and the Americans embraced to the full their old time privilege of fishing in shore. It is estimated that they have taken 1,000 barrels of mackerel. The fish were so plentiful and the temptation so great to take them that the American fleet even came in among the nets of the Canadian fishermen, cut adrift nets and moorings and thus secured the hauls.

The nets of Robert Wilson were destroyed before his eyes by the crew of the Gloucester seiner Alice C. Gordon. The nets, etc., of thirty Canadian fishermen on the shores of Richmond county have thus been destroyed by "Yankee pirates," and the loss is estimated at $1,200. These outrages have created intense excitement along shore. The Dominion cruiser Critic arrived at the scene Saturday night, and the steamer Acadia, commanded by Captain Lorway, and with Admiral Gordon on board, sailed from Halifax yesterday morning. They are now watching the American fleet. There is great divergence of opinion at St. John's with reference to the efficiency of the enforcement of the bait bill.

The *Telegram* alleges that the law is a farce, and that French fishermen obtain all the bait they require from Newfoundland waters, smuggled in by American and Canadian vessels. The *Mercury* declares that the French have been entirely crippled and has utterly failed in finding adequate supplies elsewhere, and that the substitutes they have found have been insufficient in quantity, inferior in quality and very costly. Speaking for the government it significantly adds: "If fishermen of other nationalities are engaged in discreditable attempts to aid the French in evading the law, we shall speedily discover ways and means of counteracting such efforts."

To Abandon the License Clause.

LONDON, June 12.—In the House of Commons to-day, Mr. W. H. Smith, first lord of the treasury, announcing that all the licensing clauses of the local government bill would be abandoned.

Stealing Dynamite.

LONDON, June 12.—A quantity of dynamite and gunpowder was stolen Sunday night from a hut in which it was stored on the island of Arran. A number of tenants on the island have been warned not to pay rent, otherwise they would be punished by the use of dynamite.

The Emperor.

POTSDAM, June 12.—A bulletin issued at 9:30 o'clock this morning says the difficulty in swallowing, which has troubled the Emperor recently, has increased, and the taking of nourishment is becoming difficult. The Emperor feels weaker this morning.

The Spanish Cabinet Resigns.

MADRID, June 11.—The cabinet has resigned after accepting the resignation of Gen. Martinez Campos, governor general of the province of New Castite, tendered some time ago.

This will enable Senor Sagasta, the prime minister of the retiring cabinet, to form a new liberal government.

HE RULES THE ROOST.

The King of the Sandwich Islands Proposes to Boss His Own Shop.

CHICAGO, June 12.—A dispatch from San Francisco says: Advices from Hawaii announce that when King Kalakaua opened the Hawaii Legislature on May 20. He refused to read in full the speech the ministers had prepared for him. He declined, he said, to make himself ridiculous by recommending the enactment of laws he had vetoed last session.

His ministers advised him that such recommendation or reference should be made, and that the omission would be on his own responsibility and he read abridged copy of the speech. The submission of the ministers to his publicly ignoring three of their policy bills seems so prove that they are unable to prove constitutional rights against Kalakaua's will

MRS. SHERIDAN DEAD.

The Mother of the Gallant General Sheridan Passed Away.

SOMERSET, O., June 12.—(Special.)—Mrs. Mary Miner Sheridan, mother of Gen. Phil Sheridan, died at 1:30 oclock this afternoon, at the age of eighty-seven years and two months.

Gen. Sheridan's Condition.

It was stated at the Sheridan residence this afternoon at 12:30 p. m. that the general was doing remarkably well. He has rested quietly all the morning, and his sleep is not broken by fits of caughing. He relishes what he eats, and his appetite seems to be growing.

An Italian Tragedy.

NEW YORK, June 12.—An Italian tragedy was enacted this morning in the tenement No. 217 Greene street. Philip Gastoni, 30 years old, shot Mrs. Louisa Marri down in cold blood in her own apartments, and then blew out his own brains. Mrs. Marri was not dead, but when taken to the hospital her condition was found to be so critical that the coroner was called in to take her ante mortem statement.

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DEMOCRATIC PARADE.

One Thing that St. Louis Does Really Excell In.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—(Special)—A gorgeous parade of fully 20,000 uniformed Democrats in procession was witnessed last night by people in such numbers that they could be estimated only by hundreds. The procession started at an early hour and was still moving at 10:40. Before the march began Olive street, the thoroughfare leading to the convention hall, was jammed for over a mile—pavement, sidewalk, gutters and stairways—with such a solid mass of human beings as perhaps never before gathered in any American city. At short intervals of the entire distance great arches of flame lit up the scene, marked the long vista—a spectacle of surpassing brilliance. The street was only cleared sufficiently for the procession by pounding a passage through the mob with trains of cable cars. Wild enthusiasm was evoked everywhere by the display of Thurman bandanas among the marchers.

First in line came the grand marshal, Col. John I. Martin and staff, followed by the first battallion of the Missouri National Guard, and the Marmaduke guards, of Kadsas City. A great host of local semi-military fraternal associations next appeared, while the succeeding division contained political marching organizations by the score, including Tammany, the Hendricks association, of Indianapolis; the Cleveland club, of Ohio; Randall clubs, of Pennsylvania; Duckworth club, of Cincinnati; Cook County (Illinois) Democratic club; Iroquois club, of Chicago, and the Hawkeye club, of Burlington, Ia. The next division contained a great number of similar organizations, particularly the Kansas City Democratic club, 1,000 strong, and the Topeka Flambau club, of Kansas.

More marching clubs, each with a band of music, but nearly all St. Louis associations, formed the bulk of the fifth division, while the sixth contained what was one of the features of the procession, a large force of veteran Union soldiers. A magnificent display by the St. Louis fire department wound up the parade.

When the parade disbanded after 11 p. m., the largest single organization in line, Tammany Hall, headed by a band, marched to the Southern Hotel, their headquarters, playing and singing the "Red, White and Blue," with a Tammany Hall accompaniment. Instantly the beautiful air was caught up by the crowds outside and in the hotel and in five minutes everybody in the great hotel, from cellar to garret, and thousands stretching away for blocks up Fourth, Broadway and Walnut streets, took up the song and swelled the chorus to a wonderful volume, which rang far and wide with a rousing "Hip, hurrah!" ending to every verse. In the midst of the excitement, somebody raised a large national flag in the Southern rotunda. Instantly the crowd went wild, and "Old Glory" received such a reception as only a crowd of Democrats could give. The air was full of red bandanas and white hats, and it was nearly midnight before the excitement calmed down and the singers ceased.

HE RUSHED BUSINESS.

He Barely Waited for His Wife to Die Before He Married Her Sister.

LOUISVILLE, June 12.—Rev. F A. Andrews, of Jeffersonville, Ind., was called Saturday to a country church to preach the funeral of a Mrs. Wascom. He remained over night with Mr. Wascom, and was much surprised to learn that a wedding was to be celebrated during the evening, and he would be called upon to officiate. The groom was Mr. Wascom and the bride was the sister of the recently buried wife, and the two aged respectively 73 and 71. The only witness of the ceremony was the great-grandson of the groom. The minister's astonishment reached its hight when he was told by neighbors next day that the present is Wascom's third wife, and that the three were sisters, and the second wedding as unceremonious as the first.

SAN FRANCISCO FIRE.

Loss a Hundred Thousand Dollars With Only One-Third Insurance.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—The Erie block, corner of Broadway and Thirteenth streets, Oakland, was destroyed by fire last night. The ground floor was occupied by Lehman & Co., and Abrahamson Brothers, fancy goods; Gray & McCloud's billiard hall; Lesser & Co., shoes and Westover & Co., furnishing goods. Their stocks were completely destroyed. The adjoining blocks were damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars.

The total loss is estimated at $100,000; insurance about $37,000. John Dolan, a fireman, was severely injured by falling timbers.

Divided on the Service Pension Bill.

CHICAGO, June 12.—C. A. Powers, of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Terra Haute, Ind., appeared before the Union Veteral club to urge the calling of a huge meeting of old soldiers just before the National Republican convention; to urge the insertion in the platform of a plank pledging the party to its utmost toward securing the passage of a liberal service pension bill. Vigorous speeches were made in opposition to the movement by several members of the club and it was unanimously voted not to endorse such resolutions or participate in such meeting, should one be held.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, June 13, 1888.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—increase	$ 2,595,225
Loans—increase	2,466,000
Specie—increase	2,272,700
Legal tenders—increase	651,300
Deposits—increase	5,315,100
Circulation—decrease	108,308

The banks now hold $27,510,850 in excess of he 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	June 12.	June 5.
4's coupons	127½	126⅝
4's registered	126½	126⅝
Pacific 6's of '95	119	119

NEW YORK, June 12.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1@1½ per cent. Bar silver, 91⅞c.

The stock market showed a marked decrease in the amount of business done after 11 o'clock, though it was still quite active and remained weak, further losses of fractional amounts being made throughout the list. A recovery followed, however, and prices were brought up to a shade above the 11 o'clock figure while the advance was specially sharp in Manhattan and St. Paul preferred, the former rising 2 per cent, and the latter 1¼ per cent. from the lowest prices. The market became more quiet toward noon and there was less movement in the list and no further feature was shown, the market at noon being quiet and steady to firm at fractions better than the lowest prices, and, in most of the lists, close to the opening.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 47¾; D. & H., 108⅝; D., L. & W., 127⅞; Erie, 23⅝; J. C., 80¾; K. T., 10¾; L. S., 89⅛; L. & N., 52¼; Mo. P. 70; N. K. 35⅞; N. Y. C., 104½; N. W., 104⅝; O. T. 22⅞; P. M., 32⅝; R. T., 22½; Reading, 57¾; St. Paul, 62⅜; U. P., 53⅞; W. U., 76¼; C. B. & Q., 110¼.

NEW YORK, June 12.—3 p. m.—The stock market closed dull and firm at about the best figures of the day.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country has been a little better than last week, the fine weather having stimulated trade in boots and shoes somewhat. In iron and steel, prices tend downward. The leading morning markets show ease.

THE MARKETS.

Markets Lower To-Day.

The markets for wheat to-day were only fairly active and lower. June wheat is about 1c off, July, ¾c, and August, ¾c. The market closed with a little better tone.

Statisticion Dodge of the Agricultural Bureau telegraphs C. A. King & Co. that from the June crop report, the indications now are for a wheat crop of over four hundred million bushels, being over an average for spring wheat and at least a bushel under for winter wheat. Cables were easy. Exports from New York were good.

Prices of June and July wheat at leading points to-day.

June.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	89½	....	....	89½
Chicago	83¾	84	83¾	84
New York	....	....	....	....
St. Louis	86⅜	86⅜	86⅜	86⅜

July.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	88⅜	88⅞	88⅜	88⅞
Chicago	84⅜	84¾	84	84¼
New York	91	91¾	90¾	91¼
St. Louis	84⅞	84⅝	83¾	84⅝

Corn was active but ¼c lower. Oats quiet. Clover seed dull and easy.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange, to-day, cash wheat sold light. No. 2 soft red, 89½c, ½c decline; No. 2 white, 90½c.

For future delivery trade was fairly active in No. 2 red wheat, at lower prices; June neglected; July, 88⅝c, and closed at 88⅞c, ¾c off; August, 88⅛c, and finally 87⅝c decline; December, 90¾@91c, ⅜c lower.

Corn sold to a fair extent. Prices lower; No. 2, 52½c, ⅛c down; No. 2 August, 55c. Oats, no sales. Clover seed dull, easier; Prime, cash, $4.30; October, $4.55.

CLOSE — Wheat, cash, 90c; June, 90c; July, 89c bid; August, 88⅛c; December, 91⅛c. Corn—Cash, 52½c; August, 55c. Oats—cash, 35½; August, 28¼c. Clover seed—Cash, $4 30; October, $4 55.

The Produce Market.

The market to-day is without change. Butter, best, 13@15c. Eggs, 14c. Cheese, new, 8@9c. Poultry—chickens, 10@12c. Salt, in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Fruits—oranges, $5 50; lemons, $3 00@4 00; bananas, $1 00@3 00 per bunch; strawberries, 10@15c retail; cherries, $4 00 per bushel. Vegetables—Onions, new, per dozen bunches, 20c; spinach, per bunch, 25@30c; peas, green, $2 75@3 00 per case; cabbages, $3 50@4 00 per case; lettuce, per pound, 6c; radishes, 20@25c per dozen; cucumbers, per dozen, 50c; asparagus, 6c per pound; tomatoes, $2 50@3 50 per box; green beans, per box, $1 10, small boxes; wax, $1 15; old beans, $2 25@2 75; potatos, 90@95c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $16 00; short mess, $16 50; long clear mess, $17 00; short clear, $17 00; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $16 00; clear bean, $14 50; clear neck, $15 00; lard, kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9c; 50-lb. tins, 9c; refined in tierces, 8½c; in 50-lb. tins, 9c; hams, sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 11c; 15 lbs., 11¼c; 12 lbs., 11½c; sugar cured shoulders, 8c½; breakfast bacon, 10½@11c; dried beef, 11c, clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. hay—timothy, $16. Flour, straights, $5 00; patents, $5 25; bakers, $4 75. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3c; cured, 6c; calf, green 6c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 20c. Wool, washed 26c; unwashed, 12c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, ½7c; light steers, 7c; cows, 6½@6⅞c; calves, 7c; sheep, 8c; lambs, 9c; dressed hogs, 7c.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, June 12.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat—June, —; July, 84⅜@84½c; August, 84⅝c bid Corn—June, 52½c; July, 53c. Pork—July, $13 85.

DETROIT, June 12.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 94c; No. 2 red cash, 91c; July, 89⅝c; August, 88¾c. Corn—No. 2, 54c. Oats—No. 2, 35½c; No. 2 white, 38c.

MILWAUKEE, June 12.—Wheat unsettled; cash and July, 80⅞c; August, 81⅞. Corn, in better demand; No. 3, 49c. Oats weak; No. 2 white, 35½c. Rye nominal. Barley in moderate demand; No. 2,62c.

CHICAGO, June 12.—1 p. m.—Wheat firm; cash, 84c; July, 84¼c; August, 84 7-16c. Corn firm; cash, 52⅛c; July, 52 1-16c; August, 53 3-16c. Oats firm; cash, 32⅛c; July, 32½c; August, 28½c. Rye, 58c. Barley nominal. Prime timothy, nominal. Flax seed, $1 30. Whisky, $1 20. Pork steady; cash, $13 77½; July, $13 87½; August, $12 97½. Lard steady; cash, $8 50; July, $8 57½; August, $8 62½; July steam rendered, $7 60. Butter firm.

NEW YORK, June 12.—Wheat ⅛@¾c lower and unsettled with a moderate stir to the speculation; receipts, 137,700 bu.; No. 2 red June, 90¼c; July, 90¾@91c; August, 91⅛@91⅞c; September, 91⅞@92c; December, 94¾@95c. Corn opened ¼c lower and later reacted ¼@⅜c; mixed western, spot, 58@59c; futures, 53½@60c; receipts, 109,950 bu; sales, 648,000 bu. Oats a shade easier and more active; western, 38@47; receipts, 71,000 bu; sales, 210,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork steady; new mess, $15 25@15 50; old mess, $14 00@14 50. Lard quite and steady; steam rendered, $8 78½. Butter, in fair demand and firm; western, 15@21c; Elgin creamery, 20@20½c. Cheese firm at 7@8¾c, the latter for fancy new white and colored; Ohio flat, 7@8c; skims, 1@7c. Sugar dull; crushed, 8c; powdered, 7c; granulated, 6¾c. Molasses steady; 50 test, 19¾c. Coffee, spot; fair Rio dull at 15¼c; options 15 points higher. Spirits of turpentine dull at 36c. Eggs—Western, 16¾@17¼c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, June 11.—Hogs—Firm; common and light, $4 00@5 50; packing and butchers, $5 45@5 85. Eggs steady at 15c. Cheese firm; prime cheese Ohio flat, 8@8¾c.

ST. LOUIS, June 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500 head; market higher. Hogs—Receipts, 2,500 head; market higher; choice heavy and butcher's selections, $5 55@5 65; light grades, $5 25@5 45. Sheep—Receipts, 1,800 head; market higher.

EAST LIBERTY, June 11.—Cattle and 10@15c higher than last week's closing; 32 cars shipped to New York; Hogs active on a decline; Philadelphias, $5 90@6 25; mixed, $5 75@5 80; Yorkers, $5 60@5 70; common to fair, $5 40@5 50; pigs, $5@5 25; 13 cars shipped to New York. Sheep—Very dull and a shade off from last week's prices.

KANSAS CITY, June 12.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,752 head; shipments, 100 head; slow and weak; good corn fed about 5c lower; common and half fat grassers, 10@15c lower; good to choice corn fed, $5@5 50; common to medium, $3 75@4 50; stockers, $2 @2 90; feeding steers, $3@3 60; cows, $2 00@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 8,257 head; shipments, 2,977; weak and 5c lower; good to choice, $5 20@5 40; common to medium, $5 00@5 25; skips and pigs, $2 50@4 80. Sheep—Receipts, 2,297 head; shipments, 1,309 head; slow but steady; good to choice muttons, $3 50@4; common and good, $2 00@3 25.

BUFFALO, June 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,240 head through; 2,800 head sale; shipping strong at Saturday's prices to 25c higher; good butchers' steady; common, dull; prime export, 1,400 lbs. upwards, $5 15@5 75; prime export 1,400 lbs upwards, $5 16@5 75; prime shipping, 1,200 to 1,400 lbs, $5@5 25; good butchers', 900 to 1,100 lbs, $4@4 50; mixed, $3 75@4; Texas fed 950 to 1,050 lbs, $3 75@4; Grassers, $2 50@3 24; bulls steady; light supply; fat to export, $2 75@3 50; stockers and feeders steady; Michigan, $3 00@3 25; Canadas, $2 75@3 75; milch cows, steady; $45@40 for choice; veals steady; choice, $500@5 25; fair to good, $3@4 50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,200 headthrough; 7,200 sales; sheep steady; choice, $4 85@5 10; good, $4 40@4 65; fair, $3 75@4 35 spring lambs steady, $5@8 for 50 to 100 lbs. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000 head through; 7,200 sale; market steady fairly active; pigs, 5c lower; rough unchanged; most of mediums sold at $5 85; and Yorkers $5,75; mediums, $5 85@5 90; Yorkers, $5 70@5 85; light mixed, $560@5 70; pigs, $5@5 20.

Boston Wool Market.

The market continues dull. The disposition on dealers' bart to close out odd lots has led to the accepting of very low prices. The tone is firmer on foreign than domestic wool. Unwashed, 18@24c; scoured, 35@54c; California and Oregon 12@21c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, June 11.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade says: Native wheat continues in free delivery in London; values 6d against sellers. Sales of English wheat, 37,939 quarters at 31s 6d against 39,613 qugrters at 35s 4d the corresponding week of last week. Crop prospects are greatly inprroving under the fine weather. Foreign wheat slowr Russian and Indian is 1s cheaper. Flour in London is 6d cheaper in provisional markets; lower American flour is quoted 9d cheaper. Corn is rather scarce, values irregular. Oats 6d lower. Linseed turn denrer at 26s 6d. There 20 arrivals of wheat cargoes, three were withdrawn, five remain for orders and thirteen are on sale. At to-day's market there was no demand for wheat; finest English was 6d lower. Flour dull. Corn, values in favor of bupers. Calcutta linseed, 3d dearer.

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